

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXVII. — JUNE, 1896. — No. CCCCLXIV.

THE OLD THINGS.

VII.

As soon as her sister was married Fleda went down to Mrs. Gereth at Ricks, — a promise to this effect having been promptly exacted and given; and her inner vision was much more fixed on the alterations there, complete now, as she understood, than on the success of her plotting and pinching for Maggie's happiness. Her imagination, in the interval, had indeed had plenty to do and numerous scenes to visit; for when, on the summons just mentioned, it had taken a flight from West Kensington to Ricks, it had hung but an hour over the terrace of painted pots, and then yielded to a current of the upper air that swept it straight off to Poynton and Waterbath. Not a sound had reached her of any supreme clash, and Mrs. Gereth had communicated next to nothing; giving out that, as was easily conceivable, she was too busy, too bitter, and too tired for vain civilities. All she had written was that she had got the new place well in hand, and that Fleda would be surprised at the way it was turning out. Everything was even yet upside down; nevertheless, in the sense of having passed the threshold of Poynton for the last time, the amputation, as she called it, had been performed. Her leg had come off, — she had now begun to stump along with the lovely wooden substitute; she would stump for life, and what her young friend was to come and admire was the beauty of her movement and

the noise she made about the house. The reserve of Poynton and Waterbath had been matched by the austerity of Fleda's own secret, under the discipline of which she had repeated to herself a hundred times a day that she rejoiced at having cares that excluded all thought of it. She had lavished herself, in act, on Maggie and the curate, and had opposed to her father's selfishness a sweetness quite ecstatic. The young couple wondered why they had waited so long, since everything was after all so easy. She had thought of everything, even to how the "quietness" of the wedding should be relieved by champagne, and her father be kept brilliant on a single bottle. Fleda knew, in short, and liked the knowledge, that for several weeks she had appeared exemplary in every relation of life.

She had been perfectly prepared to be surprised at Ricks, for Mrs. Gereth was a wonder-working wizard, with a command, when all was said, of good material; but the impression in wait for her on the threshold made her catch her breath and falter. Dusk had fallen when she arrived, and in the plain square hall, one of the few good features, the glow of a Venetian lamp just showed, on either wall, the richness of an admirable tapestry. This instant perception that the place had been dressed at the expense of Poynton was a shock: it was as if she had abruptly seen herself in the light of an accomplice. The next moment, folded in Mrs. Gereth's arms, her eyes were

diverted ; but she had already had, in a flash, the vision of the great gaps in the other house. The two tapestries, not the largest, but those most splendidly toned by time, had been on the whole its most uplifted pride. When she could really see again, she was in the drawing-room, on a sofa, staring with intensity at an object soon distinct as the great Italian cabinet that, at Poynton, had been in the red saloon. Without looking, she was sure the room was occupied with other objects like it, stuffed with as many as it could hold of the trophies of her friend's struggle. By this time the very fingers of her glove, resting on the seat of the sofa, had thrilled at the touch of an old velvet brocade, a wondrous texture that she could recognize, would have recognized among a thousand, without dropping her eyes on it. They stuck to the cabinet with a kind of dissimulated dread, while she painfully asked herself whether she should notice it, notice everything, or just pretend not to be affected. How could she pretend not to be affected, with the very pendants of the lustres tinkling at her, and with Mrs. Gereth, beside her and staring at her, even as she herself stared at the cabinet, hunching up a back like Atlas under his globe ? She was appalled at this image of what Mrs. Gereth had on her shoulders. That lady was waiting and watching her, bracing herself, and preparing the same face of confession and defiance she had shown the day, at Poynton, she had been surprised in the corridor. It was farcical not to speak ; and yet to exclaim, to participate, would give one a bad sense of being mixed up with a theft. This ugly word sounded, for herself, in Fleda's silence, and the very violence of it jarred her into a scared glance, as of a creature detected, to right and left. But what, again, the full picture most showed her was the far-away empty sockets, a scandal of nakedness in high, bare walls. She at last uttered something formal and incoherent, — she did n't know what : it had no re-

lation to either house. Then she felt Mrs. Gereth's hand once more on her arm. "I've arranged a charming room for you, — it's really lovely. You'll be very happy there." This was spoken with extraordinary sweetness, and with a smile that meant, "Oh, I know what you're thinking ; but what does it matter when you're so loyally on my side ?" It had come, indeed, to a question of "sides," Fleda thought, for the whole place was in battle array. In the soft lamplight, with one fine feature after another looming up into sombre richness, it defied her not to pronounce it a triumph of taste. Her passion for beauty leaped back into life ; and was not what now most appealed to it a certain gorgeous audacity ? Mrs. Gereth's high hand was, as mere great effect, the climax of the impression.

"It's too wonderful, what you've done with the house !" The visitor met her friend's eyes. They lighted up with joy, — that friend herself so pleased with what she had done. This was not at all, in its accidental air of enthusiasm, what Fleda wanted to have said : it offered her as stupidly announcing from the first minute on whose side she was. Such was clearly the way Mrs. Gereth took it : she threw herself upon the delightful girl and tenderly embraced her again ; so that Fleda soon went on, with a studied difference and a cooler inspection : "Why, you brought away absolutely everything !"

"Oh no, not everything ; I saw how little I could get into this scrap of a house. I only brought away what I required."

Fleda had got up ; she took a turn round the room. "You 'required' the very best pieces, — the *morceaux de musée*, the individual gems !" she answered, smiling.

"I certainly did n't want the rubbish, if that's what you mean." Mrs. Gereth, on the sofa, followed the direction of her companion's eyes ; with the light of her satisfaction still in her face, she slowly rubbed her large, handsome hands.

Wherever she was, she was herself the great piece in the gallery. It was the first Fleda had heard of there being "rubbish" at Poynton, but she did n't, for the moment, take up this insincerity; she only, from where she stood in the room, called out, one after the other, as if she had had a list in her hand, the pieces that in the great house had been scattered, and that now, if they had a fault, were too much like a minuet danced on a hearth-rug. She knew them each, in every chink and charm, — knew them by the personal name their distinctive sign or story had given them; and a second time she felt how, against her intention, this uttered knowledge struck her hostess as so much free approval. Mrs. Gereth was never indifferent to approval, and there was nothing she could so love you for as for doing justice to her deep morality. There was a particular gleam in her eyes when Fleda exclaimed at last, dazzled by the display, "And even the Maltese cross!" That description, though technically incorrect, had always been applied, at Poynton, to a small but marvelous crucifix of ivory, a masterpiece of delicacy, of expression, and of the great Spanish period, the existence and precarious accessibility of which she had heard of, at Malta, years before, by an odd and romantic chance, — a clue followed through mazes of secrecy till the treasure was at last unearthed.

"'Even' the Maltese cross?" Mrs. Gereth rose as she sharply echoed the words. "My dear child, you don't suppose I'd have sacrificed *that*? For what in the world would you have taken me?"

"A *bibelot* the more or the less," Fleda said, "could have made little difference in this grand general view of you. I take you simply for the greatest of all conjurers. You've operated with a quickness — and with a quietness!" Her voice trembled a little as she spoke, for the plain meaning of her words was that what her friend had achieved belonged to the class of achievement essen-

tially involving the protection of darkness. Fleda felt she really could say nothing at all if she could n't say that she knew what the danger had been. She completed her thought by a resolute and perfectly candid question: "How in the world did you get off with them?"

Mrs. Gereth confessed to the fact of danger with a cynicism that surprised the girl. "By calculating, by choosing my time. I *was* quiet, and I *was* quick. I manœuvred; then at the last I rushed!" Fleda drew a long breath: she saw in the poor woman something much better than sophistical ease, a crude elation that was a comparatively simple state to deal with. Her elation, it was true, was not so much from what she had done as from the way she had done it, — by as brilliant a stroke as any commemorated in the annals of crime. "I succeeded because I had thought it all out and left nothing to chance: the whole process was organized in advance, so that the mere carrying it into effect took but a few hours. It was largely a matter of money: oh, I was horribly extravagant, — I had to turn on so many people. But they were all to be had, — a little army of workers, the packers, the porters, the helpers of every sort, the men with the mighty vans. It was a question of arranging in Tottenham Court Road and of paying the price. I have n't paid it yet; there'll be a horrid bill; but at least the thing's done! Expedition pure and simple was the essence of the bargain. 'I can give you two days,' I said; 'I can't give you another second.' They undertook the job, and the two days saw them through. The people came down on a Tuesday morning; they were off on the Thursday. I admit that some of them worked all Wednesday night. I had thought it all out; I stood over them; I showed them how. Yes, I coaxed them, I made love to them. Oh, I was inspired, — they found me wonderful. I neither ate nor slept, but I was as calm as I am now. I did n't know what was in me; it was worth find-

ing out. I'm very remarkable, my dear : I lifted tons with my own arms. I'm tired, very, very tired ; but there's neither a scratch nor a nick, there isn't a teacup missing." Magnificent both in her exhaustion and in her triumph, Mrs. Gereth sank on the sofa again, the sweep of her eyes a rich synthesis and the restless friction of her hands a clear betrayal. "Upon my word," she laughed, "they really look better here!"

Fleda had listened in awe. "And no one at Poynton said anything? There was no alarm?"

"What alarm should there have been? Owen left me almost defiantly alone: I had taken a time that I had reason to believe was safe from a descent." Fleda had another wonder, which she hesitated to express: it would scarcely do to ask Mrs. Gereth if she had n't stood in fear of her servants. She knew, moreover, some of the secrets of her humorous household rule, all made up of shocks to shyness and provocations to curiosity, — a diplomacy so artful that several of the maids quite yearned to accompany her to Ricks. Mrs. Gereth, reading sharply the whole of her visitor's thought, caught it up with fine frankness. "You mean that I was watched, — that he had his myrmidons, pledged to wire him if they should see what I was 'up to'? Precisely. I know the three persons you have in mind: I had them in mind myself. Well, I took a line with them, — I settled them."

Fleda had had no one in particular in mind; she had never believed in the myrmidons; but the tone in which Mrs. Gereth spoke added to her suspense. "What did you do to them?"

"I took hold of them hard, — I put them in the forefront. I made them work."

"To move the furniture?"

"To help, and to help so as to please me. That was the way to take them; it was what they had least expected. I marched up to them and looked each

straight in the eye, giving him the chance to choose if he'd gratify me or gratify my son. He gratified *me*. They were too stupid!"

Mrs. Gereth massed herself there more and more as an immoral woman, but Fleda had to recognize that she too would have been stupid, and she too would have gratified her. "And when did all this take place?"

"Only last week; it seems a hundred years. We've worked here as fast as we worked there, but I'm not settled yet: you'll see in the rest of the house. However, the worst is over."

"Do you really think so?" Fleda presently inquired. "I mean, does he, after the fact, as it were, accept it?"

"Owen — what I've done? I have n't the least idea," said Mrs. Gereth.

"Does Mona?"

"You mean that she'll be the soul of the row?"

"I hardly see Mona as the 'soul' of anything," the girl replied. "But have they made no sound? Have you heard nothing at all?"

"Not a whisper, not a step, in all the eight days. Perhaps they don't know. Perhaps they're crouching for a leap."

"But would n't they have gone down as soon as you left?"

"They may not have known of my leaving." Fleda wondered afresh; it struck her as scarcely supposable that some sign should n't have flashed from Poynton to London. If the storm was taking this term of silence to gather, even in Mona's breast, it would probably discharge itself in some startling form. The great hush of every one concerned was strange; but when she pressed Mrs. Gereth for some explanation of it, that lady only replied, with her brave irony, "Oh, I took their breath away!" She had no illusions, however; she was still prepared to fight. What indeed was her spoliation of Poynton but the first engagement of a campaign?

All this was exciting, but Fleda's spirit

dropped, at bedtime, in the chamber embellished for her pleasure, where she found several of the objects that in her earlier room she had most admired. These had been reinforced by other pieces from other rooms, so that the quiet air of it was a harmony without a break, the finished picture of a maiden's bower. It was the sweetest Louis Seize, all assorted and combined, — old chastened, figured, faded France. Fleda was impressed anew with her friend's genius for composition. She could say to herself that no girl in England, that night, went to rest with so picked a guard; but there was no joy for her in her privilege, no sleep even for the tired hours that made the place, in the embers of the fire and the winter dawn, look gray, somehow, and loveless. She could n't care for such things when they came to her in such ways; there was a wrong about them all that turned them to ugliness. In the watches of the night she saw Poynton dishonored; she had cared for it as a happy whole, she reasoned, and the parts of it now around her seemed to suffer like chopped limbs. Before going to bed she had walked about with Mrs. Gereth and seen at whose expense the whole house had been furnished. At poor Owen's, from top to bottom. There was n't a chair he had n't sat upon. The maiden aunt had been exterminated, — no trace of her to tell her tale. Fleda tried to think of some of the things at Poynton still unappropriated, but her memory was a blank about them, and in trying to focus the old combinations she saw again nothing but gaps and scars, a vacancy that gathered at moments into something worse. This concrete image was her greatest trouble, for it was Owen Gereth's face, his sad, strange eyes, fixed upon her now as they had never been. They stared at her out of the darkness, and their expression was more than she could bear; it seemed to say that he was in pain, and that it was somehow her fault. He had looked to her to help

him, and this was what her help had been. He had done her the honor to ask her to exert herself in his interest, confiding to her a task of difficulty, but of the highest delicacy. Had n't that been exactly the sort of service she longed to render him? Well, her way of rendering it had been simply to betray him and hand him over to his enemy. Shame, pity, resentment, oppressed her in turn; in the last of these feelings the others were quickly submerged. Mrs. Gereth had imprisoned her in that torment of taste; but it was clear to her for an hour, at least, that she might hate Mrs. Gereth.

Something else, however, when morning came, was even more intensely definite: the most odious thing in the world for her would be ever again to meet Owen. She took on the spot a resolve to neglect no precaution that could lead to her going through life without that accident. After this, while she dressed, she took still another. Her position had become, in a few hours, intolerably false; in as few more hours as possible she would therefore put an end to it. The way to put an end to it would be to inform Mrs. Gereth that, to her great regret, she could n't be with her now, could n't cleave to her to the point that everything about her so plainly urged. She dressed with a sort of violence, a symbol of the manner in which this purpose was precipitated. The more they parted company, the less likely she was to come across Owen; for Owen would be drawn closer to his mother now by the very necessity of bringing her down. Fleda, in the inconsequence of distress, wished to have nothing to do with her fall; she had had too much to do with everything. She was well aware of the importance, before breakfast and in view of any light they might shed on the question of motive, of not suffering her invidious expression of a difference to be accompanied by the traces of tears; but it none the less came to pass, downstairs,

that after she had subtly put her back to the window, to make a mystery of the state of her eyes, she stupidly let a rich sob escape her before she could properly meet the consequences of being asked if she was n't delighted with her room. This accident struck her on the spot as so grave that she felt the only refuge to be instant hypocrisy, some graceful impulse that would charge her emotion to the quickened sense of her friend's generosity, — a demonstration entailing a flutter round the table and a renewed embrace, and not so successfully improvised but that Fleda fancied Mrs. Gereth to have been only half reassured. She had been startled, at any rate, and she might remain suspicious: this reflection interposed by the time, after breakfast, the girl had recovered sufficiently to say what was in her heart. She accordingly did n't say it that morning at all: she had absurdly veered about; she had encountered the shock of the fear that Mrs. Gereth, with sharpened eyes, might wonder why the deuce (she often wondered in that phrase) she had grown so warm about Owen's rights. She would doubtless, at a pinch, be able to defend them on abstract grounds, but that would involve a discussion, and the idea of a discussion made her nervous for her secret. Until in some way Poynton should return the blow and give her a cue, she must keep nervousness down; and she called herself a fool for having forgotten, however briefly, that her one safety was in silence.

Directly after luncheon Mrs. Gereth took her into the garden for a glimpse of the revolution — or at least, said the mistress of Ricks, of the great row — that had been decreed there; but the ladies had scarcely placed themselves for this view before the younger one found herself embracing a prospect that opened in quite another quarter. Her attention was called to it, oddly, by the streamers of the parlor-maid's cap, which, flying straight behind the neat young woman

who unexpectedly burst from the house and showed a long red face as she ambled over the grass, seemed to articulate in their flutter the name that Fleda lived at present only to catch. "Poynton — Poynton!" said the morsels of muslin; so that the parlor-maid became on the instant an actress in the drama, and Fleda, assuming pusillanimously that she herself was only a spectator, looked across the footlights at the exponent of the principal part. The manner in which this artist returned her look showed that she was equally preoccupied. Both were haunted alike by possibilities, but the apprehension of neither, before the announcement was made, took the form of the arrival at Ricks, in the flesh, of Mrs. Gereth's victim. When the messenger informed them that Mr. Gereth was in the drawing-room, the blank "Oh!" emitted by Fleda was quite as precipitate as the sound on her hostess's lips, besides being, as she felt, much less pertinent. "I thought it would be somebody," that lady afterwards said; "but I expected, on the whole, a solicitor's clerk." Fleda did n't mention that she herself had expected, on the whole, a pair of constables. She was surprised by Mrs. Gereth's question to the parlor-maid.

"For whom did he ask?"

"Why, for *you*, of course, dearest friend!" Fleda interjected, falling instinctively into the address that embodied the intensest pressure. She wanted to put Mrs. Gereth between her and her danger.

"He asked for Miss Vetch, mum," the girl replied, with a face that brought startlingly to Fleda's ear the muffled chorus of the kitchen.

"Quite proper," said Mrs. Gereth austere. Then to Fleda, "Please go to him."

"But what to do?"

"What you always do, — to see what he wants." Mrs. Gereth dismissed the maid. "Tell him Miss Vetch will come." Fleda saw that nothing was in the mo-

ther's imagination at this moment but the desire not to meet her son. She had completely broken with him, and there was little in what had just happened to repair the rupture. It would now take more to do so than his presenting himself uninvited at her door. "He's right in asking for you, — he's aware that you're still our intermediary; nothing has occurred to alter that. To what he wishes to transmit through you, I'm ready, as I've been ready before, to listen. As far as I'm concerned, if I could n't meet him a month ago, how am I to meet him to-day? If he has come to say, 'My dear mother, you're here, in the hovel into which I've flung you, with consolations that give me pleasure,' I'll listen to him; but on no other footing. That's what you're to ascertain, please. You'll oblige me as you've obliged me before. There!" Mrs. Gereth turned her back, and, with a fine imitation of superiority, began to redress the miseries immediately before her. Fleda meanwhile hesitated, lingered for some minutes where she had been left, feeling secretly that her fate still had her in hand. It had put her face to face with Owen Gereth, and it evidently meant to keep her so. She was reminded afresh of two things: one of which was that, though she judged her friend's rigor, she had never really had the story of the scene enacted in the great awestricken house between the mother and the son weeks before, — the day the former took to her bed in her collapse; the other was, that at Ricks, as at Poynton, it was before all things her place to accept thankfully a usefulness not, she must remember, universally acknowledged. What determined her at the last, while Mrs. Gereth disappeared in the shrubbery, was that, though she was at a distance from the house, and the drawing-room was turned the other way, she could absolutely see the young man alone there with the sources of his pain. She saw his simple stare at his tapestries, heard his heavy tread on

his carpets and the hard breath of his sense of unfairness. At this she went to him fast.

VIII.

"I asked for you," he said, when she stood there, "because I heard from the flyman who drove me from the station to the inn that he had brought you here yesterday. We had some talk, and he mentioned it."

"You did n't know I was here?"

"No. I knew only that you had had, in London, all that you told me, that day, to do, and it was Mona's idea that, after your sister's marriage, you were staying on with your father; so I thought you were with him still."

"I am," Fleda replied, idealizing a little the fact. "I'm here only for a moment. But do you mean," she went on, "that if you had known I was with your mother you would n't have come down?"

The way Owen hung fire at this suggested that it was a more ironic question than she had intended. She had, in fact, no consciousness of any intention but that of confining herself rigidly to her function. She could already see that, in whatever he had now braced himself for, she was an element he had not reckoned with. His preparation had been of a different sort, — the sort congruous with his having been careful to go first and lunch solidly at the inn. He had not been forced to ask for her, but she became aware, in his presence, of a particular desire to make him feel that no harm could really come to him. She might upset him, as people called it, but she would take no advantage of having done so. She had never seen a person with whom she wished more to be light and easy, to be exceptionally human. The account he presently gave of the matter was that he would n't have come, indeed, if he had known she was on the spot; because then, did n't she see, he could

have written to her? He would have had her there, to go at his mother.

"That would have saved me — well, it would have saved me a lot. Of course I should rather see you than her," he somewhat awkwardly added. "When the fellow spoke of you, I assure you I quite jumped at you. In fact, I've no real desire to see my mother at all. If she thinks I *like* it" — He sighed disgustedly. "I only came down because it seemed better than any other way. I did n't want her to be able to say I had n't been nice. I dare say you know she has taken everything; or if not quite everything, why, a lot more than one ever dreamed. You can see for yourself, — she has got half the place down. She has got them crammed, — you can see for yourself!" He had his old trick of artless repetition, his helpless iteration of the obvious; but he was sensibly different, for Fleda, if only by the difference of his clear face, mottled over and almost disfigured by little points of pain. He might have been a fine young man with a bad toothache; with the first, even, of his life. What ailed him above all, she felt, was that trouble was new to him: he had never known a difficulty; he had taken all his fences, his world wholly the world of the personally possible, rounded indeed by a gray suburb into which he had never had occasion to stray. In this vulgar and ill-lighted region he had evidently now lost himself. "We left it quite to her honor, you know," he said ruefully.

"Perhaps you have a right to say that you left it a little to mine." Mixed up with the spoils there, rising before him as if she were in a manner their keeper, she felt that she must absolutely dissociate herself. Mrs. Gereth had made it impossible to do anything but give her away. "I can only tell you that, on my side, I left it to her. I never dreamed, either, that she would pick out so many things."

"And you don't really think it's fair,

do you? You *don't*!" He spoke very quickly; he really seemed to plead.

Fleda faltered a moment. "I think she has gone too far." Then she added, "I shall immediately tell her that I've said that to you."

He appeared puzzled by this statement, but he presently rejoined, "You have n't, then, said to mamma what you think?"

"Not yet; remember that I only got here last night." She appeared to herself ignobly weak. "I had had no idea what she was doing; I was taken completely by surprise. She managed it wonderfully."

"It's the sharpest thing I ever saw in *my* life!" They looked at each other with intelligence, in appreciation of the sharpness, and Owen quickly broke into a loud laugh. The laugh was in itself natural, but the occasion of it strange; and stranger still, to Fleda, so that she too almost laughed, the inconsequent charity with which he added, "Poor dear old Mummy! That's one of the reasons I asked for you," he went on, — "to see if you'd back her up."

Whatever he said or did, she somehow liked him the better for it. "How can I back her up, Mr. Gereth, when I think, as I tell you, that she has made a great mistake?"

"A great mistake! That's all right." He spoke — it was n't clear to her why — as if this declaration were a great point gained.

"Of course there are many things she has n't taken," Fleda continued.

"Oh yes, a lot of things. But you would n't know the place, all the same." He looked about the room with his discolored, swindled face, which deepened Fleda's compassion for him, conjuring away any smile at so candid an image of the dupe. "You'd know this one soon enough, would n't you? These are just the things she ought to have left. Is the whole house full of them?"

"The whole house," said Fleda un-

compromisingly. She thought of her lovely room.

"I never knew how much I cared for them. They're awfully valuable, are n't they?" Owen's manner mystified her; she was conscious of a return of the agitation he had produced in her on that last bewildering day, and she reminded herself that, now she was warned, it would be inexcusable of her to allow him to justify the fear that had dropped on her. "Mother thinks I never took any notice, but I assure you I was awfully proud of everything. Upon my honor, I *was* proud, Miss Vetch."

There was an oddity in his helplessness; he appeared to wish to persuade her, and to satisfy himself that she sincerely felt, how worthy he really was to treat what had happened as an injury. She could only exclaim, almost as helplessly as himself: "Of course you did justice! It's all most painful. I shall instantly let your mother know," she again declared, "the way I've spoken of her to you." She clung to that idea as to the sign of her straightness.

"You'll tell her what you think she ought to do?" he asked, with some eagerness.

"What she ought to do?"

"*Don't* you think it — I mean that she ought to give them up?"

"To give them up?" Fleda hesitated again.

"To send them back, — to keep it quiet." The girl had not felt the impulse to ask him to sit down among the monuments of his wrong, so that, nervously, awkwardly, he fidgeted about the room, with his hands in his pockets and an effect of returning a little into possession through the formulation of his view. "To have them packed and dispatched again, since she knows so well how. She does it beautifully," — he looked close at two or three precious pieces. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!"

He had laughed at his way of putting

it, but Fleda remained grave. "Is that what you came to say to her?"

"Not exactly those words. But I did come to say" — he stammered, then brought it out — "I did come to say we must have them right back."

"And did you think your mother would see you?"

"I was n't sure, but I thought it right to try, — to put it to her kindly, you know. If she won't see me, then she has herself to thank. The only other way would have been to set the lawyers at her."

"I'm glad you did n't do that."

"I'm dashed if I want to!" Owen honestly declared. "But what's a fellow to do if she won't meet a fellow?"

"What do you call meeting a fellow?" Fleda asked, with a smile.

"Why, letting *me* tell her a dozen things she can have."

This was a transaction that Fleda, after a moment, had to give up trying to represent to herself. "If she won't do that" — she went on.

"I'll leave it all to my solicitor. *He* won't let her off: by Jove, I know the fellow!"

"That's horrible!" said Fleda, looking at him in woe.

"It's utterly beastly!"

His want of logic, as well as his vehemence, startled her; and with her eyes still on his, she considered before asking him the question these things suggested. At last she asked it: "Is Mona very angry?"

"Oh dear, yes!" said Owen.

She had perceived that he would n't speak of Mona without her beginning. After waiting fruitlessly now for him to say more, she continued: "She has been there again? She has seen the state of the house?"

"Oh dear, yes!" Owen repeated.

Fleda disliked to appear not to take account of his brevity, but it was just because she was struck by it that she felt the pressure of the desire to know more.

What it suggested was simply what her intelligence supplied, for he was incapable of any art of insinuation. Was n't it, at all events, the rule of communication with him to say for him what he could n't say? This truth was present to the girl as she inquired if Mona greatly resented what Mrs. Gereth had done. He satisfied her promptly; he was standing before the fire, his back to it, his long legs apart, his hands, behind him, rather violently jiggling his gloves. "She hates it awfully. In fact, she refuses to put up with it at all. Don't you know? — she saw the place with all the things."

"So that of course she misses them."

"Misses them — rather! She was awfully sweet on them." Fleda remembered how sweet Mona had been, and reflected that if that was the sort of plea he had prepared, it was indeed as well he should n't see his mother. This was not all she wanted to know, but it came over her that it was all she needed. "You see it puts me in the position of not carrying out what I promised," Owen said. "As she says herself," — he hesitated an instant, — "it's just as if I had obtained her under false pretenses." Just before, when he spoke with more drollery than he knew, it had left Fleda serious; but now his own clear gravity had the effect of exciting her mirth. She laughed out, and he looked surprised, but he went on: "She regards it as a regular sell."

Fleda was silent; but finally, as he added nothing, she exclaimed, "Of course it makes a great difference!" She knew all she needed, but none the less she risked, after another pause, an interrogative remark: "I forget when it is that your marriage takes place?"

Owen came away from the fire, and, apparently at a loss where to turn, ended by directing himself to one of the windows. "It's a little uncertain; the date is n't quite fixed."

"Oh, I thought I remembered that at

Poynton you had told me a day, and that it was near at hand."

"I dare say I did; it was for the 19th. But we've altered that, — she wants to shift it." He looked out of the window; then he said, "In fact, it won't come off till Mummy has come round."

"Come round?"

"Put the place as it was." In his off-hand way he added, "You know what I mean!"

He spoke, not impatiently, but with a kind of intimate familiarity, the sweetness of which made her feel a pang for having forced him to tell her what was embarrassing to him, what was even humiliating. Yes, indeed, she knew all she needed: all she needed was that Mona had proved apt at putting down that wonderful patent-leather foot. Her type was misleading only to the superficial, and no one in the world was less superficial than Fleda. She had guessed the truth at Waterbath, and she had suffered from it at Poynton; at Ricks, the only thing she could do was to accept it, with a dumb exaltation that she felt rising. Mona had been prompt with her exercise of the member in question, for it might be called prompt to do that sort of thing before marriage. That she had indeed been premature, who should say save those who should have read the matter in the full light of results? Neither at Waterbath nor at Poynton had even Fleda's thoroughness discovered all that there was — or rather, all that there was n't — in Owen Gereth. "Of course it makes all the difference!" she said, in answer to his last words. She pursued, after considering, "What you wish me to say from you, then, to your mother, is that you demand immediate and practically complete restitution?"

"Yes, please. It's tremendously good of you."

"Very well, then. Will you wait?"

"For Mummy's answer?" Owen stared and looked perplexed; he was

more and more fevered with so much formulation of his case. "Don't you think that if I'm here she may hate it worse, — think I may want to make her reply bang off?"

Fleda thought. "You don't, then?"

"I want to take her in the right way, don't you know, — treat her as if I gave her more than just an hour or two."

"I see," said Fleda. "Then, if you don't wait — good-by."

This again seemed not what he wanted. "Must *you* do it bang off?"

"I'm only thinking she'll be impatient — I mean, you know, to learn what will have passed between us."

"I see," said Owen, looking at his gloves. "I can give her a day or two, you know. Of course I did n't come down to sleep," he went on. "The inn seems a horrid hole. I know all about the trains, — having no idea you were here." Almost as soon as his interlocutress he was struck with the absence of the visible, in this, as between effect and cause. "I mean, because in that case I should have felt I could stop over. I should have felt I could talk with you a blessed sight longer than with Mummy."

"We've already talked a long time," smiled Fleda.

"Awfully, have n't we?" He spoke with the stupidity she did n't object to. Inarticulate as he was, he had more to say; he lingered, perhaps, because he was vaguely aware of the want of sincerity in her encouragement to him to go. "There's one thing, please," he mentioned, as if there might be a great many others, too. "Please don't say anything about Mona."

She did n't understand. "About Mona?"

"About its being *her* that thinks she has gone too far." This was still slightly obscure, but now Fleda understood. "It must n't seem to come from *her* at all, don't you know? That would only make Mummy worse."

Fleda knew exactly how much worse, but she felt a delicacy about explicitly assenting; she was already immersed, moreover, in the deep consideration of what might make "Mummy" better. She could n't see, as yet, at all; she could only clutch at the hope of some inspiration after he should go. Oh, there was a remedy, to be sure, but it was out of the question; in spite of which, in the strong light of Owen's troubled presence, of his anxious face and restless step, it hung there before her for some minutes. She felt that, remarkably, beneath the decent rigor of his errand, the poor young man, for reasons, for weariness, for disgust, would have been ready not to insist. His fitness to fight his mother had left him, — he was n't in fighting trim. He had no natural avidity, and even no special wrath; he had none that had not been taught him, and it was doing his best to learn the lesson that had made him sick. He had his delicacies, but he hid them away like presents before Christmas. He was hollow, perfunctory, pathetic; he had been girded by another hand. That hand had naturally been Mona's, and it was heavy even now on his strong, broad back. Why then had he originally rejoiced so in its touch? Fleda dashed aside this question, for it had nothing to do with her problem. Her problem was to help him to live as a gentleman, and carry through what he had undertaken; her problem was to reinstate him in his rights. It was quite irrelevant that Mona had no intelligence of what she had lost, — quite irrelevant that she was moved, not by the privation, but by the insult: she had every reason to be moved, though she was so much more movable — in the vindictive way, at any rate — than one might have supposed, and assuredly than Owen himself had imagined.

"Certainly I shall not mention Mona," Fleda said, "and there won't be the slightest necessity for it. The wrong's

quite sufficiently yours, and the demand you make is perfectly justified by it."

"I can't tell you what it is to me to feel you on my side!" Owen exclaimed.

"Up to this time," said Fleda, after a pause, "your mother has had no doubt of my being on hers."

"Then, of course, she won't like your changing."

"I dare say she won't like it at all."

"Do you mean to say you'll have a regular row with her?"

"I don't exactly know what you mean by a regular row. We shall, naturally, have a great deal of discussion, — if she consents to discuss the matter at all. That's why you must decidedly give her two or three days."

"I see you think she *may* refuse to discuss it at all," said Owen.

"I'm only trying to be prepared for the worst. You must remember that to have to withdraw from the ground she has taken, to make a public surrender of what she has publicly appropriated, will go uncommonly hard with her pride."

Owen considered; his face seemed to broaden, but not into a smile. "I suppose she's tremendously proud, is n't she?" This might have been the first time it had occurred to him.

"You know better than I," said Fleda, with high extravagance.

"I don't know anything in the world half so well as you. If I were as clever as you, I might hope to get round her." Owen hesitated; then he went on: "In fact, I don't quite see what even you can say or do that will really fetch her."

"Neither do I, as yet. I must think, — I must pray!" the girl pursued, smiling. "I can only say to you that I'll try. I *want* to try, you know, — I want to help you." He stood looking at her so long on this that she added with much distinctness, "So you must leave me, please, quite alone with her, — you must go straight back."

"Back to the inn?"

"Oh no, back to town. I'll write to you to-morrow."

He turned about vaguely for his hat. "There's the chance, of course, that she may be afraid."

"Afraid, you mean, of the legal steps you may take?"

"I've got a perfect case, — I could have her up. The Brigstocks say it's simple stealing."

"I can easily fancy what the Brigstocks say!" Fleda permitted herself to remark, without solemnity.

"It's none of their business, is it?" was Owen's unexpected rejoinder. Fleda had already noted that no one so slow could ever have had such rapid transitions.

She showed her amusement. "They have a much better right to say it's none of mine."

"Well, at any rate, you don't call her names."

Fleda wondered whether Mona did; and this made it all the finer of her to exclaim in a moment, "You don't know what I'll call her if she holds out!"

Owen gave her a gloomy glance; then he blew a speck off the crown of his hat. "But if you do have a row with her?"

He paused so long for a reply that Fleda said, "I don't think I know what you mean by a row."

"Well, if she calls *you* names."

"I don't think she'll do that."

"What I mean to say is, if she's angry at your backing me up, — what will you do then? She can't possibly like it, you know."

"She may very well not like it; but everything depends. I must see what I shall do. You must n't worry about me."

She spoke with decision, but Owen seemed still unsatisfied. "You won't go away, I hope?"

"Go away?"

"If she does take it ill of you."

Fleda moved to the door and opened it. "I'm not prepared to say. You must have patience and see."

"Of course I must," said Owen, — "of course, of course." But he took no more advantage of the open door than to say: "You want me to be off, and I'm off in a minute. Only, before I go, please answer me a question. If you *should* leave my mother, where would you go?"

Fleda smiled again. "I have n't the least idea."

"I suppose you'd go back to London."

"I have n't the least idea," Fleda repeated.

"You don't — a — live anywhere in particular, do you?" the young man went on. He looked conscious as soon as he had spoken; she could see that he felt himself to have alluded more grossly than he meant to the circumstance of her having, if one were plain about it, no home of her own. He had meant it as an allusion, of a tender sort, to all that she would sacrifice in the case of a quarrel with his mother; but there was indeed no graceful way of touching on that; one just could n't be plain about it.

Fleda, wound up as she was, shrank from any treatment at all of the matter, and she made no answer to his question. "I *won't* leave your mother," she said. "I'll produce an effect on her; I'll convince her, absolutely."

"I believe you will, if you look at her like that!"

She was wound up to such a height that there might well be a light in her pale, fine little face, — a light that while, for all return, at first, she simply shone back at him, was intensely reflected in his own. "I'll make her see it, — I'll make her see it!" She rang out like a silver bell. She had at that moment a perfect faith that she should succeed; but it passed into something else when, the next instant, she became aware that Owen, quickly getting between her and the door she had opened, was sharply closing it, as might be said, in her face. He had done this before she could stop him, and he stood there with his hand on the knob and smiled at her strangely.

Clearer than he could have spoken it was the sense of those seconds of silence.

"When I got into this I did n't know you, and now that I know you how can I tell you the difference? And *she's* so different, so ugly and vulgar, in the light of this squabble. No, like *you*, I've never known one. It's another thing, it's a new thing altogether. Listen to me a little: can't something be done?" It was what had been in the air in those moments at Kensington, and it only wanted words to be a committed act. The more reason, to the girl's excited mind, why it should n't have words; her one thought was not to hear, to keep the act uncommitted. She would do this if she had to be horrid.

"Please let me out, Mr. Gereth," she said; on which he opened the door, with an hesitation so very brief that in thinking of these things afterwards — for she was to think of them forever — she wondered in what tone she could have spoken. They went into the hall, where she encountered the parlor-maid, of whom she inquired whether Mrs. Gereth had come in.

"No, miss; and I think she has left the garden. She has gone up the back road." In other words, they had the whole place to themselves. It would have been a pleasure, in a different mood, to converse with that parlor-maid.

"Please open the house door," said Fleda.

Owen, as if in quest of his umbrella, looked vaguely about the hall, — looked even, wistfully, up the staircase, — while the neat young woman complied with Fleda's request. Owen's eyes then wandered out of the open door. "I think it's awfully nice here," he observed; "I assure you I could do with it myself."

"I should think you might, with half your things here! It's Poynton itself — almost. Good-by, Mr. Gereth," Fleda added. Her intention had naturally been that the neat young woman, opening the front door, should remain to close it on

the departing guest. That functionary, however, had acutely vanished behind a stiff flap of green baize which Mrs. Gereth had not yet had time to abolish. Fleda put out her hand, but Owen turned away, — he could n't find his umbrella. She passed into the open air, — she was determined to get him out; and in a moment he joined her in the little plastered portico which had small resemblance to any feature of Poynton. It was, as Mrs. Gereth had said, like the portico of a house in Brompton.

"Oh, I don't mean with all the things here," he explained, in regard to the opinion he had just expressed. "I mean I could put up with it just as it was; it had a lot of good things, don't you think? I mean if everything was back at Poynton, if everything was all right." He brought out these last words with a sort of smothered sigh. Fleda did n't quite understand his explanation, unless it had reference to another and more wonderful exchange, — the restoration to the great house not only of its tables and chairs, but of its alienated mistress. This would imply the installation of his own life at Ricks, and, obviously, that of another person. That other person could scarcely be Mona Brigstock. He put out his hand now; and once more she heard his unsounded words: "With everything patched up at the other place, I could live here with *you*. Don't you see what I mean?"

Fleda saw perfectly, and, with a face in which she flattered herself that nothing of this vision appeared, she gave him her hand, and said, "Good-by, good-by."

Owen held her hand very firmly, and kept it even after an effort made by her to recover it, — an effort not repeated, as she felt it best not to show she was flurried. That solution — of her living with him at Ricks — disposed of him beautifully, and disposed not less so of herself; it disposed admirably, too, of Mrs. Gereth. Fleda could only vainly

wonder how it provided for poor Mona. While he looked at her, grasping her hand, she felt that now, indeed, she was paying for his mother's extravagance at Poynton, — the vividness of that lady's public plea that little Fleda Vetch was the person to insure the general peace. It was to that vividness poor Owen had come back, and if Mrs. Gereth had had more discretion little Fleda Vetch would n't have been in a predicament. She saw that Owen had at this moment his sharpest necessity of speech, and so long as he did n't release her hand she could only submit to him. Her defense would be, perhaps, to look blank and hard; so she looked as blank and as hard as she could, with the reward of an immediate sense that this was not a bit what he wanted. It even made him hang fire, as if he were suddenly ashamed of himself, were recalled to some idea of duty and of honor. Yet he none the less brought it out. "There's one thing I dare say I ought to tell you, if you're going so kindly to act for me; though of course you'll see for yourself it's a thing it won't do to tell *her*." What was it? He made her wait for it again, and while she waited, under firm coercion, she had the extraordinary impression that Owen's simplicity was in eclipse. His natural honesty was like the scent of a flower, and she felt at this moment as if her nose had been brushed by the bloom without the odor. The allusion was undoubtedly to his mother; and was not what he meant about the matter in question the opposite of what he said, — that it just *would* do to tell her? It would have been the first time he had said the opposite of what he meant, and there was certainly a fascination in the phenomenon, and a challenge to suspense in the ambiguity. "It's just that I understand from Mona, you know" — he stammered; "it's just that she has made no bones about bringing home to me" — He tried to laugh, and in the effort he faltered again.

"About bringing home to you?"
Fleda encouraged him.

He was sensible of it, he achieved his performance. "Why, that if I don't get the things back — every blessed one of them except a few *she* 'll pick out — she won't have anything more to say to me."

Fleda, after an instant, encouraged him again. "To say to you?"

"Why, she simply won't marry me, you know."

Owen's legs, not to mention his voice, had wavered while he spoke, and she felt his possession of her hand loosen, so that she was free again. Her stare of perception broke into a lively laugh. "Oh, you're all right, for you *will* get them. You will; you're quite safe; don't worry!" She fell back into the house, with her hand on the door. "Good-by, good-by." She repeated it several times, laughing bravely, quite waving him away, and as he did n't move, and save that he was on the other side of it, closing the door in his face quite as he had closed that of the drawing-room in hers. Never had a face, never at least had such a handsome one, been so presented to that offense. She even held the door a minute, lest he should try to come in again. At last, as she heard nothing, she made a dash for the stairs and ran up.

IX.

In knowing, a while before, all she needed, Fleda had been far from knowing as much as that; so that, once upstairs, where, in her room with her sense of danger and trouble, the age of Louis Seize suddenly struck her as wanting in taste and point, she felt that she now for the first time knew her temptation. Owen had put it before her with an art beyond his own dream. Mona would cast him off if he did n't proceed to extremities; if his negotiation with his mother should fail, he would be a free man. That ne-

gotiation depended on a young lady to whom he had pressingly suggested the condition of his freedom; and as if to aggravate the young lady's predicament, designing fate had sent Mrs. Gereth, as the parlor-maid said, "up the back road." This would give the young lady more time to make up her mind that nothing should come of the negotiation. There would be different ways of putting the question to Mrs. Gereth, and Fleda might profitably devote the moments before her return to a selection of the way that would most surely be tantamount to failure. This selection, indeed, required no great adroitness; it was so conspicuous that failure would be the reward of an effective introduction of Mona. If that abhorred name should be properly invoked, Mrs. Gereth would resist to the death, and before envenomed resistance Owen would certainly retire. His retirement would be into single life, and Fleda reflected that he had now gone away conscious of having practically told her so. She could only say, as she waited for the back road to disgorge, that she hoped it was a consciousness he enjoyed. There was something *she* enjoyed, but that was a very different matter. To know that she had become to him an object of desire gave her wings that she felt herself flutter in the air; it was like the rush of a flood into her own accumulations. These stored depths had been fathomless and still, but now, for half an hour, in the empty house, they spread till they overflowed. He seemed to have made it right for her to confess to herself her secret. Strange, then, there should be nothing for him, in return, that such a confession could make right! How could it make right that he should give up Mona for another woman? His attitude was a sorry appeal to Fleda to legitimate that. But he did n't believe it himself, and he had none of the courage of his suggestion. She could easily see how wrong everything must be when Owen was wanting in courage. She had

upset him, as people called it, and he had spoken out from the force of the jar of finding her there. He had upset her too, Heaven knew, but she was one of those who could pick themselves up. She had the real advantage, she considered, of having kept him from seeing that she had been overthrown.

She had, moreover, at present, completely recovered her feet, though there was in the intensity of the effort required to do so a vibration which throbbed away into an immense allowance for the young man. How could she know, after all, what, in the disturbance wrought by his mother, Mona's relations with him might have become? If he had been able to keep his wits, such as they were, more about him, he would probably have felt — as sharply as she felt on his behalf — that so long as those relations were not ended he had no right to say even the little he had said. He had no right to appear to wish to draw in another girl to help him to an end. If he was in a plight, he must get out of the plight himself, he must get out of it first, and anything he should have to say to any one else must be deferred and detached. She herself, at any rate, — it was her own case that was in question, — could not dream of assisting him save in the sense of their common honor. She could never be the girl to be drawn in, she could never lift her finger against Mona. There was something in her that would make it a shame to her forever to have owed her happiness to an interference. It would seem intolerably vulgar to her to have "ousted" the daughter of the Brigstocks; and merely to have abstained, even, would not assure her that she had been straight. Nothing was really straight but to justify her little pensioned presence by her use; and now, won over as she was to heroism, she could see her use only as some high and delicate deed. She could not do anything at all, in short, unless she could do it with a kind of pride, and there would be nothing to be

proud of in having arranged for poor Owen to get off easily. Nobody had a right to get off easily from pledges so deep, so sacred. How could Fleda doubt they had been tremendous when she knew so well what any pledge of her own would be? If Mona was so formed that she could hold such vows light, that was Mona's peculiar business. To have loved Owen, apparently, and yet to have loved him only so much, only to the extent of a few tables and chairs, was not a thing she could so much as try to grasp. Of a different way of loving him she was herself ready to give an instance, an instance of which the beauty indeed would not be generally known. It would not, perhaps, if revealed, be generally understood, inasmuch as the effect of the particular pressure she proposed to exercise would be, should success attend it, to keep him tied to an affection that had died a sudden and violent death. Even in the ardor of her meditation Fleda remained in sight of the truth that it would be an odd result of her magnanimity to prevent her friend's escaping from a woman he disliked. If he did not dislike Mona, what was the matter with him? And if he did, Fleda asked, what was the matter with her own silly self?

Our young lady met this branch of the temptation it pleased her frankly to recognize by declaring that to encourage any such cruelty would be tortuous and vile. She had nothing to do with his dislikes; she had only to do with his good nature and his good name. She had joy of him just as he was, but it was of these things she had the greatest. The worst aversion and the liveliest reaction, moreover, would not alter the fact — since one was facing facts — that but the other day his strong arms must have clasped a remarkably handsome girl as close as she had permitted. Fleda's emotion, at this time, was a wondrous mixture, in which Mona's permissions and Mona's beauty figured powerfully as aids to reflection. She herself had no beauty,

and *her* permissions were the stony stares she had just practiced in the drawing-room, — a consciousness of a kind appreciably to add to the particular sense of triumph that made her generous. I may not perhaps too much diminish the merit of that generosity if I mention that it could take the flight we are considering just because really, with the telescope of her long thought, Fleda saw what might bring her out of the wood. Mona herself would bring her out; at any rate, Mona might. Deep down plunged the idea that even should she achieve what she had promised Owen, there was still the possibility of Mona's independent action. She might by that time, under stress of temper or of whatever it was that was now moving her, have said or done the things there is no patching up. If the rupture should come from Water-bath, they might all be happy yet. This was a calculation that Fleda would n't have committed to paper, but it affected

the total of her thoughts. She was, meanwhile, so remarkably constituted that while she refused to profit by Owen's mistake, even while she judged it and hastened to cover it up, she could drink a sweetness from it that consorted little with her wishing it might n't have been made. There was no harm done, because he had instinctively known, poor dear, with whom to make it, and it was a compensation for seeing him worried that he had n't made it with some horrid mean girl who would immediately have dished him by making a still bigger one. Their protected error (for she indulged a fancy that it was hers too) was like some dangerous, lovely living thing that she had caught and could keep, — keep vivid and helpless in the cage of her own passion, and look at and talk to all day long. She had got it well locked up there by the time that, from an upper window, she saw Mrs. Gereth again in the garden. At this she went down to meet her.

Henry James.

THE "BIRD OF THE MUSICAL WING."

MR. BRADFORD TORREY has started an inquiry into the conduct of the ruby-throated humming-bird, who is said, contrary to the habits of the feathered world in general, to absent himself from his family during the time that his mate is brooding and rearing the young. The question of interest to settle is his motive in so doing. Does he consider his brilliant ruby dangerous to the safety of the nest, and so deny himself the pleasure as well as the pain of family life? Does he selfishly desert outright, and return to bachelor ways, when his mate settles herself to her domestic duties? Or does the pugnacious little creature herself decline not only his advice and counsel, but even his presence?

This problem in the life of the bird has
VOL. LXXVII. — NO. 464.

47

lent new interest to its study, and I was greatly pleased, last summer, when the bursting into bloom of a trumpet creeper, which clad with beauty the branches of an old locust-tree, attracted to the door of my temporary home this

"Rare little bird of the bower,
Bird of the musical wing."

No sooner did the great red trumpets begin to open than their winged admirers appeared, and the special object of my interest — whether by right of discovery or by force of will I could not determine — asserted her claim to the vine and its vicinity, and at once proceeded to evict every pretender to any share of the treasure. Nor was it a difficult task; for though the smallest of our birds, the rubythroat is perhaps the most spirited.

No bird, not even the mighty eagle, standard-bearer of the republic, is too big for this midget to attack, and none fails to retire before his rapier-like beak. Madam of the vine lacked none of the courage and self-assertion of her race, and a few lively skirmishes convinced the neighbors, with one exception, that this particular crop of blossoms was preempted and no trespassing allowed. That matter happily arranged, she settled down in peace to enjoy her estate, and I followed her example.

July was nearly half gone when blossoms began to unclothe on the vine and my lady took possession. The world about the house and orchard was full of melody, for goldfinches were just celebrating their nuptials, and birds have to furnish their own wedding music. Though a march may express the pomp and ceremony of human marriage, a rhapsody is more in harmony with joyous bird unions, and the air rang with their raptures. The marriage hymn of the humming-bird — if any there were — was not for human ears; indeed, most of the life, certainly all of the wedded life of this bird, is shrouded in mystery, perhaps never to be unraveled till we understand bird language, and can subject him to an "interview."

The first thing that surprised me in my little neighbor was her volubility, for I had never found her kin talkative. She made remarks to herself, doubtless both witty and wise, but sounding to her dull-eared hearers, it must be confessed, like squeaky twitters; and somewhat later, when she recognized me as an admirer, as I fully believe she did, she even addressed some conversation to me, going out of her way to fly over my head as she did so.

Nothing could be more dainty than her way of exploring the flowers on her vine. Poising herself on wing before a blossom, she first gazed earnestly into its rosy depths, to judge of its quality, — or possibly of its tenants; for it was

not nectar alone that she sought. If it pleased her, she dashed upon it, seized the lower rim with her tiny claws, and folded her wings. Then drawing her head far back, she thrust her beak, her head, and sometimes her whole body into the flower tube, her plump little form completely filling it; and there she hung motionless for a few seconds, while I struggled with the temptation to inclose blossom and bird in my hand. If the flower chanced to be an old one, her roughness sometimes detached it, when she hastily backed out, protesting indignantly, and looking over to see it fall.

Atom though the hummer was, hardly more than a pinch of feathers, she was a decided character, with notions and ways of her own. One of her fancies was to open the honey-pots for herself. When she found a bud beginning to unclothe, a lobe or two unfolded, she at once took it in hand and vigorously proceeded to aid the process with her needle-like beak, and the instant it was accomplished rushed in to secure her spoils in their first freshness. She never appeared to have patience to wait for anything, and sometimes even tried to hurry up dilatory buds. She did succeed, as such vehemence must, in breaking in the back way, as it were, through a hole in the corolla tube, and rifling the bud before it had a chance to become a blossom. I could not decide positively whether she pierced the tubes, or availed herself of the labors of an oriole I had seen splitting them by inserting his beak and then opening it wide to enlarge the hole.

One quality that my little friend most woefully lacked was repose. Not only were her motions jerky and exasperating in the extreme, but during my whole acquaintance with her I never saw her for a moment absolutely still. On the rare occasions when her body was at rest, her head turned from side to side as though moved by machinery, like the mandarin dolls of the toy-shops, and I had doubts

whether she ever slept. I was really concerned about her. Nervous prostration seemed the only thing she could look forward to; and later I found that Bradford Torrey had suffered similar anxiety about one of her kind, as related in his charming story *A Widow and Twins*.

There was one exception, as I said, to the complete success of the little lady in green in establishing her claim to the vine. The individual who refused to be convinced interested me greatly. He looked a guileless and innocent youth; his tender age being indicated by a purer white on the breast, and a not fully grown tail. Moreover, he was not so deft in movement as the experienced matron he defied; he was almost clumsy, in fact, having some difficulty in manœuvring his unwieldy beak and getting his head into the tube, and being much disconcerted by the swaying of the blossoms in the breeze. Youth and innocence were shown, too, in the manner of the little stranger toward my lady. He approached her in a confiding way, as if expecting a welcome, and was plainly astonished at being attacked instead. Indeed, he apparently could not believe his repulse was serious, for he soon returned in the most friendly spirit, and utterly refused to be driven away.

After making myself well acquainted with the manners and ways of Madam Rubythroat, and noting that she always took her departure in exactly the same direction and at quite regular intervals, I began to suspect that she had important business somewhere; probably a nest, possibly a pair of twin babies. Should I undertake the hopeless task of seeking that tiny lichen-covered cradle, so nearly resembling a thousand knots and other protuberances that one might as easily find the proverbial needle in a haystack, or should I turn my attention to other inviting quarters on the place? While I hesitated, balancing the attractions, madam herself chanced to give me a hint. One morning, as I was watch-

ing her steady flight across the lawn, I caught a decided upward swerve of the gleaming line, and instantly resolved to take the hint, if such it were. I went quietly to a pear-tree on her course, and waited for the next point, if she chose to give it. She did; she was most obliging, — may I venture to say friendly? Almost immediately she passed me, and alighted on one of a row of tall trees that lined the road. There she hovered for a moment, giving sharp digs at one spot, as though detaching something, and then flew straight along the line to an immense silver poplar.

Here at last the bird settled, and a wild hope sprang up in my heart. Stealing nearer to the tree without taking my eyes from the spot; ignoring the danger of pitfalls in my path, of holes to fall into and rocks to fall over, of briars to scratch and snakes to bite, I drew as near as I dared, and then cautiously raised my glass to my eyes, and behold! the nest with my lady upon it! The thrill of that moment none but a fellow bird lover can understand. What now was the most beguiling of chats; what the danger of dislocating my neck; what the dread of neighborhood wonder; what the annoyance of mosquitoes, or dogs, or small boys, or loose cattle, or anything? There was the nest. (I am obliged to admit, parenthetically, that nearly all these calamities befell me during my devotion to that nest, but I never faltered in my attentions, and I never regretted.)

At the moment of discovery, however, I was too excited to watch. First carefully locating the tiny object by means of a dead branch, — for I knew I should have to seek it again if I lost it then, and the luck of finding it so easily could not fall to me twice, — I rushed to the house to share my enthusiasm with a sympathizer.

My lady rubythroat was a canny bird; she had selected her position with judgment. The silver poplar of her choice was covered with knobs so exactly copied

by the nest that no one would have suspected it of being anything different. It was on a dead branch, so that foliage could not trouble her, while leafy twigs grew near enough for protection. No large limb afforded rest for a human foe, and it was at the neck-breaking height of twenty feet from the ground. Neck-breaking indeed I found it, after a trial of twenty minutes' duration, which, judging from my sensations, might have been a century.

But whether my head ever recovered its natural pose or not, I was happy; for I saw the humming-bird shaping her snug domicile to her tidy form, turning around and around in it, pressing with breast and bend of the wing, as I was certain, from the similarity of her attitude and motions to those of a robin I had closely watched at the same work. During the time I watched her she made ten trips between the poplar and the vine, and at every visit worked at shaping the nest and adjusting the outside material. She did not care for my distant and inoffensive presence on the earth below, and she probably did not suspect the power of my glass to spy upon her secrets, for she showed no discomfiture at my frequent visits. Indeed, she took pains to let me know that she had her eye upon me, for twice when she left the nest she swerved from her course to swoop down over my head, squeaking most volubly as she passed.

While sitting at my post of observation, my neck sometimes refused to retain its unnatural position a moment longer, and then I refreshed myself with other objects around; for, after some search, I had found a charming place for study. It was beside a rocky ledge which ran through the middle of a bit of meadow-land, and happily defied being cultivated, although it supported a flourishing crop of wildings,—scattering elm, oak, and pine trees, with sumac, goldenrod, and other sweet things to fill up the tangle. Under a low-spreading

tree I placed my seat: at my back the screening rocks, in front a strip of meadow waiting for the mower. Along the side where I entered ran a stone wall, but before me was a stretch of delightfully dilapidated old board and pole fence. It had been reinforced and made available for keeping out undesirables by barbed wire, but at my distance that was inconspicuous and did not disturb me. The fence had never been painted, the wind and weather of many years had toned it down to the hue of a tree-trunk, and it was so thoroughly decorated with lichens that it had come to look almost like a bit of Nature's work,—if Nature could have made anything so ugly. I believe the birds regarded it as a special arrangement for their benefit. Certainly they used it freely.

But beyond the fence was a genuine bit of Nature's handiwork in which man had no part: an extended and luxuriant tangle, bordering the river, of alder and other bushes, with here and there a young tree, elm, apple, cedar, or wild cherry; and winding through it a bewitching path, made by cows in their unconventional and meandering style and for their own convenience, penetrating every charming nook in the shrubbery, and so unnoticeable at its entrance that one might pass it and not suspect its presence. In this path bushes met over their heads, often not high enough for ours, wild roses perfumed the air, and meadow-sweet lingered long after it was gone from haunts less cool and shaded. Every turn offered a new and fascinating picture, and a stroll through the irresistible way always began or ended my day's study.

For several days following my happy discovery I spent much time watching domestic affairs in the poplar-tree. The little matron was not a steady sitter. From two to four minutes, at intervals of about the same length, was as long as she could possibly remain in one place; and even then she entertained herself

by rearranging the materials composing her nest, till I began to fear she would have it pulled to pieces before the birdlings appeared. Beautiful beyond words was her manner of entering and leaving her snug home. On departing, she simply spread her wings and floated off, as if lifted by the rising tide of an invisible element; and on returning, she sank from a height of ten or twelve inches, as if by the subsidence of the same tide.

This corner of my small world, however enchanting with its rocky ledge, its cow-path, and its nest, did not absorb me entirely. Life about the trumpet-vine was far more stirring and eventful. It was there that madam spent half her time, for at that point, as well as at the nest, were duties to be performed, her larder to be defended, intruders to be banished, and crops to be gathered; there, too, in the intervals, her toilet to be made. That a creature so tiny should make a toilet at all was wonderful to think of, and to see her do it was charming. Each minute feather on gossamer wing or widespread tail was passed carefully through her beak; from all soft plumage, the satin white of the breast and the burnished green of the back, every particle of dust was removed and every disarrangement was set right. Her long white tongue, looking like a bristle, was often thrust out far beyond the beak, and the beak itself received an extra amount of care, being scraped and polished its whole length by a tiny claw, which was used also for combing the head feathers.

At the vine, too, was war; for the youngster already mentioned persisted in denying the matron's right to the whole, and many a sharp tussle they had, when for an hour at a time there would not be a shadow of peace for anybody. Occasionally madam would relax her opposition to the intruder and let him remain on the vine; but, with the proverbial ingratitude of beneficiaries, he then assumed to own it himself, and flew at her when she returned from a visit to

her nest, as if she had no right there. His advantage lay in having nothing else to do, and thus being able to spend all his time on the ground.

The energy of the little mother was wonderful. In spite of the unrest of her life, of continual struggles, and work over the nest, she frequently indulged in marvelous aerial evolutions, dashing into the air and marking it off into zig-zag lines and angles, as if either she did not know her own mind for two seconds at a time, or was forced to take this way to work off surplus vitality. During all this time I was hoping to see her mate. But if he appeared at all, as several times a ruby-throated individual did, she promptly sent him about his business.

It was the 19th of July when I decided that sitting had finally begun on the poplar-tree nest, madam controlling her restlessness sometimes for the great space of ten minutes, and working no more on the structure. Now I redoubled my vigilance, going out from the breakfast-table, and spending my day under the rocky ledge, leaving matters at the trumpet-vine to take care of themselves. On the 28th I started out as usual. There had been a heavy fog all night and not a breath of wind stirring, and I found the whole world loaded with waterdrops. When I reached the stone wall which bounded my delightful field, and slipped through my private gate, I stopped in amazement at the sight before me. The fine meadow-grass was bowed down with its weight of treasure, as if a strong wind had laid it low, and every stem strung its whole length with minute crystals. Purple-flowering grasses turned the infinitesimal gems that adorned every angle into richest amethysts, and looked like jeweled sprays fit for the queen of fairies. Every spider's web was glorified into a net of pearls of many sizes, all threatening, if touched, to mass themselves and run down the tunnel, at the bottom of which, it is to be presumed, sat Madam Arachne waiting for far other prey.

I looked on all this magnificence with admiration and dismay. Should I wade through that sea of gems, which at the touch of my garments would resolve themselves, like the diamonds of the fairy tales, not into harmless dead leaves, but into mere vulgar wet? The hummer flew by to her nest, goldfinches called from the ledge. I hesitated — and went on. Making a path before me with my stick, stepping with care, to disturb no drop unnecessarily, and leaving to every spider her net full of pearls, I reached my usual place, and seated myself in a sea of jewels such as no empress ever wore. And behold, the old fence too was transfigured with strange hieroglyphics, into which dampness had changed the lichens, and one half-dead old tree, under the same subtle influence, had clad its bare and battered branches in royal velvet, of varied tints of green, white, and black.

At last I turned lingeringly from all this beauty to the nest. Ah! something had happened there too! Madam sat on the edge, leaned over, and made some movements within. At my distance I could not be positive, but I could guess — and I did, and subsequent events confirmed me — that birdlings were out. Like other bird mammas she sat on those infants as steadily as she had sat on the eggs, and it was a day or two later before I saw her feed. This was the murderous-looking fashion in which that dainty sprite administered nourishment to her babies: she clung to the edge of the nest, and appeared to address herself to the task of charging an old-fashioned muzzle-loading gun, using her beak for a ramrod, and sending it well home, violently enough, one would suppose, to disintegrate the nestling on whom she operated. If I had not read Mr. Torrey's description of humming-bird feeding, I should have thought the green-clad dame was destroying her offspring, instead of tenderly ministering to their wants.

Bird babies grow apace. Appetites waxed stronger, and the trumpet-vine had dropped its blossoms. The little mother had to seek new fields, and she settled on a patch of jewelweed for her supplies. Now, if ever, was needed the help of her mate, but not once did he show himself. Was he loitering — as the books hint — at a distance, and did she go to him now and then, on her many journeys, to tell him how the young folk progressed? I cannot tell; I was busy watching the business partner; I had no time to hunt up absentees. But I have a "theory," which may or may not explain his apparent indifference. It is that the small dame, so intolerant of neighbors even on her feeding-ground, simply cannot endure any one about her, and prefers to do all her building and bringing-up herself, with no one to "bother." Have we not seen her prototype in the human world?

The young hummers had been out of their shells for two weeks before I saw them, and then the sight was unsatisfactory, — only the flutter of a tiny wing, and two sharp beaks thrust up above the edge. But after this day beaks were nearly always to be seen, and sometimes a small round head, or a glistening white tongue, or the point of a wing appeared to encourage me. Baby days were now fast passing away; the mother fed industriously, and the "pair of twins," waxed strong and pert, sat up higher in the nest, and began the unceasing wag of the head from side to side, like their mother. What a fairylike world was this they were now getting acquainted with! What to them was the presence of human beings, with their interests, their anxieties, and their cares, passing far below on the road, or what even the solitary bird student, sitting hour after hour by the rocks in silence, turning inquisitive eyes upon them? The green tree was their world, and their mother was queen. Valiantly did this indefatigable personage drive away every in-

truder, bravely facing the chickadee who happened to alight in passing, even showing fight to the wasps that buzzed about her castle in the air. I shall always think she really knew me, and had a not unfriendly feeling toward me; for when I met her about the place, even away from the nest, she frequently greeted me with what one would not wish to be so disrespectful as to call a squeaking twitter.

As the end of the three weeks reported to be necessary to fit baby hummers for life drew near, I rarely left the rocky ledge for an hour of daylight, so anxious was I to see a nestling try his wings. The mother herself seemed to be in a state of expectancy, and would often, after feeding, linger about the little home, as if inviting or expecting a youngster to come out to her. At the last I could not stay in my bed in the morning, but rushed out before sunrise, remembering

how momentous are the early morning hours in the bird world. But it was noon of the twenty-first day of his life when the first baby flew. He had just been fed, and he sat on the edge of the nest beating his wings, when all at once away he went, floating off like a bit of thistle-down, up and out of sight. Though expecting it and looking for it, I was greatly startled when the moment came.

The last act in the little drama was a pretty scene in the bushes. I was wandering about in the hope of one more interview, when suddenly my lady and a young one alighted on a twig before me. She appeared to feed the youth, hovered about him an instant, and with the tip of her beak touched him gently on the forehead. Then, with a farewell twitter, both flew away over my head, so closely they almost swept me with their wings. And so the pretty story of the nest was ended.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

DANCER of air,
Flashing thy flight across the noontide hour,
To pierce and pass ere it is full aware
Each wondering flower!

Jeweled coryphée,
With quivering wings like shielding gauze outspread,
And measure like a gleaming shuttle's play
With unseen thread!

The phlox, milk-white,
Sways to thy whirling; stirs each warm rose breast;
But not for these thy palpitant delight,
Thy rhythmic quest;

Swift weaves thy maze
Where flaunts the trumpet-vine its scarlet pride,
Where softer fire, behind its chaliced blaze,
Doth fluttering hide.

The grave thrush sings
 His love-call, and the nightingale's romance
 Throbs through the twilight; thou hast but thy wings,
 Thy sun-thrilled dance.

Yet doth love's glow
 Burn in the ruby of thy restless throat,
 Guiding thy voiceless ecstasy to know
 The richest note

Of brooding thrush!
 Now for thy joy the emptied air doth long;
 Thine is the nested silence, and the hush
 That needs no song.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

II. 1855.

ROSSETTI, in his letter of June 26, 1854, as the readers of the last number of *The Atlantic Monthly* may remember, describing how "the mighty MacCracken" had come to town "on purpose to sell his Hunt, his Millais, his Brown, his Hughes, and several other pictures," continues: "The Brown he sold privately to White of Madox Street. The rest he put into a sale at Christie's, after taking my advice as to the reserve he ought to put on the Hunt, which I fixed at 500 guineas. It reached 300 in real biddings, after which Mac's touters ran it up to 430, trying to revive it, but of course it remains with him." What the picture was that met with such unworthy treatment I did not learn in time to mention in my notes. Mr. Holman Hunt has been kind enough to send me the information required. It is with much pleasure that I quote the following letter from this great painter:—

DRAYCOTT LODGE, FULHAM,
February 27, 1896.

DEAR MR. BIRKBECK HILL, — I trust that I am not now too late — although

so very much so, owing to a variety of causes — in giving you the information you desired. The only picture that Mr. MacCracken bought of me was *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. It was painted in 1850–51, and was assailed by the critics in the R. A., together with works by Millais, in the most violent manner, until Ruskin came forward quite unexpectedly and assailed the critics, to the lasting confusion of one or two of the craft. The picture did not, however, sell in London, and I sent it to Liverpool, when again it was attacked most acrimoniously; but the committee of the exhibition, to my surprise, ended by giving me the £50 prize awarded to the best picture in the exhibition, and yet it did not sell there; but from Belfast Mr. MacC. wrote, saying he very much wanted to get to Liverpool to see it. He could not, however, get away, and at last asked whether I would take a painting by young Danby as payment for £50 or £60 of the price, which was, I think, £157. (It might, however, have been 200 guineas.) Eventually I agreed, and he

paid me the money, part in installments of £10 at the time.

The picture was bought at Christie's by Sir T. Fairbairn for 500 guineas, and he sold it about eight years since for £1000 to the Birmingham Art Gallery, where it now is.

I am yours ever truly,

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

MacCracken, as will be seen later on, made another attempt to sell the picture, but in vain. The day of the great Pre-raphaelite painter was still in its dawn. It was, no doubt, some years later that Sir T. Fairbairn made his purchase.

From this digression about Holman Hunt I will now return to the letters of his Pre-raphaelite Brother.

IX.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE,

Tuesday Evening, 23 *January*, 1855.

. . . The other day Moxon called on me, wanting me to do some of the blocks for the new Tennyson. The artists already engaged are Millais, Hunt, Landseer, Stanfield, Maclise, Creswick, Mulready, and Horsley. The right names would have been Millais, Hunt, Madox Brown, Hughes, a certain lady, and myself. NO OTHERS. What do you think? Stanfield is to do "Break, break," because there is the sea in it, and Ulysses, too, because there are ships. Landseer has Lady Godiva, and all in that way. Each artist, it seems, is to do about half a dozen, but I hardly expect to manage so many, as I find the work of drawing on wood particularly trying to the eyes. I have not begun even designing for them yet, but fancy I shall try the Vision of Sin and Palace of Art, etc., — those where one can allegorize on one's own hook on the subject of the poem, without killing for one's self and every one a distinct idea of the poet's. This, I fancy, is always the upshot of illustrated editions, — Tennyson, Allingham, or any one, — unless where the poetry is so ab-

solutely narrative as in the old ballads, for instance. Are we to try the experiment ever in their regard? There are one or two or more of Tennyson's in narrative, but generally the worst, I think, — Lady Clare, Lord of Burleigh, to wit.

News must have grown so old since I wrote to you that most likely I shall forget the most of it. For myself, I got nearly finished (and shall make it do for quite, I think) with my calf and cart at Finchley, when I was laid up all of a sudden for some little time, through the wind blowing my picture down on my leg, which caused it to gather and create a nuisance. Since I got over this I have been water-coloring again, — somewhat against the grain, — and have not yet got my picture to London. I began my class last night at the Working Men's College: it is for the figure, quite a separate thing from Ruskin's, who teaches foliage. I have set one of them as a model to the rest, till they can find themselves another model. I intend them to draw only from nature, and some of them — two or three — showed unmistakable aptitude, almost all more than one could ever have looked for. Ruskin's class has progressed astonishingly, and I must try to keep pace with him. The class proceeds quite on a family footing, and, I feel sure, will prove amusing. . . .

You asked me how I liked *The Angel* in the House. Of course it is very good indeed, yet will one ever want to read it again? The best passages I can recollect now are the one about "coming where women are," for the simile of the frozen ship, and the part concerning the "brute of a husband." From what I hear, I should judge that, in spite of idiots in the Athenæum and elsewhere, the book will be of use to the author's reputation, — a resolute poet, whom I saw a little while back, and who means to make his book bigger than the *Divina Commedia*, he tells me. . . .

I am awfully sleepy and stupid, or should try to say something about the

only book I have read for a long while back, Crabbe, whose poems were known to me long ago, but not at all familiarly till now. I fancy one might read him much oftener and much later than Wordsworth, — than almost any one.

I must try and fill this paper, so I substitute one of my "clever" moments for the present helpless one, and copy you my last sonnet: —

The gloom which breathes upon me with these
airs

Is like the drops that strike the traveller's
brow

Who knows not, darkling, if they menace now
Fresh storm, or be old rain the covert bears.

Ah! bodes this hour its harvest of new tares?

Or keeps remembrance of that day whose
plough

Sowed hunger once, — that night at last
when thou,

O prayer found vain! didst fall from out my
prayers?

How prickly were the growths which yet how
smooth,

On cobwebbed hedgerows of this journey shed,
Lie here and there till night and sleep may
soothe!

Even as the thistledown from pathways dead
Gleaned by a girl in autumns of her youth,

Which one new year makes soft her marriage
bed.

Does it smack, though, of Tupper at
all? It seems to, in copying. The last
simile I heard as a fact common in some
parts of the country. . . .

The "certain lady" referred to in connection with the new Tennyson was, of course, Miss Siddal. About the time the new volume appeared, many of the Pre-Raphaelite artists were staying in Oxford. I well remember how they scorned the illustrations of some of these men whom Rossetti would have excluded. One of them even encouraged me to scribble over the feeblest of the pictures in my copy of the work, promising to supply their places with designs of his own. I left the volume with him for many weeks, but nothing came of it. My book is still disfigured, and his promise is still unkept.

How much Rossetti "allegorized on

his own hook" in illustrating Tennyson is shown by his brother, who writes: "It must be said that himself only, and not Tennyson, was his guide. He drew just what he chose, taking from his author's text nothing more than a hint and an opportunity. The illustration of St. Cecilia puzzled Tennyson not a little, and he had to give up the problem of what it had to do with his verses." In an autograph letter of Rossetti's, in my collection, he says, "T. loathes mine [my designs]."

Allingham wrote to W. M. Rossetti on August 17, 1857: "I spent one day with Clough near Ambleside, and two or three with Tennyson at Coniston, who is cheerful. His chief affliction now is the bad poetry which keeps showering on his head very fast. He ought to put up the umbrella of utter neglect, and talks of doing so. He praised the P. R. B. designs to his poems in a general way, but cares nothing about the whole affair." This mention of Coniston reminds me how, when a boy, I heard the vicar of that village tell some brother clergymen that he could not think of knowing Mr. Tennyson, as the poet never went to church.

The first of the two passages in *The Angel in the House*, which Rossetti praised, is the following: —

"Whene'er I come where ladies are,

How sad soever I was before,
Though like a ship frost-bound and far

Withheld in ice from the ocean's roar,
Third-wintered in that dreadful dock

With stiffen'd cordage, sails decay'd,
And crew that care for calm and shock

Alike, too dull to be dismay'd,
Yet if I come where ladies are,

How sad soever I was before,
Then is my sadness banish'd far,

And I am like that ship no more;

Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,

Burst by the sudden Polar spring,

And all thank God with their warming wits,

And kiss each other, and dance and sing,

And hoist fresh sails, that make the breeze

Blow them along the liquid sea,

Out of the North, where life did freeze,

Into the haven where they would be."

The sonnet, under the title of *A Dark Day*, is No. LXVIII. in *Ballads and*

Sonnets. The only important alterations are in the tenth and eleventh lines, which now stand : —

“ Along the hedgerows of this journey shed,
Lie by Time's grace till night and sleep may
soothe.”

X.

Saturday, *March 18, 1855.*

. . . Let me try to devote the rest of this second sheet to more pleasant news, — news which would compensate me for a hundred bothers, and will, I am sure, go far to put you in a good temper, even after I have gone so far to try it.

About a week ago, Ruskin saw and bought on the spot every scrap of designs hitherto produced by Miss Siddal. He declared that they were far better than mine, or almost than any one's, and seemed quite wild with delight at getting them. He asked me to name a price for them, after asking and hearing that they were for sale ; and I, of course, considering the immense advantage of getting them into his hands, named a very low price, £25, which he declared to be too low even for a low price, and increased to £30. He is going to have them splendidly mounted and bound together in gold ; and no doubt this will be a real opening for her, as it is already a great assistance and encouragement. He has since written her a letter, which I inclose, and which, as you see, promises further usefulness. She is now doing the designs wanted. Pray, after reading it, inclose it and return it to me at once, as I want much to have it by me and show to one or two friends ; and accompany it with a word or two, as I want to know that you are not quite disgusted with me on account of that unlucky job. Ruskin's praise is beginning to bear fruit already. I wrote about it to Woolner, who has been staying for a week or two with the Tennysons ; and they, hearing that several of Miss Siddal's designs were from Tennyson, and being told about Ruskin, etc., wish her exceedingly to join in the illustrated edition ; and Mrs. T.

wrote immediately to Moxon about it, declaring that she had rather pay for Miss S.'s designs herself than not to have them in the book. There is only one damper in this affair, and that is the lesson as to the difficulty of wood-drawing which I am still wincing under ; but she and I must adopt a simpler method, and then I hope for better luck. All this will, I know, give you real pleasure, so I write it at such length. . . .

W. M. Rossetti, writing of a period a few weeks later than the date of this letter, says : “ Mr. Ruskin committed one of those unnumbered acts of generosity by which he will be remembered hardly less long than by his vivid insight into many things, and by his heroic prose. He wanted to effect one of two plans for Miss Siddal's advantage : either to purchase all her drawings one by one, as they should be produced, or else to settle on her an annual £150, he taking in exchange her various works up to that value. . . . This latter plan was carried into actual effect by May 3. It will easily and rightly be supposed that Rossetti used to find funds for Miss Siddal whenever required ; but his means were both small and fitful.”

“ ‘ That unlucky job ’ is, I believe, Rossetti's design to *The Maids of Elfin-Mere*. He was exceedingly (I think overmuch) dissatisfied with the wood-cutting of this design by Dalziel.” (W. M. R.) A few months later, writing about it, Rossetti said : “ It used to be by me till it became the exclusive work of Dalziel, who cut it. I was resolved to cut it out, but Allingham would not, so I can only wish Dalziel had the credit as well as the authorship.” Dalziel said to Mr. Hughes : “ How is one to engrave a drawing that is partly in ink, partly in pencil, and partly in red chalk ? ” “ He took,” Mr. Hughes tells me, “ a great deal of trouble ; but Rossetti was as impatient as a genius usually is. He wanted to crowd more into a picture than it could hold.”

XI.

Wednesday, BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE,
March 22, 1855.

. . . Now to answer your question about Dr. Polidori. The fact of his suicide does not, unfortunately, admit of a doubt, though the verdict on the inquest was one of natural death; but this was partly pardonable insincerity, arising from pity for my grandfather's great grief, and from a schoolfellow of my uncle's happening to be, strangely enough, on the jury. This death happened in the year '21, and he was only in his twenty-sixth year. I believe that, though his poems and tales give an impression only of a cultivated mind, he showed more than common talent both for medicine, and afterwards for law, which pursuit he took to, in a restless mood, after he returned from Italy. The pecuniary difficulties were only owing, I believe, to sudden losses and liabilities incurred at the gaming-table, whither, in his last feverish days, he had been drawn by some false friend, though such tastes had always, in a healthy state, been quite foreign to him. I have met accidentally, from time to time, persons who knew him, and he seems always to have excited admiration by his talents, and with those who knew him well affection and respect for his honorable nature; but I have no doubt that vanity was one of his failings, and should think he might have been in some degree of unsound mind. He was my mother's favorite brother, and I feel certain her love for him is a proof that his memory deserves some respect. In Medwin, in Moore, and in Leigh Hunt, and elsewhere, I have seen allusions to him which dwelt on nothing but his faults, and therefore I have filled this sheet on the subject, though of course, as far as your proposed criticism goes, I am only telling you that the book tells truth in this particular.

Write soon, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

By the bye, I am delighted at your appreciation of Scott. I shrewdly suspect that the last time I heard you talk of him there "was nothing in him." [Allingham grates a little.] I think myself that Mary Anne, with all its faults, is better worth writing than *The Angel in the House*. As exemplified in the poem, as well as in other respects, Scott is a man something of Browning's order, as regards his place among poets, though with less range and even much greater incompleteness, but also, on the other hand, quite without affectation ever to be found among his faults, and I think, too, with a more commonly appreciable sort of melody in his best moments. . . .

John William Polidori, brother of Rossetti's mother, an Englishman by birth, took his degree at Edinburgh as doctor of medicine at the early age of nineteen. A year later, in 1816, he accompanied Lord Byron as his traveling-physician. In less than six months they parted company. Polidori returned to England. Abandoning medicine, he studied for the bar. He published two volumes of verse and two of prose. "In August, 1821, the end came in a melancholy way: he committed suicide with poison, having, through losses in gambling, incurred a debt of honor which he had no present means of clearing off. The jury returned a verdict of 'Died by the visitation of God.'"

Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, describes "the strange sallies of this eccentric young man, whose vanity made him a constant butt to Lord Byron's sarcasm and merriment." Moore allows that "he seems to have possessed both talents and disposition which, had he lived, might have rendered him a useful member of his profession and of society." One day, after an altercation with Byron, thinking his dismissal inevitable, "retiring to his room, he had already drawn forth the poison from his medicine-chest, when Lord Byron tapped at the door, and en-

tered with his hand held forth in sign of reconciliation. The sudden revulsion was too much for poor Polidori, who burst into tears. He afterwards declared that nothing could exceed the gentle kindness of Lord Byron in soothing his mind."

Byron, writing of him, said: "I know no great harm of him; but he had an alacrity of getting into scrapes, and was too young and heedless; and having enough to attend to in my own concerns, and without time to become his tutor, I thought it much better to give him his *congé*."

What could have been expected of a clever young fellow who had been turned by a university into a doctor of medicine at the age of nineteen, and then had had entrusted to his care the health of the most famous poet of the age?

"Scott" is William Bell Scott. Rossetti wrote on July 1, 1853: "Scott and I have looked through his poems together, and have made some very advantageous amendments between us. Rosabell, especially, is quite another thing, and is now called Mary Anne."

Holman Hunt, describing Rossetti's "storehouse of treasures," says: "If he read twice or thrice a long poem, it was literally at his tongue's end; and he had a voice rarely equaled for simple recitations. Sordello and Paracelsus he would give by forty and fifty pages at a time. Then would come the pathetic strains of W. B. Scott's Rosabell."

W. M. Rossetti has shown how groundless was Scott's assertion that the subject of *Found* was taken from Mary Anne.

It will be seen in a later letter how highly Browning's genius was valued by Rossetti, — far more highly than the comparison with W. B. Scott indicates. "Browning," he wrote in 1871, "seems likely to remain, with all his sins, the most original and varied mind, by long odds, which betakes itself to poetry in our time."

XII.

May 11, 1855.

. . . Yesterday I took the MSS. to Ruskin, who, on hearing that they came from you, said you were one to whom he owed and would yet pay a letter of thanks, which he was sorry remained so long unwritten; and therewith spoke again with great delight of your poems. He was not delighted, by the bye, with that design beyond designation which your readers are to suppose I did; and he even saw it to great advantage, as I had been over the proof with white, to get Dalziel to alter parts of it. I have since given it him to do so, and have seen it in part done. Well! I have supped full with horrors, served (out) in three courses, which, as Hood says, can't be helped. I wish D. only had his desert as a finish.

Meanwhile, how is Millais's design which I have not yet seen? I hope it is only as good as his picture at the Royal Academy, the most wonderful thing he has done, except perhaps the Huguenot. He had an awful row with the hanging committee, who had put it above the level of the eye; but J. E. M. yelled for several hours and threatened to resign, till they put it right. They have been running wilder than ever this year in insolence and dishonesty; have actually turned out a drawing by Hunt (his pictures have not reached England; I heard from him the other day, and he is likely to be back in two or three months); put the four best landscapes in the place — three by Inchbold, one by some new Davis — quite out of sight; kicked out two pictures by one Arthur Hughes, — Orlando, and a most admirable little full-length of a child in a flannel nightgown; and played "various games of that sort." There is a big picture of Cimabue one of his works in procession, by a new man, living abroad, named Leighton, — a huge thing, which the Queen has bought, and of which every one talks. The Royal Academi-

cians have been gasping for five years for some one to back against Hunt and Millais, and here they have him, — a fact which makes some people do the picture injustice in return. It was *very* uninteresting to me at first sight; but on looking more at it, I think there is great richness of arrangement, — a quality which, when *really* existing, as it does in the best old masters, and perhaps hitherto in no living man, at any rate English, ranks among the great qualities.

But I am not quite sure yet either of this or of the faculty for color, which I suspect exists very strongly, but is certainly at present under a thick veil of paint; owing, I fancy, to too much Continental study. One undoubted excellence it has, — facility without much neatness or ultra-cleverness in the execution, which is greatly like that of Paul Veronese; and the color may mature in future works to the same resemblance, I fancy. There is much feeling for beauty, too, in the women. As for purely intellectual qualities, expression, intention, etc., there is little as yet of them; but I think that in art, richness of arrangement is so nearly allied to these that where it exists (in an earnest man) they will probably supervene. However, the choice of the subject, though interesting in a certain way, leaves one quite in the dark as to what faculty the man may have for representing incident or passionate emotion. But I believe, as far as this showing goes, that he possesses qualities which the mass of our artists aim at, chiefly, and only seem to possess; whether he have those of which neither they nor he give sign, I cannot yet tell; but he is said to be only twenty-four years old. There is something very French in his work, at present, which is the most disagreeable thing about it; but this I dare say would leave him if he came to England.

I suppose there is no chance of your having written an unrhymed elegy on Currer Bell, called Haworth Church-

yard, in this Fraser, and signed "A"? There is some *thorough* appreciation of poor Wuthering Heights in it, but then the same stanza raves of Byron, so you can't have done it; not to add that it would n't be up to any known mark of yours, I think.

You heard, I suppose, that MacCracken was going finally to sell his pictures in a lump at Christie's, but perhaps I wrote to you since the event. The utmost offered for the Hunt was 220 guineas, so he retains it still, having put a reserve of £300 on it. My Annunciation, 76 guineas; water-color Dante, 50. These are both sold: first to one Pearse, I hear; second to Combe of Oxford. Collins' St. Elizabeth only had 31 guineas bid, so he keeps that too. None of the other pictures went well, but I think the Bernal humbug has been settling all other sales lately. Hunt's father, who was at the sale, called on me with the above information, which I suppose is right. . . .

I would greatly like the walking tour you propose this summer, and better with you than any one, — now in good sooth, la! But I don't know well yet what my abilities and advisabilities may be; will write you of my probable movements as soon as I know them.

Good-morning. I am just told very loudly that it is three A. M.; and lo! it is horridly light. Write soon, and I'll write soon.

By the bye, this morning (12 May), through the first two hours of which I have slept over this letter, is the very morning on which I first woke up, or fell a-dreaming, or began to be, or was transported for life, or what is it? — twenty-seven years ago! It is n't your birthday, so I can wish you many happy returns of it.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

"The MSS.," as I infer from the next letter, were Rossetti's translations entitled *The Early Italian Poets*. "Self-reliant though he was when he made the

translations," writes his brother, "and still more so when he was preparing to publish them, he was nevertheless extremely ready to consult well-qualified friends as to this book. In this way he showed his MS. to Mr. Allingham, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Patmore, Count Aurelio Saffi, and no doubt to Mr. Swinburne and some others as well."

Millais's design is entitled *The Fire-side Story*. It illustrates the following stanza of Frost in the Highlands, in the second series of *Day and Night Songs*:

"At home are we by the merry fire,
Ranged in a ring to our heart's desire.
And who is to tell some wondrous tale,
Almost to turn the warm cheeks pale,
Set chin on hands, make grave eyes stare,
Draw slowly nearer each stool and chair?"

His picture in the Royal Academy was *The Rescue*. On November 8, 1853, Rossetti wrote to his sister Christina: "Millais, I just hear, was last night elected Associate. 'So now the whole Round Table is dissolved.'"

The drawing by Hunt turned out of the Academy was "a life-size crayon of his father, admirably finished."

"'Some new Davis' was William Davis, an Irish landscape-painter, settled in Liverpool." (W. M. R.)

The two pictures "kicked out" of the Academy had been painted by Arthur Hughes in Rossetti's studio. He had long been working at scenes from *As You Like It*. This Orlando, he tells me, was painted before he had attained sufficient mastery. How well he succeeded in the end is seen in the beautiful triptych illustrating scenes from Shakespeare's play, in Mr. Sing's collection in Aigburth, Liverpool. The "child in a flannel nightgown" was his nephew, Edward Hughes, now well known as an artist.

The "new man named Leighton" was Lord Leighton, the late president of the Royal Academy. His picture was entitled *Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence*.

Twenty-seven years later, at the Academy banquet, speaking of two artists lately dead, after mentioning one, he continued: "The other was a strangely interesting man, who, living in almost jealous seclusion as far as the general world was concerned, wielded, nevertheless, at one period of his life, a considerable influence in the world of art and poetry, — Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter and poet."

Haworth Churchyard, in Fraser's Magazine, "signed 'A,'" was not by Allingham, but by Matthew Arnold, who wrote to his mother on April 25 of this year: "There will be some lines of mine in the next Fraser (without name) on poor Charlotte Brontë." The stanza which contains "some *thorough* appreciation of poor *Wuthering Heights*, but raves of Byron," is the following: —

"Round thee they lie — the grass
Blows from their graves to thy own!
She, whose genius, though not
Puissant like thine, was yet
Sweet and graceful; — and she
(How shall I sing her?) whose soul
Knew no fellow for might,
Passion, vehemence, grief,
Daring, since Byron died,
That world-famed son of fire, — she, who
sank
Baffled, unknown, self-consumed;
Whose too bold dying song
Stirr'd, like a clarion-blast, my soul."

In his boyhood Rossetti had delighted in Byron. When he was sixteen years old, "some one told him," writes W. M. Rossetti, "that there was another poet of the Byronic epoch, Shelley, even greater than Byron. I do not think that he ever afterwards read much of Byron."

Rossetti's *Annunciation* was his *Ecce Ancilla Domini*; the "water-color Dante" was Dante drawing an Angel in Memory of Beatrice. On May 11, 1854, Rossetti wrote to his brother: "I heard from MacCrac, who offers £50 for the water-color, with all manner of soap and sawder into the bargain, — a princely style of thing." On this W. M. Rossetti remarks: "That my brother should have regarded £50

for the water-color as 'a princely style of thing' shows how scanty was then the market for his productions."

"Combe of Oxford" was the printer to the Clarendon Press. He made a collection of Preraphaelite paintings; among them was Holman Hunt's *Light of the World*, which his widow gave to Keble College, Oxford, and this water-color of Rossetti's, which, with other pictures, she bequeathed to the University Gallery.

"Charles Alston Collins was a young painter much under Millais's influence, and though not a member of the 'Brotherhood,' practically a Preraphaelite." He died early.

"The Bernal humbug" was the sale for nearly £71,000 of Ralph Bernal's collection of glass, plate, china, and miniatures.

To sit up till three in the morning was no uncommon thing with Rossetti. One of his comrades in his student days describes how "his cheeks were roseless and hollow enough to indicate the waste of life and midnight oil to which the youth was addicted."

XIII.

CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE,
June 25 [1855].

. . . I have such a strong idea that I am to see you soon that I shan't enter so much into the poems as I otherwise should now, but my favorites among the new ones are the two Harps, *The Pilot's Daughter*, *St. Margaret's Eve*, *The Girl's Lamentation*, *The Sailor* (both these last most admirable), and *Would I Knew!* *The Nobleman's Wedding* I really don't think at all improved [Ah! it is! W. A.], and am not at all sure about the close of *The Pilot's Daughter*. *The Music Master* is full of beauty and nobility, but I'm not sure it is not *too* noble or too resolutely healthy. . . .

LONDON, July 4.

I had to break off in the above, and go on with it to-day, instead of beginning afresh, to prove that I was not wait-

ing for you to write, as I remembered well owing you two or three, though one of mine had been lost for some time. Yours was very welcome on Monday. Going on about *The Music Master*, I see the sentence already written looks very iniquitous, and perhaps is; but one can only speak of one's own needs and cravings: and I must confess to a need, in narrative dramatic poetry (unless so simple in structure as *Auld Robin Gray*, for instance), of something rather "exciting," and indeed I believe something of the "romantic" element, to rouse my mind to anything like the moods produced by personal emotion in my own life. That sentence is shockingly ill worded, but Keats's narratives would be of the kind I mean. Not that I would place the expressions of pure love and life, or of any calm, gradual feeling or experience, one step below their place, — the very highest; but I think them better conveyed at less length, and chiefly as *from one's self*. Were I speaking to any one else, I might instance (as indeed I often do) the best of your own lyrics as examples; and these will always have for me much more attraction than *The Music Master*. The latter, I think, by its calm subject and course during a longish reading, chiefly awakens contemplation, like a walk on a fine day with a churchyard in it, instead of rousing one like a part of one's own life, and leaving one to walk it off as one might live it off. The only part where I remember being much affected was at the old woman's narrative of Milly's gradual decline. Of course the poem has artistic beauties constantly, though I think it flags a little at some of its joints, and am not sure that its turning-point would not have turned in vain for me at first reading, if I had not in time remembered your account of the story one day on a walk. After all, I fancy its chief want is that it should accompany a few more stories of deeper incident and passion from the same hand, when what seem to me its short-

comings might, I believe, as a leavening of the mass, become *des qualités*. As I have stated them, too, they are merely matters of feeling, and those who felt differently (as Patmore, who thinks the poem perfect) might probably be at the higher point of view. P. was here last night with Cayley and one or two more. We sat all the evening on my balcony, and had ice and strawberries there, and I wished for you many times, and meanwhile put in your book as a substitute (having, you may be sure, torn out that thing of Dalziel's). . . . I'm glad you have heard from Ruskin, and hope that you may find time in your week to arrange somehow a meeting with him. He has been into the country, and unwell part of the time, but is now set up again and very hard at work. I have no more valued friend than he, and shall have much to say of him and other friends, you'll find. . . . Ruskin has been reading those translations since you, and says he could wish no better than to ink your pencil-marks as his criticisms. He sent here, the other day, a "stunner," called the Marchioness of Waterford, who had expressed a wish to see me paint in water-colors, it seems, she herself being really first-rate as a designer in that medium. I think I am going to call on her this afternoon. There, sir! R. has asked to be introduced to my sister, who, accordingly, will accompany Miss S. and myself to dinner there on Friday. . . .

I have n't seen Owen Meredith, and don't feel the least curiosity about him. There is an interestingish article on the three "Bells" in Tait this month, where Wuthering Heights is placed above Currier for dramatic individuality, and it seems C. B. herself quite thought so. . . .

Rossetti had been at Clevedon with Miss Siddal, who had gone there for the sake of her health.

The poems mentioned by him are in Day and Night Songs. "Throughout his life," writes his brother, "the poetry of

sentimental or reflective description had a very minor attraction for him." To Mr. Gosse Rossetti wrote in 1873: "It seems to me that all poetry, to be really enduring, is bound to be as *amusing* (however trivial the word may sound) as any other class of literature; and I do not think that enough amusement to keep it alive can ever be got out of incidents not amounting to events."

Charles Bagot Cayley was the translator of Dante.

From his balcony Rossetti had a fine outlook on the Thames. The house was swept away when the river was embanked. It stood in front of the site now occupied by the eastern end of Kaiser's Royal Hotel, so near to Blackfriars Bridge that a stone could have been pitched on to it from the balcony. One of the rooms facing southwards was very sunny. At the window he would loll sometimes for hours together, looking at the people passing over the bridge. To watch this living stream flow by had an endless fascination for him. He used to tell the story that, one day, he and another of the Brotherhood were thus lolling, when they both cried out, "Why, there goes Deverell!" At that hour Deverell died.

The friendship between Rossetti and Ruskin did not last. For some years, says W. M. Rossetti, "they were heartily friendly, and indeed heartily affectionate." Later on, "ominous discrepancies began to appear, and gradually these became irremediable, or at any rate they remained unremedied."

Three days before the date of the above letter Rossetti wrote to his mother: "An astounding event is to come off to-morrow. The Marchioness of Waterford has expressed a wish to Ruskin to see me paint in water-color, as she says my method is inscrutable to her. She is herself an excellent artist, and would have been really great, I believe, if not born such a swell and such a stunner." In my undergraduate days, when not unfre-

quently I was in Rossetti's company, I one day heard him maintain that a beautiful young woman, who was on her trial on a charge of murdering her lover, ought not to be hanged, even if found guilty, as she was "such a stunner." When I ventured to assert that I would have her hanged, beautiful or ugly, there was a general outcry of the artistic set. One of them, now famous as a painter, cried out, "Oh, Hill, you would never hang a stunner!"

The second Lord Lytton, under the name of Owen Meredith, published this year *Clytemnestra*, *The Earl's Return*, and *Other Poems*.

There is one more letter written by Rossetti to Allingham in 1855. Owing to its great length I must separate it from its companions of that year. It will grace the opening of my third paper, containing as it does a criticism of Browning's *Men and Women*, and a boast of Rossetti's "intimacy with the glorious Robert."

George Birkbeck Hill.

IN A FAMOUS FRENCH HOME.

As my train drew up at the model wee station of Nohant-Vicq, I caught sight of pretty, welcoming Gabrielle in her dainty pink bodice and broad summer hat. Her glad brown eyes and friendly "Hast thou made a good journey, my Méry?" were sweet indeed, after the long, solitary trip from central Italy to the heart of France. She led me past the bowing station-master to the trig dog-cart awaiting us, and in a few moments we were bowling along leafy lanes vociferous with singing birds. Oh, the dewy freshness of that drive, after the struggle with dust, luggage, and missed connections! Passing the few cottages which cluster close to a tiny green, overshadowed by gigantic trees embowering a quaint miniature church whose lowly penthouse porch seems to say, "Ye must become as little children to enter here," we swept in at the gate of Château Nohant and stopped before the arched doorway. This leads into a queer moon-shaped hall, which a staircase of shallow stone steps curls around, brooded over by a fine old air of dignified shabbiness and cool space. Indeed, the whole house might serve as text on simplicity's charm contrasted with the bourgeois overcrowding of modern homes.

Down a corridor I was led into a great airy chamber hung and fitted with soft blue and fawn chintz. Here and there a curiously shaped mirror or old picture in dull tarnished gilt frame touched the blended colors with light, and on the mantel a porcelain shepherdess tendered a shell full of fresh phlox and old-timey pink roses. Outside of the big white windows breezes blew and rustled in the tops of two tall cedars of Lebanon and among the leaves of lesser trees. My Gabrielle turned to me with graceful deference: "I have put you in the room which was my grandmother's, hoping that would best please you."

And how it pleased me! Each night my brain was subtly, strangely fired as I lay down to rest in the great curtained bed of George Sand; for Nohant was the home of her childhood and girlhood, and the place to which she returned with her two children, Maurice and Solange, after her separation from the Marquis de Dudevant. Her life here was an illustration of Goethe's dictum that character is formed in the rush of life, but genius grows best in seclusion. The stillness and exquisite retirement of the old revolutionary mansion and its surroundings fostered her love for natural science, and

more especially that interest in and intimate knowledge of peasant life which were the source of her finest work. It was in one of the green Nohant glades that, as little Aurore Dupin, she erected her rustic altar to the curious god of her imagination, the mysterious Corambé, and it was to this loved home she returned when convent days were over, to ride across country with her brother, shoot with ex-Abbé Deschâtre, listen to the ghost stories of the flax-dressers, and browse at will through the pages of Aristotle, Leibnitz, Locke, Condillae, Chateaubriand, and Lord Byron. It was here at Nohant that, her fantastic, romantic youth and prime past, she spent the Indian summer of her old age, the loved centre of a happy home. All about me I recognized the warp of scenery and circumstance through which her luxuriant fancy and genius shot the gleaming woof and wrought the rich stuff of her unequaled French prose, whose rare diction fell on the sensitive ear of Thackeray as the sound of sweet, sad bells.

My Gabrielle is the "Tichon" of those two loved little granddaughters, her son Maurice's children, to whom there are so many references in her voluminous correspondence, — one of the small charm-ers for whom Chopin bought toys and George Sand wrote the *Contes d'une Grand'mère*. These were initiated one dull twilight when Aurore begged a story of her sibylline grandmother, and was gratified by the wonderful frog tale of *La Mère Coax*. Aurore's mother, the daughter of the famous Italian engraver, Calamatta, heard the story over her little girl's shoulder, and begged her mother-in-law, whom she adored, to commit the improvisation to paper. Some of these stories are overladen with natural science, but most of them are charming, and, outside of Hans Andersen's fairy tales, I do not know prose for children more deliciously delicate and fanciful than *Le Nuage Rose* and *Les Ailes de Courage*.

For little Gabrielle and Aurore, as for children the world over, the call to bed was a trial, but when their father cried, "*Il faut sonner la retraite!*" and struck up a march, George Sand always dropped her writing or book to march gravely around the room, followed by family and guests, until, the procession winding up at the foot of the stairs, the little ones went off contentedly to bed; yielding at once to this military retreat, which was perhaps a reminiscence of the time when George Sand's father was on Murat's staff in Spain, and she herself the petted child of the regiment.

Does not Browning say that every poet keeps two sides, one to face the world with, and another for the woman he loves? Here in peaceful Nohant, where the aroma of her great personality lingers, George Sand is remembered less as genius and emancipated woman than as indulgent mother, grandmother, and friend by the household, and as "our little lady" by the loyal peasantry.

My fellow-guest at the château was a well-known friend of George Sand, a traveled, courteous old Frenchman, full of gallantry and bonhomie; coming into the high-pitched dining-room each day with a ruddy color set off by his crown of white hair, and a bit of eglantine in his buttonhole, telling of what the hail had done to the wheat-fields or the latest news from *Figaro*. I wish I could give any idea of the table-talk at Nohant, full of a gayety which could not offend, a glancing play of wit which never jarred. We clumsier Anglo-Saxons do not handle our foils so deftly, nor always keep in place the button of courtesy. War was constantly waging between my gentle Gabrielle and the chevalier, but good will always shimmered over the mimic batteries, while Madame Maurice Sand brought her forces to bear, first on one side, and then on the other. When Gabrielle recounted the vagaries of her pet sparrow, who slept on her bosom and was madly jealous of any one who ap-

proached her, monsieur remarked that it was plain Jove was enamored of the *beaux yeux* of Tichon, and had come to woo in feathered form. Often I was struck with French possibilities of precise speech. When I noted the deft way in which, on a muddy road, Gabrielle held up her gown so as to escape the dirt, show the graceful lines of her figure, but never display an inch too much of her trim ankle, and contrasted it with the inefficient skirt-clawing of our English cousins, Madame Maurice assented: "Ah, oui, nos françaises se *retroussent bien*."

The delightful quiet and simplicity of life at the château were in contradiction to our Anglo-Saxon notion that the French crave perennial excitement and shifting amusements, and I was constantly reminded of the sweet hospitality and gentle usages of our own old Virginia plantations. Country sights and sounds, with books and periodicals, seemed to supply all that was desired for the larger portion of the year. Gabrielle walked and drove, tended her pets, and nestled lovingly under her mother's wing. Madame Maurice wrote for the reviews and looked to the ways of her household; equally at home discussing politics, editing George Sand's posthumous works, or concocting the lucent liqueurs which were served with our bonbons and black coffee after dinner. Her sympathetic tact and conversational readiness vivified for me much of what I have read of the women of the old salons, and proved the charm of a woman at once domestic and intellectual. Coming straight from Italy, full of prejudices against her tariff enemy, I was won over in spite of myself by the beauty of French rural life. An agreeable atmosphere of mutual respect and friendliness prevails between servants and mistress at Nohant, and I used to enjoy hearing madame talk to dignified Denis, the coachman, about things throughout the countryside. Little vignettes of our drives yet rise in my memory. I re-

member the time we went to the moated, tourelled Château d'Ars, a fine old building of the period of Diana of Poitiers, and under the high arching green avenue met the young master driving his bride in a tall new turnout, looking forth at us and all the world with that beaming optimism which shines in eyes beneath the honeymoon. On the grassy border of the road which in France is left for the cattle of the poor, Monsieur le Curé of Nohant and Monsieur le Curé of Vicq stand doffing their broad black beaver hats low, and as she smiles and bends her becoming Paris bonnet with arch respect, madame murmurs, "Ah! since I presented my mother's crucifix and prie-dieu to the church I am in great odor of sanctity."

Nohant is a large house, well adapted to its hospitable uses. From a European standpoint it is not ancient, but to American eyes the revolutionary mansion is quaint and old. The top story of the château was added by George Sand for her son's studio. Here he arranged his extensive collection of minerals, shells, and butterflies, but devoted the greater part of his time to carving and painting figures for the puppet theatre on the ground floor, which, in the palmy days of George Sand's lifetime, was the great feature of Nohant. For this theatre both of them wrote much, and readers of *L'Homme de Neige* will remember how much attention is devoted to puppet shows. Now, the garrets, closets, and spare rooms at Nohant are crowded with carefully draped figures of king and peasant, gnome and magician, Laplander and Oriental. Such variety of costume and face I never saw. Gabrielle said it was a great event in her childhood when the lady puppets developed busts, for at first the figures were only straight pieces of wood. Adjoining the puppet stage is a small theatre, in which George Sand often rehearsed her plays before regularly bringing them out in Paris. There were constant representations, sometimes given by the fam-

ily and its guests, sometimes by players come on purpose from the capital. Maurice Sand was a versatile artist. Many will remember his designs of Columbine, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Pulcinel, in J. A. Symonds's version of Carlo Gozzi's autobiography. I was interested in a very lovely portrait of Maurice Sand as a young man. He so much resembled his mother, who occasionally donned masculine dress, that he was often mistaken for her in the streets of Paris, and this picture has been repeatedly supposed to be hers. Another portrait which arrested my attention was that of her grandfather, the Maréchal de Saxe. George Sand's writing-room is surrounded by cupboards labeled with the names of the various branches of natural science, and this is only one of many indications of her love for nature in all its manifestations. The place is full of reminiscences of great singers and *littérateurs*, and not least significant is the piano, caressed by the velvet fingers of Chopin. Flaubert is remembered by little Tichon as "the beautiful old man who always wore a rose." Adjoining the château grounds is a small burying-ground, and in the centre a massive slab of dark stone inscribed "GEORGE SAND."

I have not space to describe our morning rambles through Nohant wood, visits to Gabrielle's aviary, and the stately evening promenades after dinner, between the tall rosebushes and the hedge of goldenrod, which in France likewise is called *verge d'or*. One day we drove to the neighboring market town of La Châtre to see the George Sand monument. The head and face of the figure are noble, but the position lacks grace and dignity. On the pedestal are inscribed the titles of her most famous works.

The Berri landscape about Nohant is suggestive of peaceful plenty rather than of wild or striking beauty. Wooded knolls and glens, rolling fields and grassy roads, with small villages of low thatched cottages looking away to the Vallée Noire

of George Sand's stories, make up a scene where one forgets the nineteenth century, and breathes the atmosphere of Eugénie de Guérin's letters. How pleasant to meet mild, meditative geese patting down the roads, instead of hurrying tourists with scarlet Baedekers, bitten by the gadfly of unrest! Curious old customs and superstitions still linger in Berri. One usage yet in vogue is to plant a cabbage in a basket of earth on the roof of a newly married pair. If the cabbage flourishes, happy the couple; if it languishes, woe betide that household. This cabbage-planting is done with state and ceremony, the bridal pair driving in a gayly caparisoned ox-cart, attended by rejoicing friends, carefully to select a healthy head from the fields.

The character of the country seems reflected in the Berrichon faces. I have never seen such serene, dignified countenances as under the fresh white peasant caps; not frilled Parisian head-dresses, but those small, smooth, clear muslin ones, with flowing bands, which form the sweetest frames for womanly faces, suggesting somehow pure, modest thoughts beneath.

I shall never forget a June morning stroll to Vicq to see some old frescoes discovered under the whitewash of the church in George Sand's lifetime. It was after a heavy rain, and everything was sparkling with freshness, redolent of roses, with overhead a Claude Lorraine sky, — not the dear, deep Italian blue, but a delicate French variety with a charm of its own; and it being first-communion day at Vicq, we met, every few yards, young girls clad in snowy muslins and white ribbons, sometimes faintly touched with pale azure, the Virgin's color. There was never anything lovelier or more like a flock of pigeons than these fluttering apparitions with their shy, happy faces; their fluffy garments bubbling over the little carts and wagonettes which flew like wind through the daintily tinted landscape.

Mary Argyle Taylor.

LORD HOWE'S COMMISSION TO PACIFY THE COLONIES.

ON the same day that the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, the English line-of-battle ship *Eagle*, flying the broad pennant of Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief Lord Howe, cast anchor in the bay of New York, after a three months' voyage from England. Apparently unrelated, these two events had in truth the closest connection; for Lord Howe came as a mediator between the two countries, and was so confident of success that on his way, at Halifax, he had assured Admiral Arbuthnot that peace with America "would be made within ten days of his arrival." Nor was his expectation entirely unjustified, for the fear of this possible reunion had impelled the extreme Whigs to press forward the question of independence even at the risk of dividing the colonies. In vain had the more moderate members of Congress protested; had John Dickinson pleaded for delay, and James Duane demanded, "Why all this haste, why this urging, why this driving?" As James Allen wrote: "This step of the Congress, just at the time commissioners are expected to arrive, was purposely contrived to prevent overtures of peace." And thus, so far from achieving peace within ten days, in half that number Howe, as he paced his quarter-deck, probably heard and marveled at the salvos of guns from Brooklyn heights and Jersey flats, sounding ominously unlike peace, to learn only too soon that they were fired after a reading of the Declaration to the Continental battalions, as a salute to the new nation, though to Howe a last volley over the grave of the hoped-for reconciliation.

This project of a commission to settle the differences between the mother country and the colonies had been long enough on the anvil not to have failed through arriving too late. But the dif-

ficulty of finding a mediator who would consent to do the king's will, yet who should personally appeal to the Americans, had led to much procrastination. As early as January, 1775, the scheme was being mooted in the English ministry, and even the king had been won to consent "to holding out the olive branch," though he later wrote his minister, Lord North, "I have always feared a commission not likely to meet with success, yet I think it right to be attempted, whilst every act of vigor is unremittedly carrying on." Thus indorsed, the ministry approached Lord Howe, and won his acceptance of the real office, though his brother was nominally coupled with him in the task.

If reconciliation had been possible, the man selected would have brought it about. To every American of that time the name of Howe was dear, for Richard, the eldest of the three brothers, had fallen at Ticonderoga, fighting for an American cause, and in gratitude Massachusetts had reared a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. Furthermore, Lord Howe had spoken for America in Parliament, and had hitherto refused a command in the American station, because he believed the conduct of Great Britain towards her colonies unjust. So thoroughly had Howe shown himself the friend of the colonies that though both he and George III. were grandsons of George I., the king made wry faces over appointing him, because of his "wrong-headedness;" and when Howe asked to be less "tightly bound" by his instructions, George III. wrote North, "If Lord Howe would give up being a commissioner, I should think it better for himself as well as for the service."

As soon as Howe was informed of his probable appointment he sought aid from Franklin. His sister, Lady Howe,

gained Franklin's intimacy over the chess-table, and then introduced her brother. Earnestly the two men consulted over the mutual concessions that should restore good feeling, and Franklin even wept with joy when the hope seemed at one time possible of realization. But the king proved too rigid to make compromise possible, and in place of Franklin's coming to America as Howe's secretary, as had been agreed upon, they sailed separately: Howe to take command of an army of twenty-five thousand men, and Franklin to take his seat in the Congress, the declaration of which met the British commander on his arrival.

Despite independence Howe did not entirely abandon hope, though the task, even without that bar, would have been herculean, for he was restrained from recognizing his enemy in either a civil or a military capacity. He could not write to the Congress, because George III. deemed it an illegal body, and a letter he sent to "George Washington, Esq.," was returned unopened, because not properly addressed. Other letters that he wrote to private individuals met with better reception, but invariably drew forth the reply that Howe must apply to Congress, as the only body authorized to negotiate. Apparently a deadlock had been reached.

While thus, in a diplomatic sense, blocked, the British regulars, however, had won the battle of Brooklyn, quickly followed by the occupation of New York; and Howe, feeling that the victor could afford concessions, sent a prisoner, General Sullivan, on parole, to Philadelphia, with a verbal message for the Congress, to the effect that though he could not treat with them as a Congress, "he was desirous of having a conference with some of the members." The Congress promptly appointed Franklin, Adams, and Rutledge a committee to meet Howe, and a conference took place between them on Staten Island. Present at this was the secretary to the British com-

missioners, Henry Strachey, and from his pen came the following hitherto unprinted and unknown account of what occurred, written out immediately after the close of the interview:—

11th. Sept. 1776.

Lord Howe received the Gentlemen on the Beach — Dr. Franklin introduced Mr. Adams and Mr. Rutledge — Lord Howe very politely expressed the Sense he entertained of the Confidence they had placed in him, by thus putting themselves in his hands —

A general and immaterial Conversation from the Beach to the House — The Hessian Guard saluted, as they passed —

A cold dinner was on the Table — dined — the Hessian Colonel present — Immediately after dinner he retired —

Lord Howe informed them it was long since he had entertained an opinion that the Differences between the two Countries might be accommodated to the Satisfaction of both — that he was known to be a Well Wisher to America — particularly to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, which had endeared itself to him by the very high Honors it had bestowed upon the Memory of his eldest Brother — that his going out as Commissioner from the King had been early mentioned, but that afterwards for some time, he had heard no more of it — That an Idea had then arisen of sending several Commissioners, to which he had objected — that his Wish was to go out singly and with a Civil Commission only, in which case, his Plan was to have gone immediately to Philadelphia, that he had even objected to his Brother's being in the Commission, from the Delicacy of the Situation and his desire to take upon himself all the Reproach that might be the Consequence of it — that it was however thought necessary that the General should be joined in the Commission for reasons which he explained — (having their hands upon the Two Services) — and that he, Lord Howe should also

have the naval Command, in which he had acquiesced — that he had hoped to reach America before the Army had moved, and did not doubt but if their Disposition had been the same as expressed in their Petition to the King, he should have been able to have brought about an Accommodation to the Satisfaction of both Countries — that he thought the Petition was a sufficient Basis to confer upon — that it contained Matter, which, with Candour & Discussion might be wrought into a Plan of Permanency — that the Address to the People, which accompanied the Petition to His Majesty, tended to destroy the good Effects that might otherwise have been hoped for from the Petition — that he had however still flattered himself that upon the Grounds of the Petition, he should be able to do some good —

[Mr. Rutledge mentioned (by way of Answer to Lord Howe's Remark upon that point) that their Petition to the King contained all which they thought was proper to be addressed to His Majesty, — that the other Matters which could not come under the head of a Petition and therefore could not with Propriety be inserted, were put into the Address to the People, which was only calculated to shew them the Importance of America to Great Britain — and that the Petition to King was by all of them meant to be respectful]

That they themselves had changed the ground since he left England by their Declaration of Independency, which, if it could not be got over, precluded him from all Treaty, as they must know, and he had explicitly said so in his Letter to Dr. Franklin, that he had not, nor did he expect ever to have, Powers to consider the Colonies in the light of Independent States — that they must also be sensible, that he could not confer with them as a Congress — that he could not acknowledge that Body which was not acknowledged by the King, whose Delegate he was, neither, for the same reason, could

he confer with these Gentlemen as a Committee of the Congress — that if they would not lay aside that Distinction, it would be improper for him to proceed — that he thought it an unessential Form, which might for the present lie dormant — that they must give him leave to consider them merely as Gentlemen of great Ability, and Influence in the Country — and that they were now met to converse together upon the Subject of Differences, and to try if any Outline could be drawn to put a stop to the Calamities of War, and to bring forward some Plan that might be satisfactory both to America and to England — He desired them to consider the Delicacy of his Situation — the Reproach he was liable to, if he should be understood by any step of his, to acknowledge, or to treat with, the Congress — that he hoped they would not by any Implication commit him upon that Point — that he was rather going beyond his Powers in the present Meeting —

[Dr. Franklin said You may depend upon our taking care of that, my Lord]

That he thought the Idea of a Congress might easily be thrown out of the Question at present, for that if Matters could be so settled that the King's Government should be reestablished, the Congress would of course cease to exist, and if they meant such Accommodation, they must see how unnecessary & useless it was to stand upon that Form which they knew they were to give up upon the Restoration of legal Government —

[Dr. Franklin said that His Lordship might consider the Gentlemen present in any view he thought proper — that they were also at liberty to consider themselves in their real Character — that there was no necessity on this occasion to distinguish between the Congress and Individuals — and that the Conversation might be held as amongst friends —

The Two other Gentlemen assented, in very few Words, to what the Doctor had said —]

Lord Howe then proceeded — that on

his Arrival in this Country he had thought it expedient to issue a Declaration, which they had done him the honor to comment upon — that he had endeavored to couch it in such Terms as would be the least exceptionable — that he had concluded they must have judged he had not expressed in it all he had to say, though enough, he thought, to bring on a Discussion which might lead the way to Accommodation — that their Declaration of Independency had since rendered him the more cautious of opening himself — that it was absolutely impossible for him to treat, or confer, upon that Ground, or to admit the Idea in the smallest degree — that he flattered himself if That were given up, their [*sic*] was still room for him to effect the King's Purposes — that his Majesty's most earnest desire was to make his American Subjects happy, to cause a Reform in whatever affected the Freedom of their Legislation, and to concur with his Parliament in the Redress of any real Grievances — that his Powers were, generally, to restore Peace and grant Pardons, to attend to Complaints &c Representations, and to confer upon Means of establishing a Re Union upon Terms honorable & advantageous to the Colonies as well as to Great Britain — that they knew We expected Aid from America — that the Dispute seemed to be only concerning the Mode of obtaining it —

[Doctor Franklin here said, — *That we never refused, upon Requisition.*]

Lord Howe continued — that their Money was the smallest Consideration — that America could produce more solid Advantages to Great Britain — that it was her Commerce, her Strength, her Men, that we chiefly wanted —

[Here Dr. Franklin, said with rather a sneering Laugh, Ay, my Lord, we have a pretty considerable Manufactory of *Men* — alluding as it should seem to their numerous Army.¹]

¹ Lord Howe has here written in the margin, "No — To their increasing population."

Lord Howe continued — it is desirable to put a stop to these ruinous Extremities, as well for the sake of our Country, as yours — when an American falls, England feels it — Is there no way of treading back this Step of Independency, and opening the door to a full discussion?

Lord Howe concluded with saying that having thus opened to them the general Purport of the Commission, and the King's Disposition to a permanent Peace, he must stop to hear what they might chuse to observe.

Dr. Franklin said he supposed His Lordship had seen the Resolution of the Congress which had sent them hither — that the Resolution contained the whole of their Commission — that if this Conversation was productive of no immediate good Effect, it might be of Service at a future time — that America had considered the Prohibitory Act as the Answer to her Petition to the King — Forces had been sent out, and Towns destroyed — that they could not expect Happiness now under the *Domination* of Great Britain — that all former Attachment was *obliterated* — that America could not return again to the Domination of Great Britain, and therefore imagined that Great Britain meant to rest it upon Force — The other Gentlemen will deliver their Sentiments —

Mr. Adams said that he had no objection to Lord Howe's considering him, on the present Occasion, merely as a private Gentleman, or in any Character except that of a British Subject — that the Resolution of the Congress to declare the Independency was not taken up upon their own Authority — that they had been instructed so to do, by *all* the Colonies — and that it was not in their power to treat otherwise than as independent States — he mentioned warmly his own Determination not to depart from the Idea of Independency, and spoke in the common way of the Power of the Crown, which was comprehended in the Ideal Power of Lords & Commons.

Mr. Rutledge began by saying he had been one of the oldest Members of the Congress — that he had been one from the beginning — that he thought it was worth the Consideration of Great Britain whether she would not receive greater Advantages by an Alliance with the Colonies as independent States, than she had ever hitherto done — that she might still enjoy a *great Share* of the Commerce — that she would have their raw Materials for her Manufactures — that they could protect the West India Islands much more effectually and more easily than she can — that they could assist her in the Newfoundland Trade — that he was glad this Conversation had happened, as it would be the occasion of opening to Great Britain the Consideration of the Advantages she might derive from America by an Alliance with her as an independent State, before anything is settled with other foreign Powers — that it was impossible the People should consent to come again under the English Government — he could answer for South Carolina — that Government had been very oppressive — that the Crown Officers had claimed Privilege and confined People upon pretence of a breach of Privilege — that they had at last taken the Government into their own hands — that the People were now settled and happy under that Government and would not (even if they, the Congress could desire it) return to the King's Government —

Lord Howe said, that if such were their Sentiments, he could only lament it was not in his Power to bring about the Accommodation he wished — that he had not Authority, nor did he expect he ever should have, to treat with the Colonies as States independent of the Crown of Great Britain — and that he was sorry the Gentlemen had had the trouble of coming so far, to so little purpose — that if the Colonies would not

give up the System of Independency, it was impossible for him to enter into any Negotiation —

Dr. Franklin observed that it would take as much time for them to refer to, and get an answer from their Constituents, as it would the Commissioners to get fresh Instructions from home, which he supposed might be done in about 3 Months —

Lord Howe replied it was in vain to think of his receiving Instructions to treat upon that ground —

After a little Pause, Dr. Franklin suddenly said, well my Lord, as America is to expect nothing but upon total unconditional Submission —

[Lord Howe interrupted the Doctor at the Word Submission — said that Great Britain did not require unconditional Submission, that he thought what he had already said to them, proved the contrary, and desired the Gentlemen would not go away with such an Idea —

Memdn — Perhaps Dr. Franklin meant Submission to the Crown, in opposition to their Principle of Independency.]

And Your Lordship has no Proposition to make us, give me leave to ask whether, if *we* should make Propositions to Great Britain (not that I know, or am authorised to say we shall) You would receive and transmit them.

Lord Howe said he did not know that he could avoid receiving any Papers that might be put into his hands — seemed rather doubtful about the Propriety of transmitting home, but did not say that he would decline it —

Strachey's memorandum ends here, but the report of the committee to Congress contains this additional statement: "His Lordship then saying, that he was sorry to find, that no accommodation was like to take place, put an end to the conference."

Paul Leicester Ford.

THE PRICE OF A COW.

MRS. GEECH came in at the yard gate, panting from her long walk, for the mid-May sun was shining hot along the road that went straggling about the slopes of Locust Ridge. •

She was a short, stout woman of middle age, tanned by the sun and wind to a hickory-nut brown that matched her hair, and offered a singular contrast to her sky-blue eyes. But her eyes were matched by her blue-plaid homespun, made in a style she had followed all her grown-up life: very full and short in the skirt, very plain in the waist, — fastened up the front with horn buttons, white or black as chance might furnish, — and sleeves that fell short, indeed, of the present extravagance, yet afforded “ample room and verge enough” for a pair of well-developed arms. Mrs. Geech called this garb her “coat;” she had another outfit for Sundays, which she dignified as “dress:” but whether she wore calico or black alpaca or blue homespun, she always had a voluminous look, as if she bought her material by the mile. “Fullness is more savin’ than skimp,” was one of her favorite maxims; to which she would add, by way of caution, “Yet I ain’t never found it pay to overrun the molasses pitcher.”

Mrs. Geech was Paulina’s particular friend, and we knew that it was Paulina she came to see, chiefly, though she was too discreet to proclaim her favoritism in words; however, all of us enjoyed the benefit of her visits, and we were glad, that hot May morning, when, lifting our eyes at the clang of the gate, we saw her enter.

She had a basket on her arm, covered with a piece of faded blue cloth like her dress, whereby we knew that there were eggs underneath. In response to our cry of welcome she sat down on the piazza steps with a prolonged grunt, and dusted

her “russet” brogans with an elder bough plucked by the way as she crossed the creek.

“Hot!” she informed us succinctly, pushing back the big straw hat that shaded her round, sun-browned face. “Mighty grassy weather.”

“Let me fan you!” said Paulina, who was seventeen, and altogether irresistible.

The friendship between these two was six years old, dating from the first summer we had made our hot-weather refuge on Locust Ridge, when Paulina, being of an exploring turn of mind, had lost herself in the creek bottom, where she was discovered by Mrs. Geech, who brought her home at “bat-flittin’,” to use Mrs. Geech’s term. The attachment formed on this foundation had suffered no abatement in the flight of time; so that this homely, awkward country-woman of forty-seven and our gay little beauty of seventeen understood each other like two schoolgirls, or like a pair of old cronies.

“Well, you *air* a skimpy little lot!” Mrs. Geech remarked, with undisguised admiration, looking up at Paulina, who sat on the step above her, “pink and pretty,” plying the great turkey-tail, a gift from Mrs. Geech the previous summer.

“Thought you did not approve of skimpy things, Mrs. Geech?” one of us reminded her.

“H’m!” she replied. “Depends how you take your measurements. A clove-pink, now, ain’t much size, but it do possess the garden.”

There was a flavor about Mrs. Geech’s compliments that excited the envy and despair of Paulina’s other flatterers, and Paulina herself was not unappreciative.

“You shall have lemonade and cake for that, Mrs. Geech,” said she; “aunt Susan is jingling her keys now.”

But aunt Susan had no intention of ab-

senting herself from such good company, and she ordered what Mrs. Geech called the "greedimixtries" to be brought out on the piazza, that she might brew the lemonade in the presence of the guest.

"And now that you've caught your breath, Mrs. Geech," said Paulina, rising and holding out her hands, "you must leave these steps and take your choice of the chairs, and give us an account of yourself in comfort."

"Well, well," responded Mrs. Geech, as, with Paulina's assistance, she scrambled up the steps, "here I be, the same old plod-an'-go-round. I don't never ketch the news till it's two days old, or I'd 'a' been here afore now. 'T was Ariel Chinnie told me yistiddy, by dusk, how you all had come up fer the summer o' Tuesd'y, an' here it's Saturd'y. The Chinnies have got a hawse an' buggy toe git about in, but as fer me, it's one foot up an' t'other foot down; yit fer all that, here I come ahead o' Jane Chinnie, buggy or no buggy, hawse or no hawse," and with a chuckle of satisfaction she sank into the chair Paulina dragged forward.

"And we are so glad to see you!" Paulina declared, with enthusiasm.

"But where 's — where 's Mary?" inquired Mrs. Geech, taking a searching survey of the occupants of the piazza.

Mary was Paulina's sister, eight years her senior.

"My daughter Mary is not with us this summer; she was married last month," Mary's mother made known, between a smile and a tear.

Mrs. Geech received this information with eyes of astonishment and a dropped jaw. "You — don't — tell?" she gasped. "An' who on this green airth took the notion in his head toe marry Mary?"

Paulina, stifling a giggle, squeezed Mrs. Geech's stout arm in gratitude for this delicious comment, which the next mail would certainly carry to the newly married; meanwhile, Mrs. Geech was

made acquainted with the name of Mary's husband.

"Barrow?" she repeated, and shook her head. "Never heard of his folks. But it is fer you-all toe jedge, an' I'm trustin' Mary have done well an' won't reap no cause fer repentance. Mind out fer that baskit, Paulina, child! Shift it up here beside of me, I'll thankee. They is aiggs, an' aiggs is always business with me, exceptin' as manners take the lead."

"And your manners never desert you, Mrs. Geech, as mine are so apt to do with me," said Paulina, setting the basket at Mrs. Geech's feet. "I've forgotten to ask about your garden. You ought to have a good show of vegetables by this time?"

"That's all you know 'bout grass," Mrs. Geech informed her, with grim emphasis. "I left it a-spreadin' too rampageous and *various* fer my one hoe." (It should be noted that "grass," in Mrs. Geech's vocabulary, included all growths inimical to crops.) "However," she amended, "I c'n count on a squash or two o' my own, an' there 's Jane Chinnie's patch a-flourishin'. I shan't suffer, with her fer a neighbor toe spy out my shortcomin's," and Mrs. Geech gave a toss of her head that did not comport with a thankful spirit.

"A good neighbor is a great blessing," Paulina's gentle little mother made haste to declare, in her anxiety to foster peace and good will between the two dwellers beyond the creek.

"Oh, I ain't disallowin' Jane Chinnie's title toe favor in her qualities," said Mrs. Geech, with a dispassionate air. "A woman so well sot up in this world's goods c'n spend an' spare with both hands, no denyin'; but that 's no reason, as I c'n see, why she should go about in that buggy o' hern as if she counted on the State o' Georgey to take note o' the dust ahind her wheels; nor she need n't feed you with her corn to choke you with the cob, hey?"

"No, she need n't!" Paulina agreed vigorously.

Paulina's brothers accused that young lady of agreeing with Mrs. Geech solely for the fun of "keeping the old woman going," an impeachment Paulina always indignantly denied. Mrs. Geech, she insisted, was a deeply interesting personality to one who understood her, — and Paulina claimed to understand her better than any one else possibly could. When the rest of us called Mrs. Geech a "screw," and raged — behind her back — against the prices she demanded for her eggs and chickens, Paulina would have it that Mrs. Geech's native liberality was in bondage to the inexorable limitations of circumstances; and we, being in bondage to Paulina, emptied our purses into Mrs. Geech's leather pouch, because Paulina was always reminding us that the owner of that pouch was "a poor old solitary, with no joy in life except the memory of the boy — her only child — who died in his twelfth year."

"Some of these chances I mean to explain Mrs. Chinnie to herself," Paulina announced, in a glow of indignation. It was a threat she had made often before, but never had found the courage to execute; for Mrs. Chinnie, though one of the smallest of women, was a formidable creature.

Mrs. Geech's fat shoulders shook with a soundless laugh. "Spare yerself the trouble, child," she counseled, as she received Paulina's bountiful supply of cake and lemonade. "Jane Chinnie would lay all yo' ree-proach toe unripeness in jedgmint. An' as fer me, I ain't scornin' her offerin's, knowin' it 's the *refusal* of her craps she squanders in the name o' neighborly good will: a rotten-sided melon, say, an' wormy peaches, an' over-aged beans, an' stringy pertaters. When it comes toe *givin'*, never was sech a woman fer pore luck in plantin'; but let her *sell*, she 'll outbrag the whole kentry-side fer success in the yield o' this airth, whiles it 's all Ariel Chinnie's strong

right arm has gotten the vict'ry over the growth of the grass. I ain't void o' the grace o' acceptance, but tell you what, ef 't warn't fer its bein' Ariel's hoe, I *don't* believe I could stomick her produce. Toe save my soul, I ain't able toe set Ariel in the same row with *her*. He ain't her blood noways, bein' her husband's brother's child an' a orphint; but *she* raised him, an' that 's enough fer Jane Chinnie toe brag on. Hear her tell it, never *was* sech another as Ariel; an' I ain't disallowin' of his completeness, but this I say: he warn't never a inch ahead of my Tony what the Lord took in the twelfth year of his age. Him an' Tony was born the same day, was christened the selfsame Sabbath; they climmed the same trees, an' they swimmid the same creek; an' I have yet toe learn that ever Ariel was ahead o' Tony. So it 's clear toe my mind that ef Tony had lived till now toe be nineteen years in age, ther' ain't nothin' Ariel has ever mastered but Tony mought 'a' evened up toe, fer all Jane Chinnie brags an' brags how her raisin' has made a world's wonder out of Ariel.

"Mind you, I ain't discountin' on Ariel. I 'm a-wishin' him well, 'long of him and Tony bein' child'en together, of which Ariel have toted remembrance, a-hoein' of my garden-patch times he could git Jane Chinnie's word o' cawn-sint; for he is mighty supple toe his aunt Jane's rule, Ariel is. He 's got a job 'tendin' the counter at the cross-roads sto', here lately, an' Jonas Himes is a-wrastlin' with the grass over toe Jane's this spring. Since she 's been drivin' that buggy an' tradin' over toe Spaulding, her heart is sot toe see Ariel strike a rise in life. It 's all right, so Ariel don't ketch a fall in his climb. I hear ther' is playin' of old sledge toe the cross-roads, an' I know ther' is drinkin'; yet I ain't so lop-sided in jedgmint as Jane Chinnie, an' I ain't sayin' but what ef Tony could 'a' come out o' temptations unscringed, Ariel mought the

same. (No, I'm beholden toe ye, Paulina, — not another drap nor another crumb; most plenteous have I fared.) Yet Jane Chinnie rises in her buggy-seat, when she passes my fence, an' sniffs over at my craps what the grass is in possession, same as toe say, 'I'm got toe s'ply here!' Well, I'm free toe cawnfess I ain't no heft o' plantin'; my gift is in chickens an' pigs, an' animils gin'rally. So now, Paulina, here's four dozen of the freshest aiggs, tell yo' maw."

In this manner did Mrs. Geech invariably use Paulina as an interpreter of her bargains, — she was never known to appeal directly to Paulina's "maw;" and Paulina, communicating with that meekest of women by a glance that entreated, and insisted, and caressed, and prevailed, replied: "Certainly we'll take them, Mrs. Geech; and you shall have the very highest price for them."

I know not by what cunning Paulina had possessed herself of her mother's purse, but we beheld with mingled amusement and dismay that it was in her hands, and we gasped when she counted out two dollars and forty cents. "You see," she explained serenely, "sixty cents a dozen is what we paid" —

"Paulina!" her mother could not refrain from remonstrating. "That was at Christmas, and in town."

"I know, mamma dear; but this is the country, and the Fourth of July is n't so very far away." Such was the logic whereby Paulina beguiled us.

But Mrs. Geech, for once, abated the price. "Call it a even two dollars for the lot," she said, "an' I'm paid."

Paid indeed! And eggs at twenty cents all along the country roads!

When Paulina returned from escorting her friend to the gate, she was assailed by a chorus of condemnation, and confronted by an array of argument that ought to have abashed and overwhelmed her; but there was no such thing as convincing Paulina where Mrs. Geech was concerned.

"Of course we should not think of paying such prices to every one," she admitted; "but Mrs. Geech needs the money, and we could n't give it to her outright; it would hurt her feelings. She always has such a hard time to get along; and her cow died in the winter, so that she has to save in order to buy another; she told me about it at the gate. She has been selling wood off her land, and saved up some money, — about seventeen dollars. Jonas Himes will let her have a good cow for twenty-two, and perhaps he'll take the seventeen she already has, and trust her for the five dollars — if we go her security, don't you think so, mamma?"

"Oh, Paulina! Paulina! What monstrous prices we shall have to pay for chickens and eggs!"

"But it will be helping Mrs. Geech," Paulina urged.

"I suppose you won't object, then, to going without that lilac lawn you wrote to Mary to buy?"

"Why — why" — stammered Paulina, in pretty dismay. "I thought it was decided that the lilac lawn is — a necessity? Oh, don't let us be mean and stingy; the dress is bought by this time, and Mrs. Geech *must* have her cow."

Thus did Paulina the indomitable decide the two momentous questions of the dress and the cow, to suit herself and Mrs. Geech; all further discussion was cut short by her brother Tom singing out: "Here's your chance, Polly, to explain Mrs. Chinnie to herself! She's just hitching her buggy at the front gate. Catch *her* coming in at the back!"

Mrs. Chinnie was a very different personality — to use a favorite term of Paulina's — from Mrs. Geech. She bore her small self with an air of importance, allowable, perhaps, in a woman who had managed her property well, and she paid much attention to dress. She wore, on this occasion, a dark flowered calico with a profusion of billowy ruffles, and sleeves that eclipsed Paulina's, and almost

eclipsed herself. But her bonnet ! How Paulina coveted it for tableaux ! It was an ancient "scoop," very high in the crown that bristled with purple ribbon, and very broad and stiff in the brim, over which drooped a long black lace veil elaborately wrought in heavy embroidery. The small woman thus attired might have passed for a child masquerading in some great-grandmother's old finery, but that her severe stateliness forbade the fancy.

She inquired, categorically and with impressive propriety, after each member of the family, approved of Mary's marriage in terms that were past the gift of Mrs. Geech, and informed us that the weather was "progressive." From the weather she passed to a variety of topics, but all the while we knew that she had come on business, and at last she named her errand : would we, as in summers past, buy our fruit and vegetables from her ?

We assured Mrs. Chinnie that we should be glad to have her supply us.

"That 's all right, then," said she, with stately satisfaction ; "an' I 'll set all my plans accordin'. I ain't namin' of chickens an' the like, though I mought, havin' a sparin' of plenty ; but them air Sister Geech's trade, an' I would n't on no account stand in her way, pore, unshifty body."

"Indeed, but you 're mistaken," spoke up Paulina, in defense of her friend. "Considering that Mrs. Geech has to struggle along by herself, she does n't do so badly, by any means."

Mrs. Chinnie turned a pair of stern and glittering eyes upon the champion of Mrs. Geech. "'Pears toe me you 've growed a bit," said she, after a calm survey ; "an' you always was kind o' perky, now, warn't ye ? But there, you 're yo' maw's youngest ; and you know, ma'am," turning to Paulina's mother, "it comes natchral toe spile the baby o' the fam'ly. Hows'ever, as I was a-sayin' of Sister Geech, — sister in the church, ye know, — she air the most mismanagin' " —

"But, Mrs. Chinnie," Paulina broke

in warmly, "perhaps if you had to manage all by yourself — it's only fair — and kind — to make allowances — if her son had lived, now, poor Mrs. Geech " — Paulina stammered and stammered, and grew red in the face ; for Mrs. Chinnie's perforating eyes were defying her to ignore the fact that for thrift and management there was no comparison between Jane Chinnie and Nancy Geech.

"There it is," said Mrs. Chinnie piously, lifting her overpowering eyes to the ceiling. "Nancy Geech is for ever an' ever supposin' Tony had 'a' lived. Well, ef he had 'a' lived, who would 'a' raised him but Nancy Geech ? Now, I ain't one toe praise myself in open pride o' speech, but it would n't been Ariel Chinnie as Tony Geech would 'a' patterned after. As ye sow, ye shall reap ; an' my husband's nephew Ariel, what I took from the cradle, is in evidence for me. You won't catch Ariel Chinnie in no mis-doin', thanks toe my raisin' of him."

Mrs. Chinnie directed these remarks to Paulina's mother ; for wherefore should a woman of years and dignity waste words upon such as Paulina ?

But Paulina refused to be suppressed. "I believe in Tony !" she declared. "If he had lived, he would have been a help and comfort to his mother."

A sense of her religious duty, it would seem, provoked Mrs. Chinnie to take notice of this assertion. "You 're railin' ag'inst Providence, girl," she admonished Paulina severely. "But there, ma'am," she added indulgently, nodding her head at Paulina's mother, "she 'll know better when she's older. As fer Sister Geech, as I was sayin', she air the most mismanagin', unbeforehanded body ever I see."

"For all that, she has saved money enough to buy a cow !" Paulina proclaimed triumphantly.

"She ain't boughten the cow ?" Mrs. Chinnie demanded, with a gasp of incredulity.

"No ; but she is going to," Paulina informed her, in unshaken assurance.

"No, she ain't," Mrs. Chinnie affirmed, with incisive certainty. "See, ma'am," still addressing Paulina's mother, "I've lived neighbor to Nancy Geech, lo, these years an' years, an' I'm knowin' toe her ways. She ain't the kind toe spend in the wisdom of a lump; an' ef she's saved up the price of a cow, she'll dribble out the money here an' there, with nothin' toe show fer it, an' nobody will ever know how that cow's price went. Mark my words, ma'am, there'll be no cow of Nancy Geech's purchase."

"But you'll see," Paulina insisted rashly. "In less than a week, too."

The week passed, however, without news from Mrs. Geech; wherefore Paulina decreed that she must go to inquire how her old friend had sped in her bargaining with Jonas Himes.

Aunt Susan accompanied Paulina in the pony phaeton, but it was Paulina who "conducted" the interview.

They found Mrs. Geech seated on her doorstep, enjoying the afternoon sun, which was not yet quite ready to be extinguished behind the belt of trees bordering the creek.

"Where's the cow?" Paulina inquired breathlessly.

"Don't ask me, child," replied Mrs. Geech, with serene composure. "Jonas Himes knows, maybe; I don't." And she smiled.

"Why — he refused, then? The mean old fellow!" cried Paulina.

"Now don't you be so fly-up-the-creek," Mrs. Geech rebuked her. "Jonas Himes ain't in fault; he agreed, ready enough, toe seventeen dollars down, an' trust me the five other dollars on yo' maw's security, as you said; but — well, I'm off the bargain, ef the fact you must know."

"Oh, Mrs. Geech!" lamented Paulina, in despair and humiliation, remembering Mrs. Chinnie's prediction. "You — you have n't lost the money?" she inquired, at a desperate conjecture.

"No; I don't consider as I have — lost it."

"You have n't been robbed?"

"No; my money's safe enough, I'll allow."

"But — but — are n't you going to buy the cow? I thought" —

"Well, see, now," Mrs. Geech interrupted, with some asperity, "I'll up an' own it squar'. I done with my proper money as it eased my heart. Why should n't I? S'posin' I don't git no cow? I ain't whinin' fer milk. An' the money was mine, warn't it?"

"Yes, certainly," Paulina admitted, much subdued. "But — oh, I am so disappointed, Mrs. Geech."

"Well, I ain't!" Mrs. Geech declared. "Tell you, now, money air a fierce responsibility," she proceeded, with tremulous earnestness; "an', please God, I've handled mine 'cordin' toe my best lights. I passed it over toe Ariel Chinnie in the time of his need."

She paused, as if inviting or defying comment, but neither Paulina nor aunt Susan had a word to say.

"So I did!" Mrs. Geech proclaimed anew, resenting this silence as disapproval. "I found him a-settin' on the bridge, weighted with misery an' a face like ashes. I hailed him was he sick? An' my heart jumped ontoe the truth like a duck ontoe a Juney-bug. He owned up, the pore, misguided young fool, he'd been a-playin' at cyards an' lost money."

"Then you should have let him bear his loss and learn a lesson, since he chose to risk his money," said the wise Paulina.

"T warn't his money," Mrs. Geech informed her dryly, "or I mought 'a' been o' yo' mind; nor 't warn't his aunt's, or I'd 'a' told him toe own up, an' git forgiveness; but it was money he'd been c'lectin' fer the sto', — fifteen dollars, all gone at old sledge. An' his aunt was gone over toe Spaulding, an' would n't be home till next day; befo' which time, ef the money warn't paid in squar', Ariel were disgraced, an' the woman what

raised him put toe a open shame. Tell you, when I heard that, everythin' went black befo' me, and I caught on toe the bridge-rail; yet I heard Ariel a-sayin' how he had n't the sperrit toe own up his evil doin's toe his aunt Jane, because 't would rile her pride. Which feelin's were a credit toe his heart, *I say*."

As no one disputed the validity of this sentiment, in the pause that seemed purposely offered, Mrs. Geech resumed in a satisfied tone: "Well, I was a-travelin' fer Jonas Himes, with the cow plumb in sight o' my purchase; but what could I do with seventeen good dollars of my own in my hand, an' me a-thinkin' of my Tony at every turn o' this life that Ariel Chinnie is called toe tread? How could I tell but what the same temptation mought 'a' overtook Tony ef he 'd lived toe nineteen year?"

"Oh, Mrs. Geech, Mrs. Geech! You did n't give him all your money?" wailed Paulina.

"All but two dollars; fer why should I tempt the boy with extry cash?" Mrs. Geech explained sagely.

"It's all my fault," lamented Paulina. "I ought not to have told Mrs. Chinnie of your savings. Ariel Chinnie knew you had that money."

"Now, child, do take a little trust in people," Mrs. Geech recommended gravely. "Jane Chinnie warn't likely toe tell Ariel nothin' about my money; she ain't believin' enough in my management, and she ain't desirin' toe enlarge Ariel's opinion o' me noways. No, Ariel warn't s'picionin' as *I* had any power to rascue him, fer he was too natchral astonished, plumb outen the breath o' life, when I give him them dollars, and cautioned him to quit cyards an' all sich evil, an' start out on a straight path oncet more."

"And the cow? the cow?" deplored Paulina.

"Well, I c'n look for'ard toe the cow. Ariel, he'll pay, give him time."

"His aunt ought to pay, the minute she comes home," Paulina declared fiercely.

"No, no, child," Mrs. Geech objected, with deep earnestness. "Jane Chinnie ain't never toe know. Fer you see," she explained, taking Paulina's slim hand between her hardened palms, "it's been a rich blessin', savin' the pore boy from disgrace; I don't want it lessened with pullin' down of her unspotted pride in him. It's jest between Ariel an' me, don't you see?"

"And she'll say — oh, don't I know what she'll say?" cried Paulina. "She'll say you — wasted that money, if ever you had it."

"Well," replied Mrs. Geech, unmoved, "*I'm knowin' how I did have it, an' I'm knowin' how I ain't wasted it, so where's the difference?*"

"It's a shame you should deprive yourself so!" cried Paulina. "And I wish you had n't done it, Mrs. Geech."

"Honey," she sighed, her voice trembling and her eyes shining through a mist of tears, "you ain't understandin'; but the thought I'm always a-thinkin' is, *S'posin' it had 'a' been Tony?* An' that's how it is I'm puttin' so much trust in Ariel. An' I ain't one bit on-easy but what I'll see my money back agin."

Paulina came away in a rage; not with Mrs. Geech. "To think — to think," she choked, as aunt Susan gathered up the reins, "how that uplifted Mrs. Chinnie will go trumpeting her triumph over my head, and Mrs. Geech has tied my tongue! Oh, isn't she an angel, aunt Susan?"

"Say, Pau—li—na!" Mrs. Geech shouted after the phaeton. "Don't forget yo' maw was promised toe take up them five dollars' wuth in chickens and aiggs, an' the price has riz."

But aunt Susan indulged in no comment, her tongue being tied by Paulina's beseeching eyes.

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

ORESTES BROWNSON.

I.

ONE of the most powerful minds, the most intense personalities, in American literature is that of Orestes Brownson, whose distinguishing trait, at first glance, is the broad range of interests, of thought, and of knowledge over which his intellect plays with abiding and almost equal strength. Neither discursive, content with moving upon the surface, nor overborne by emotion, nor bound by prejudice or pedantry, it seems to many of us to have surpassed in depth, comprehensiveness, and sincerity every other philosophic mind that this country has produced. In keeping with his intellect, Brownson's lucid, forceful style gives the impression of a prodigious and unchanging momentum. His collected works fill twenty ponderous volumes,¹ some of which have claimed title to further remembrance by holding their vitality intact after thirty or forty years. It is of this mind and personality that I offer here an outline, filled in with fresh and significant personal details gathered from his son and editor, Major Brownson, of Detroit, and from old friends of the rugged Catholic American philosopher.

Gifted with an odd combination of names, Orestes Augustus Brownson was born at Stockbridge, Vermont, in 1803, the 16th of September. Nearly seventy-three years later — April 17, 1876 — he died in Detroit, Michigan. A sister, his twin, accompanied him into the world. These two were the youngest children of Sylvester and Relief Metcalf Brownson. Both parents were tall and fine looking, and the tradition runs that they were Presbyterians. The mother's father, Mr. Metcalf, was a man very strict about keeping his word, and required his chil-

dren to make good their promises at any and every cost. Mrs. Brownson, in her turn, impressed this principle deeply upon Orestes. His father, Sylvester, belonged to a Connecticut family, and his mother was a New Hampshire woman, but they made their home in Vermont.

Sylvester Brownson died when Orestes was only six years old. This event, with the loss of Mr. Metcalf's property, left Mrs. Brownson poor, and friends of the family took the lad and his sister to live with them, in separate places. But although the twins suffered greatly from this parting, the boy Orestes thrived in his new home at Royalton, Vermont. Later in life he served for various terms in pulpits, but everything he did, both as preacher and as writer, it seems, was achieved by sheer hard work and determination. He had an elder brother, Daniel, who gained some reputation as an orator, apparently with fluent ease, but Orestes did not so comfortably conquer the art of persuasive or expository speech. He used humorously to tell his son Henry about the drenching perspiration of excitement and fear in which he preached his first sermon. This son informs me, too, that "his writing, all through life, was more laborious than the reader would suspect. I have from ten to thirty beginnings of some of his articles. Sometimes he would write half a dozen pages, sometimes more, and become dissatisfied and begin all anew. He rarely patched, but preferred to commence all over again." The few details of family history just given are, I believe, mostly new in print. There has been a singular lack of particulars in published accounts of Brownson; and I shall mention, later, some other items which I have collected. A full view of

Detroit: Thorndike Nourse; Henry F. Brownson. 1882-1887.

¹ The Works of Orestes A. Brownson. Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson.

his inner life, however, is supplied by his most widely known book, his autobiography, entitled *The Convert*.

Brought up from early boyhood by "an aged couple," he tells us, he had no childhood. Although he thought this a misfortune, it is no uncommon case, and many of the most useful men in our national life have been so reared. From his earliest recollection his thoughts took a religious turn. While still a boy he had certain interior experiences such as are recorded of St. Thomas Aquinas and other saints, though his traits in manhood were not those which the world remarks as saintly. He held, as he supposed, long and familiar conversations with our Lord, "and was deeply pained when anything occurred to interrupt them. Sometimes, also," he says, "I seemed to hold a spiritual intercourse with the Blessed Mary and with the holy angel Gabriel, who had announced to her that she was to be the mother of the Redeemer. I was rarely less alone than when alone. I did not speculate on the matter. It all seemed real to me, and I enjoyed often an inexpressible happiness." It is not surprising that, with such inborn aptitudes, his first wish in life was that he might become a minister of religion. It was this that prompted his earnest longing for knowledge and caused him to study. Steering through troublous eddies and cross-currents of contradictory thought, he attained his desire to some degree, but in the end passed from the ministry of religion to the place of a literary, philosophical, and critical expounder of it.

When he was fourteen, his mother removed to Ballston Spa, Saratoga County, New York. He joined her there, and for a time attended the Ballston Academy, where he learned Latin enough to read Virgil. Up to the dawn of manhood his besetting problem was to find the truth, "to experience religion;" and he seems to have gone about the solving of it in the old-fashioned way of misery. He con-

ceived himself to be without faith, hope, or love. Yet the term "old-fashioned" needs qualification, for this mode of approach to truth and peace has not gone out of vogue, and probably never will. There is another mode: that of expanding happily, yet completely, to the sunshine of celestial things, as buds unfold to the light of heaven. Which one of the two is followed depends much on temperament or circumstance. The avenue of gloom and self-accusation is often paced by those spirits who are naturally the most joyous in outward character, like St. Francis of Assisi, as well as by those inclined to melancholy. On the other hand, a glad and grateful advance to the goal of faith along the road of joy does not necessarily imply a superficial mind. At the age of nineteen, Brownson, who had not been reared in any special form of belief, emerged from his misery of doubt and darksome search into Presbyterianism, finding comfort therein for a while.

But he had been told to abnegate reason, and take blind faith and the holy Scriptures for his guide. As his reason insisted on reasserting itself and making itself the rule of Scripture, after some two years he drifted off to "liberal Christianity" under the form of Universalism. This imposed upon him the other extreme of using reason alone. Hence he declares that, in following Universalism, he lost the Bible, the Saviour, Providence, and even reason itself; having at last only his five senses left. It appears, also, that a word spoken to him by an elderly Congregationalist woman, when he was a boy, about the need of finding a church continuous and unchanging from the time of Christ, made a peculiar impression upon him, and, as he remarks, prevented him "from ever being a genuine, hearty Protestant, or a thoroughgoing radical even," earnestly though he tried to become one or the other. This throws light upon the consistency of aspiration which underlay

the seeming instability and contradiction of his various changes throughout the first half of his career.

Finding at the first turn of the road that Universalism was not only unsatisfying, but even threatened spiritual disaster to him, he left it, and sought to ascend what he believed was a higher-reaching branch of wisdom. He became "a World-Reformer." Having tried faith without reason, and reason without faith, the two extremes, he now tried to explore for himself a *via media*, but in a sense wholly unlike that of Newman's middle way, twenty years later. Brownson's way was, abandoning both the fear of hell and the hope of heaven, to devote himself to the material order of things, and strive solely for the realization of man's earthly happiness, in extraordinary degree and universal measure. To emphasize his idea, he published in 1829 a brief document called *My Creed*, satirical and mocking in tone, yet earnest of purpose: wherein he asserted his belief that every human being should be honest, benevolent, and kind to all; should do his best to maintain himself and enable others to do the same; should cultivate his mental powers for his own enjoyment and the improvement of the condition of the race; and finally, that this was the limit of man's service to God,—in other words, the sum of religion. Plenty of "My Creeds" have been put forth since; and it must be owned that this is one of the rawest and most jejune we have known; but it had its value at the time. The author considered it a solid *point d'appui* of candor, and long afterwards wrote, referring to it: "I always had, and hope I always shall have, the honor of being regarded by my friends and associates as impolitic, as rash, imprudent, and impracticable." Clearly, he cherished somewhat of that arrogant humility which dictated Thoreau's prayer:—

"That I may greatly disappoint my friends."

On this basis, then, of a purely human

and humanitarian system, Brownson at twenty-six became a kind of socialist, allied to some extent with Robert Dale Owen, and with Fanny Wright in her scheme, approved by Jefferson and Lafayette, to enable the negro slaves in the South to buy their emancipation by their own labor. This failed; and so did the plan of gradually eliminating religion and fixed marriage from human society, by a method of education that should prepare the next generation to live healthily and happily without them. After that, Brownson and his co-reformers awoke to a new perception, as it seemed to them, that the mass of laborers everywhere were virtually as much enslaved as the negroes; and they formed a political Workingmen's party. Brownson took an active share in it, but soon became conscious that he did not fully sympathize with the other leaders; his own idea being that, to gain any real benefit for the workingmen, there must be a coöperation of all classes, not a movement from their body alone. Neither did he really approve the plan of abolishing marriage, through education. Furthermore, he discovered that, with the moral and the religious barred out from the theory of things and from the motives for action, there was no longer a sufficient impetus of love and disinterestedness to forward reforms. "The moment," he says, "I avowedly threw off all religion, and began to work without it, I found myself impotent."

In the service of his party, he had conducted a small weekly paper in central New York. But now, quitting the chair of political editor, he became once more a preacher; this time representing the "religion of humanity." His new aim was, "not to serve God, but man," by realizing for human beings a heaven on earth. After preaching independently on that line for a while, the desire to carry out the new aim, he found, brought with it the necessity of somehow uniting men in a Church of the Future; and to

this end he formed, in 1836, when he was thirty-three years old, The Society for Christian Union and Progress. He now likewise brought out a small book, entitled *New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church*, derived largely from Benjamin Constant, Victor Cousin, Heinrich Heine, and the Saint-Simoni-ans. Concerning this book he wrote afterwards, with charming terseness and buoyant self-condemnation, that it was "remarkable for its acceptance and vindication, in principle, of nearly all the errors into which the human race has fallen." What prompted his volume seems to have been Cousin's statement that all systems are true in what they affirm, and false only in what they deny, or in so far as they are exclusive. Therefore, while Brownson paid high tribute to Catholicity as the noblest form of Christianity for a thousand years, he condemned it now on the charge that it was *too* spiritual, and had depressed the material order of things. Protestantism, on the other hand, he censured because it had exalted material progress at the expense of the spiritual. The thing most needful was, he thought, to join these two systems, — the spiritual and the material, the heavenly and the earthly, the divine and the human; thus realizing in the human race itself the idea of the God-man. He looked forward, indeed, as some others did in those times, — and as I remember hearing commonly suggested in Transcendental circles much later, — to the advent of a new Moses or a new Christ, who should embody this idea externally to men, after they should have become imbued with it in a premonitory, preparative way.

It was to advocate the new doctrine that he set up, in 1838, his famous *Quarterly Review*, which he conducted for five years almost single-handed. Confounding Christianity with democracy, like Channing, Lamennais, and others, he brought upon himself, also, a good deal of ridicule by defining democracy

as "the supremacy of man over his accidents;" by which he meant that it was the element or principle which should correct or compensate for the inequalities of condition, wealth, or power among individuals. He wished to see effected a single religious-political organization of mankind, under the name, not of church, but of state, that should present what he supposed to be Christianity concretely in daily practical life, throughout. Naturally, with such an aim, he maintained a lively interest in politics, and was connected with the Democratic party, to which, however, he gave an idealistic interpretation of his own. For, as he has told us, he never believed in the native, underived sovereignty of the people, — that is, the putting the people in the place of God, making them both "people-king and people-god," — which most of his contemporaries and fellow-Democrats did practically believe in.

It is a striking coincidence that Brownson's view of the relation of the people and the state to God, and his whole expression of the national existence as a moral entity (as given in his *American Republic*, also), were reiterated in that remarkable work *The Nation*, by Elisha Mulford (1870), who said: "The nation has a divine foundation, and has for its end the fulfillment of the divine end in history. . . . It is not the creation of the sovereignty of the people. . . . It is not of human construction, although a human development; its constituent elements are implanted in the nature of man, and as that nature is unfolded in the realization of the divine idea, there is the development of the state" completed. Mulford had a curiously distorted idea that the Roman Catholic Church is opposed to this moral conception of the nation. But the identity of his conception with that which Brownson always maintained shows that sincere Catholics and Protestants are not sundered in this exalted estimate of national life.

It is not strange, therefore, that, hold-

ing the view he did as to popular power, — although he had become an important member of the party, occupying the position of literary and philosophic counsel to it, rather than of “practical worker,” — he should have overthrown himself by a rash and impetuous essay on *The Laboring Classes*, published in his *Quarterly* in 1840; wherein he set forth that democracy, to be logical, ought to equalize in some way the *mights* — that is, the property and influence — of all individuals, as well as their *rights*, and also assailed the entire modern industrial and banking system.

The Whigs made the most of his imprudence; and his own party showed alert willingness to repudiate him. For this he was prepared, theoretically; having made up his mind that this essay might even end his literary career no less than his political influence. Theoretical resignation to such a fate, however, vanished before his righteous revolt against sharp-tongued critics and weak-hearted friends. The old Adam and the new American rose up in him with the energy of colossal twins. He resisted the attack; formed himself, if one may say so, into a solid square; and, bringing all his intellectual forces into play, succeeded, by three years of vigorous and brilliant effort, in regaining through his *Review* perhaps even a greater sway over the thinking public than that which he had lost. But as he had for a time sacrificed his standing for the conscientious convictions of that essay, so now, characteristically, having regained his position, he once more sacrificed power for conscience' sake; because, during the three years alluded to, he had arrived at the point of accepting Catholicity, and would not hesitate to avow his faith. This time his change of view became an abiding one.

It was in the crisis, for him, following the essay on the *Laboring Classes* that the presidential campaign of 1840 occurred; which, he says, “carried on by

doggerel, log cabins, and hard cider, by means utterly corrupt and corrupting, disgusted me with democracy as distinguished from constitutional republicanism.” His own unpopularity may have had something to do with this disgust, unconsciously. At any rate, he now began a careful, scientific study of government, and came to the firm belief that liberty depends upon, exists by, law and authority; that “in this world we must seek, not equality, but justice.” These studies, with his own observations, made him a conservative in politics, and so advanced him towards conservatism in religion.

Now, too, he began to see that, as he expresses it, “man is no church-builder.” He had set out to insure the progress of society towards a new, all-inclusive organization, religious and civil in one. But this must itself supply the order and authority essential to true liberty. Hence the organization must be established before any progress could be made towards it, — clearly an impossibility. His conclusion was: “Progress there may be, . . . but not without the aid of that which is not man.” And in the same place he adds: “Ideas, I was accustomed to say with my friend Bronson Alcott, the American Orpheus, when once proclaimed, will take unto themselves hands, build the new temple, and inaugurate the new worship; but ideas in themselves are not powers, have no active force, and can be rendered real and active only as clothed with concrete existence by a power distinct from themselves.” It will be curious to compare, here, a passage from Alcott's *Diary*, which gives the other side of the angle of divergence between them. “I passed an evening during this week,” Alcott wrote, some two years before the *Laboring Class* crisis, “with Mr. Brownson, and with him called on and spent an hour with Mr. Walker, editor of the *Christian Journal* [afterwards president of Harvard College]. Both are friends

of human culture, yet with neither do I find that hearty sympathy which I desire. They are men of fair talents and generous purposes, yet destitute of deep and fervid enthusiasm, and of that kindling genius which ennobles our nature and fits it to the happiest actions. . . . Both chop logic, both are men of understanding, neither apprehends the being of poet and seer: the high works of poetic genius, the marvels of holiness, are beyond their grasp, although both are good and useful men. They eschew belief in other than bare and barren reasoning, which is the life of the eclectic school, and refuse credence to all else. There are a few minds whose views do not in all respects coincide with the doctrines of the eclectic school."

We all know what faith Alcott had in the operative power of ideas, all his life, and how little they accomplished for him, or for the world, at his hands. Brownson wished to see them moving in actual institutions; and his apprehension of the holiest influences, not being on the surface alone, was certainly more profound and far reaching than Alcott conceived.

Of the eclectic school, mentioned by Alcott with such delicate scorn, Victor Cousin was the chief exponent. Charles Sumner, during his famous youthful tour in Europe, visited Cousin in 1838, and noted in his journal that the French philosopher spoke of Brownson "as a man of great talent, and indeed as a most remarkable person. . . . His interest in Mr. Brownson appears to be unfeignedly great." In a letter to Judge Story, also, he reported of Cousin: "He has read some of the productions of Mr. Brownson, whom he thinks one of the most remarkable persons of the age, and wishes to see placed where he can pursue philosophy calmly, thinking his labors will redound to the credit of science throughout the globe."

At this period Brownson was deeply interested in Cousin and in Jouffroy, to both of whom he, to the end, felt him-

self indebted "hardly less by their errors than by their truths." We may quote aptly again from Sumner, who, in 1840, sending from Boston to Professor Whewell at Cambridge, England, "two numbers of a journal called *The Dial*, which has been started by Mr. Emerson," wrote: "People have laughed at it here very much. . . . Emerson and his followers are called 'Transcendentalists.' I am at a loss to know what they believe. Brownson has lately avowed some strange doctrines [the Christian socialism and anti-capitalistic utterances], for which he has been sadly badgered both by politicians and philosophers." The positions of both Emerson and Brownson were evidently still undetermined in the minds of their cultivated, thoughtful contemporaries and countrymen. Both were looked at askance and somewhat derided for their originality and independence. No two personalities could appear to us now more dissimilar, less likely to harmonize. Yet it was of Emerson, doubtless, as Brownson's son believes, that the following passage in *The Convert* was written: "One man, and one man only, shared my entire confidence and knew my most secret thought. Him, from motives of delicacy, I do not name, but in the formation of my mind, in systematizing my ideas, and in general development and culture I owe more to him than to any other man among Protestants. We have since taken divergent courses, but I loved him as I have loved no other man, and shall so love and esteem him as long as I live. He encouraged me, and through him chiefly I was enabled to remove to Boston and commence operations" — on the line of preparing for the new order of society and the new Christianity.

II.

It was upon Brownson's removal to Boston, where he lived in suburban Chelsea, eight years previous to his conversion

to Catholicity, that he developed his curiously interesting Doctrine of Life. He started from the idea of Pierre Leroux, that what Catholics call "infused grace" may equally well be supplied by the mere natural communion of man with man, or of the individual with the race. He thought the Creator might raise certain individuals to an extraordinary supernatural communion with himself, men who would thus lead a divine life; and that the rest of us, by communion with them, might be elevated in some proportionate degree. By this thought he was enabled at least to perceive that the natural and the supernatural correspond, instead of — as so many imagine — being opposed. He supposed Christ, as a man, to have been taken up into supernatural communion with God, and therein discovered, as he thought, a realization of the divine-human life. The divine-human life of Christ, as thus understood, he believed had been infused into the apostles and disciples, and by them into others, and so on from one generation to another. All life being organic, all who receive this infusion of the divine-human are formed into one body; they live one and the same life, that of Christ, and therefore are termed the Church. On this theory he held that the life of Christ is not only life, but actually the principle of life. This real body and living principle of Christ in the Church, so conceived, must be authoritative and its traditions final as against private judgment.

It is easy to see how, by this rather strange road, he reached the point of becoming a Catholic. Discontinuing his *Review* for 1843, he started another in 1844, called *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, expressly to teach his "doctrine of life." But he soon found that he had thought and read himself for good and all into Catholicity; and although he continued his editorial enterprise, it was henceforth as a convert.

In the forsaking of his pet theory, and submission to the Roman Catholic Church

as the true body of Christ, Brownson did not abandon liberty of thought, but simply let it be bounded by law, as all true liberty must be. Pass beyond law in any field, and you step into anarchy. Consider human law, common, statutory, or of decree. It is a vast corporate mass of thought, of enactments, decisions, and orders, which limits not only lay folk, but lawyers and judges as well; far more minutely than the Catholic Church limits its members. Yet who will deny that while lawyers and judges and legislators must work within these certain confines only, and the whole people must submit to the same restrictions upon thought, they still all enjoy intellectual liberty, which the very existence of these metes and bounds alone makes possible?

Brownson was not a mere subservient advocate of the Church in every particular of its policy or administration, on the unavoidable and often unfortunate and ill-judging human side, either in the past or in the present. He was often a severe critic upon these matters, albeit with constant reverence for her great spiritual traditions and authoritative teachings. His outspokenness sometimes got him into very hot water; against which, however, his sincerity and fidelity had the effect of a protective coating. Because of his pugnacious quality, Catholic Americans to this day are divided in their estimate of him. Those of vigorous mind, large perceptions, and self-reliant character give him the tribute of an unbounded enthusiasm, while others who imagine that faith depends upon timidity and colorlessness shake the head or shrug the shoulder, half sadly, half cynically. They regard vigor and independence as "dangerous," but are indifferent to the greater danger of stagnation.

One of the strongest witnesses to his increased strength and freedom of thought after becoming a Catholic is his powerful treatise on the American Republic, issued in September, 1865, twenty-one years subsequent to his conversion.

Never has the genius of our country and our nationhood been so grandly, so luminously interpreted, from so lofty a point of view, as in this masterly book, published when he was sixty-two. Mulford's *The Nation*, which I have already mentioned, was brought out five years later. One may note the remarkable correspondences and the greater depth and broader sweep of Brownson's exposition. He distinguishes between the spirit of the nation and the mere government. The danger of the American people is in their tendency to depart from original federal republicanism, and to interpret our system in the sense of "red-republican" and social democracy. As commonly defined, democracy must, he thinks, be classed among the barbaric and anti-republican constitutions; the principle of barbarism being that power is a private or personal right, as asserted in this species of democracy. Power is not really a private, it is a political right, and, like all political rights, a public trust. All power of government comes originally from God, and there can be no government without society, no society without government. "Barbarian individual freedom" (or crude democracy) was never generalized into altruistic freedom, which is the creation of Christianity alone. Christianity, in the secular order, is republican; and although, as St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Suarez, great doctors of the Church, all maintain, the republic may change its magistrates and even its constitution, yet the people are not the source of authority. It is derived by them, collectively, from God. Were the American people originally one people, or several independent states? The Constitution simply organizes the government, and determines nothing on this point. When the colonies declared their independence, they did so jointly, as the United States, to form "a more perfect union" than the union already existing. Brownson contends that the American people were not made one by the written Constitution, as

Jefferson, Madison, Daniel Webster, and so many others supposed, but were made so by the "unwritten constitution" born with and inherent in them, "the providential constitution of the American people or civil society." The American democracy is "territorial," not "personal" or individual. There can be no progress without both stability and movement. We have stability in the divine trust of national power conferred upon us, and the direction of our movement is indicated by the responsibility which that implies, and in the mission which the author predicts for the United States of taking "the hegemony of the world."

But it is useless to attempt giving here any adequate outline of this treatise. Brownson's practical faith in his country was vividly exemplified by his three sons, who joined the volunteer army for the defense of the Union in the civil war. Two of them were killed in battle. The third, surviving still, brought from the field his wounds and the rank of major, and loyally and with pious care collected and edited his father's works in thorough and able fashion.

Of the twenty volumes, four are devoted to Politics, and include a fascinating variety of themes. Four more group his essays on Civilization, in its various phases. There are four devoted to Controversy, three each to Religion and Philosophy. One treats of Scientific Theories, and another of Popular Literature. The last contains, along with much that is valuable, discriminating, suggestive, or profound, certain things which will impress the average cultivated and tolerant reader as curiosities of criticism; for example, that passage, in a review of Emerson's poems (1847), where, alluding to the weird and mysterious feelings of a "deluded insight" which come to persons who are without faith, he declares that Emerson's poems "are not sacred chants: they are hymns to the devil. Not God, but Satan do they praise, and they can be relished only by

devil-worshippers." To a certain extent, one can see how, judging from the extreme point of austerity in dogmatic faith, the writer might have looked upon portions of the poems written by this eminent man — once his intimate and most sympathetic friend — as being so at variance with purely Christian teaching as to seem devoted to the devil. But that was not a sound or wise view, and the language was most intemperate.

Brownson was not a good appreciator of literature. He lacked in a measure the large and also the fine artistic sense. Yet, on the other hand, no one could be at heart more generously disposed, or, at times, more charitable in expression towards non-Catholics; more ardent in recognition of the principle that the Holy Spirit may operate on countless souls outside the visible Church, — the principle sometimes embodied in the phrase "the baptism of desire." It is true that in one short essay, *Extra Ecclesiam Nulla Salus* (1874), he went to the uttermost point of maintaining that if one actually dies a Protestant he is damned, "and will never see God as he is." This utterance, I believe, when taken nakedly by itself, is regarded by the most competent Catholic theologians as excessive and unsound. Certainly it is not sustained by the sublimely charitable expression of Leo XIII. concerning even so aggravated a case as that of the arch-skeptic Ernest Renan, that, since he had died without recanting, there was hope for him, because the fact showed at least that he was conscientious in unbelief. And again, Brownson's own essay, ten years earlier (1864), on *Civil and Religious Freedom*, extended to those outside the Catholic Church the broadest, tenderest good will, and declared a conviction that the sincere among these were as likely to be saved by God's mercy as any one else. One should not too hastily accuse him of inconsistency, in contrasting these two essays. The subject at issue is complicated, and a writer may

say different things at different times, apparently conflicting, which, if more carefully stated, would be found to result mainly from the different conditions or grades and shades of distinction he was considering at the moment.

It was in this paper on *Civil and Religious Freedom* that he attacked the Jesuits as being far behind the age, ultra-conservative, seeking to perpetuate sixteenth-century ideas and methods, and having outlived their usefulness. The special outburst against the Jesuits was unduly petulant, and, as it seems to me, undeserved. No doubt, in the Catholic Church, as in any large aggregate of persons, one runs up against many things which are painful, disappointing, even repulsive. The convert is sometimes sickened by the discovery that various great principles of conduct and duty, which are so firmly upheld in catechism, sermon, and Catholic literature, are treated with a more than non-Catholic indifference by priests and prelates, when a practical case arises; and that the much-boasted "authority" of the Church in keeping people to their common duties and sacred vows becomes a nullity in the hands of weak pastors and bishops, of petty and intriguing curates, or even of officious laymen and women, who are allowed to domineer and set aside the rules of faith because they are wealthy or influential. It is perhaps part of the price we pay for the ineffable beauty of the Church's truth, and for the interior discipline which may be had from her teachings, if not from the practice of such unworthy representatives. I do not think Brownson is much to blame for having exploded once, to the extent of a few pages, after twenty years of chafing under these or other disappointments. In nearly every period there have been true, brave, loyal Catholics who have spoken as plainly as he did, with good intention; and in much that he said he was justified.

With all his vehemence and even self-

will when he thought he was right, he yet was capable of great repression and docility, as was shown when Father Walworth (another eminent convert, the son of Chancellor Walworth, of New York) objected to an article he had offered to the *Catholic World*. After a sharp discussion, in which Brownson stoutly resented all criticism, he suddenly tore the manuscript in pieces, and proceeded to write a new one on the lines proposed by Walworth. He wrote a good deal for that magazine between 1865 and 1873, having removed to Elizabeth, New Jersey; and he was also lecturer on constitutional law at Seton Hall in 1871, when the college was under the presidency of Father, now Archbishop Corrigan. In 1874 he revived his own *Review* once more, in a new series; but he died in 1876, the "Centennial Year." He had much to do with helping to guide into the Catholic Church Isaac Hecker, afterwards founder of the now famous and useful society of the Paulist Fathers in New York.

A curious instance of the influence which he exerted upon other minds, in religious matters, was told me by his son. Orestes had a brother, Orrin, who lived at Dublin, Ohio, and became a Mormon. In August, 1851, he visited Orestes at Mount Bellingham, Chelsea, and entered into a long argumentation with him on religion. Orrin would put a question, which Orestes would answer with uncompromising, unsparing force. Then Orrin, without saying a word, would dart out of the house and walk a long time in the hot sunshine; after which he would return and put another question. The same process was then repeated; Orrin still making no rejoinder. When this odd dialogue ended, there was no summing up: Orrin went away in silence. After nine years, during which the brothers had not met again, Orrin wrote to Orestes that he had become a Catholic. From Dublin, Ohio, he had gone to Dublin, Ireland, where

he was received into the Church, and was confirmed by Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati; and a notice of the fact appeared in the *Paris Univers*.

One impression of Orestes Brownson is that he was self-absorbed — as a man who had so much to study, to think of, and to write about might well be — and had no bosom friends. If he had not such friends in the sense of permanent cronies, he made up for the lack by his devoted affection for his family and the overflowing abundance of his kindness to mere acquaintances or strangers who sought his counsel. In personal appearance he seems to have blended the leonine aspect with something of apostolic benignity; his strong, incisively pointed beak nose and magnificent forehead giving him a mien of grandeur. "We all remember Brownson," writes the son of an old friend and admirer, "as a large, heavy man, with bushy beard and hair, quite white when I knew him; a rugged and rather gruff-voiced old fellow, but with real refinement of feeling, warm-hearted, and full of sympathy for his fellows, individually and at hand as well as generally. Bishop, afterwards Archbishop Bailey [of Newark] nicknamed him 'Ursa Major,' — he was so big and hairy and gruff. . . . His talk was fluent and strong. He spoke with a dominating air, as of a powerful and all-grasping mind. . . . A well-known Boston man said of him that the only safe way, in arguing with Brownson, was to deny everything. If you admitted anything, even the most simple and obvious, that he proposed, you were lost: he would proceed logically and prove his point triumphantly." In conversation, he was inclined, like Coleridge, to voluble monologue, which seemed to some hearers excessive; but not so to one gentleman who called upon him once in New York. This gentleman was then a Protestant, but wished to make some inquiries about Catholicity. Brownson received him cordially at ten

o'clock in the morning, and did not let him go until six o'clock in the evening; holding him there, "not 'with his glittering eye,' " the visitor writes me, "but by his bold and brilliant tongue." On another occasion Brownson read aloud to this same caller Emerson's noble and affecting Threnody on the death of his little son Waldo; and as he read, "his face became wet with tears, which he took no pains to conceal. The incident was a revelation to me. I had heard Dr. Brownson described as a rude, rough man, apparently without feeling. The more I saw of him, the more I saw that behind that somewhat rude manner was beating a warm, kind, tender heart." This, too, is a fitting and corrective pendant to that savage characterization of Emerson as a writer of "hymns to the devil," which I have quoted.

My correspondent declares that Brownson "was as intense an American as Washington, Jackson, or Lincoln," — an assertion the truth of which no one will dispute who has studied his writings and his career. Of his attempts at fiction, which were purely didactic, — *Charles Elwood* and *The Spirit-Rapper*, — it is not necessary to speak here; my object being to present only some points of suggestion respecting his force as a philosopher and teacher, a comprehensive student of religious history and government, a potent essayist on many subjects; a man of conscience, whose convictions — as Lowell wrote of Dante — "were so intimate that they were not only intellectual conclusions, but *parts of his moral nature*;" and withal as ardent an American patriot as he was a Catholic.

Some of his most able contemporaries in the Catholic world of letters and intellect, among them the brilliant Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review* (whom Tennyson greeted as "most generous of ultramontanes, Ward"), although giving to his unusual powers a hearty recognition, abated somewhat from their praise because of his strong advocacy of onto-

logical views, as opposed to the scholastic philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Leo XIII. has reinstated Aquinas, or at least renewed his influence. But whatever criticisms of Brownson have been made upon this score, it may be doubted whether any writer of English in this century has given the world so encyclopædic a presentation of Catholic doctrine and thought as he, or one so intelligible to all classes of minds and likely to benefit them all.

To whatever cause it be owing, Brownson is omitted from our manuals and histories of literature, or figures but slightly in them. Professor Richardson even affirms that the Catholic Church in the United States has "depended on foreign authorities in this line," — meaning the literature of religion and morals; ignoring the fact that it has found here one of the most virile and accomplished exponents it possesses in any part of the world. In *Stedman and Hutchinson's Library of American Literature* only one extract from Brownson is given; and that one, relating to practical democracy, hints at but a single and least significant phase of the author's activity. Yet he was highly regarded and very prominent among his literary contemporaries, until the main current of his production flowed into Catholic channels. It seems to me that he merits a clearer and more grateful recognition, to-day, than he commonly receives. The large, Websterian cast of his mind, the clean-cut massiveness of his thinking and his style, make him an interesting object of study. The very fact that in himself he formed so close a link between the Transcendental or other phases of American thought and those embodied in the Catholic Church adds to his significance; and he may well be commended to all serious, fair-minded readers of the present and the rising generation as illustrating with strength and brilliancy the Catholic mind in the United States, and its relation to our national life.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE OUBLIETTE.

FERTÉ-MILON was a surprise in more ways than one. The gentle planner of railway itinerary from Montmirail to Mezy, from Mezy to Château-Thierry, and from Château-Thierry by way of Ferté-Milon and Soissons to Compiègne, had not foreseen, in consulting the guide, that there would be a delay of four hours in Ferté-Milon.

I was in haste, and heard this decree of railway fate with impatience. The Maid of Orleans and the army gathered to Charles VII. on his coronation at Rheims had passed through Ferté-Milon, but no trace of her presence was left. Baedeker mentions the place as "a small town on the slopes of a hill rising from the banks of the Oureq, which was the birthplace of Racine, the dramatist, to whom a statue by David d'Angers has been erected here. The hill is crowned by the ruins of a castle of the twelfth century, including one entire side with four large towers. Some remains of the town walls, dating from the thirteenth century, are also preserved."

After the first quick annoyance at being held back from Compiègne, I left the busy little gare for Ferté's upsloping street; and it was full of enticement, the castle showing white as lime rock on a summit to which approaches seemed hard to find.

Racine stood on his pedestal, crowding the narrow sidewalk, his works listed on a tablet for inattentive passers. The clean Hôtel de la Sauvage showed within its court preparations for a goodly dinner, the cook being visible cleaning delicious white beans of the north, and grapes and pears were stacked for the dessert. I could see the ruins and dine, having no margin of heavy time.

The town was swarming with soldiers, ordinary good-humored fellows undergoing their period of military service;

with here and there an officer showing himself on a spirited horse. They seemed to be merely passing. Relaxed from drill they loitered about, eating sweets or carving arm-long loaves with their pocket-knives.

So involved and steep was the way to the castle that I was misled on a street below, above which one enormous white wall stood as in the clouds; but inquiry led to a winding lane like so many Old World ascents to feudal fortresses. On the way was a church, locked. A woman with a child in her arms ran to fetch the key. And when we had rested in a light interior, containing little except the brightness of hilltops to impress on one, she volunteered to guide me to the ruin, declaring there were pits about it which were dangerous.

Half a dozen other thin women and dirty children looked down from a high terrace by which the road was walled at this place; and as a guide in the hand is a protection against many guides in the bush, she was retained, and led me up the stony way.

A wide expanse of summit gave site to the castle. It was a breezy place like a field, with few trees, though some old and huge ones clustered near the hollow side of the ruin. As we approached, we saw some bold soldiers walking on the top of the lofty wall betwixt towers; and they looked more than ever like little boys. Another cautious fellow was slowly trying to scale steps left by falling masonry, up to their dizzy height, and all of them were taken up with their own exploits.

The woman's pale little child sat on her arm, and, perhaps made indifferent by custom, leaned over the six or eight horrible-looking holes which she showed me within the castle court. Some were so deep we could not see the bottom, and

a drainlike odor came up. One showed wet clay, and into others the earth had caved. Ladders were set in two which had ancient stone curbing, as had all the mouths of underground storehouses in the Middle Ages.

"There is correspondence between them, madame," remarked my guide; and I thought of the subterranean cellars in Chinon. A bold person like one of those soldiers could descend, indifferent to the stale odor of a long-gone life, and feel his way from one rock chamber to another.

Old rotting boards covered some of the pits. We moved silently, the distant insect-like voices of the climbers making the only noise about this spot. We heard the wind, indeed, rasping mournfully across jagged battlements.

When we departed through the gateless entrance of the courtyard, the guide, fee in hand and child at shoulder, went her way, and I sauntered on a road leading by the castle's best preserved side and winding with many turns down to the rear of Ferté-Milon. The imposing façade had tablets set in its side, an immense one showing over the entrance. So high were they reared in the dazzling afternoon that the limbs of creatures carved in relief were not easily distinguished, though it appeared to be a show of some royal progress. The soldiers had either found footing on a lower wall or were hidden by towers.

It was not easy to leave such an evident nest of tradition, about which I really knew nothing. Had Racine celebrated this ancient landmark of his birth? Ferté-Milon itself, narrow and crowded and sloping uphill, a small stony town of the Middle Ages, had a modern tang, caught from its railway trains, its passing soldiers. But this nameless castle, shining white and vast directly under the sky, belonged, with all its secrets, to a century before Froissart chronicled the battles of England, France, and Spain.

As a rising bank began to hide it, and

suburban trees and cottages to spread below, I looked at my watch and saw it was not yet four o'clock. What was to prevent my going back and descending one of those ladders to discover what lay at the foot? The ladders were a guaranty of safety. And as for that rank odor from the covered pits, the unclean dwellers on the terrace had doubtless thrown refuse down them; and I had no desire to look into them, anyhow. The "correspondence" need not be followed through all its burrowings. There was really preparation for such a venture in my light marching equipment: jacket and skirt of dark rough wool serge, with the shirt waist, close traveling-hat, strong low-cut shoes, and dogskin gloves, which are so easily renewed from one's baggage.

Yet I was loath to be seen stealing back, and to have my movements watched with the furtive interest all provincial dwellers show in the astounding American woman. Therefore it was with care and swiftness that I reëntered the court, crossed the parapet of the nearest pit, and got down the ladder without being seen even by a soldier.

Having ventured so far, a recoil sent me up two or three rounds. So hanging, I looked down to accustom unwonted eyes to the decaying pit. The bottom was moist clay, perhaps mixed by rain. It had been walled by rock or picked in the rock base of the castle, and the ancient surface was seamed and weather-worn. This pit would not crumble before the washing of storms, like those board-covered gaps where the soil was deeper. There was an earthy odor mingled with the indescribable smell of age. But the hardihood that ventured into it might readily go farther.

I stood on the bottom of the shaft, which was quite seven feet in diameter, and eyed a dark tunnel to which it gave entrance. Very likely the townspeople had run about here many a Sunday. They love to tramp through their old feudal strongholds. I saw two girls,

once, dancing in Chinon beside the stone coping of just such a pit as this. Courage, when it is not sudden and executive in woman, must pioneer a little before it can coax her on. The floor of the gallery descended, but having correspondence with other pits and possible chambers, it could only descend to their level. Like a cautious skater on brittle ice, I moved step by step down this grade, with hand outstretched ready to brace my progress by the wall. Stones underfoot were heaved up unevenly; and it seemed incredible that a spot so high as this castle rock could ooze such dankness.

From the comparative day of the pit behind me I went into night; and of all experimental blindnesses that underground is most appalling. Gray dawn and then the open skylight of another pit encouraged me. Judging by the direction I had come, this was the pit at the castle base. Here several paths branched off, but no large storehouse or other chamber seemed promised by any of them. They were smaller tunnels than the one I followed. I had no intention of exploring all these underground by-roads.

It was in the second pit that I thought I heard voices, and, so strange were the acoustics of that hole, they sounded underneath me, muffled, struggling against some deadening medium. A small breast-work had been formed here by the partial sinking in of one side. It was a warning to turn back, for I had to climb over it to pursue my way. But I did want to see at least one subterranean room. Perhaps I should find a hook in a ceiling, — or rocky substitute for a ceiling, — such a hook as may be seen under Chinon, where Louis XI. once hoisted the Duke d'Alençon in a cage.

Now, at that thought all the horrors of Loches began to crowd into mind. I remembered the fierce barking of a cross dog within the donjon gate when I pulled the bell; the soldier who lets travelers into that awful inferno; the cages of oak

bars studded with iron nails which once penned prisoners into narrow window embrasures, with a door just large enough to let their food in. I remembered the leg-chains, too heavy for any one to lift, still hanging from the walls, and the carvings those wretches had made above their stone benches, — recorded prayers, cries of stone despair, names, and dates, slowly graven with ever renewed anguish. Worse than these open oaken pens where light cheered the eye, I remembered the tyrant's cachettes underground, down worn flight after worn flight of stairs, until the torch of the guide buried itself in endless night; but it lifted itself in a clean, spacious room of rock, and showed walls covered with pictures made by poor Ludovic Sforza; and farther down still, the deep cell of Cardinal Balue. I closed my eyes, and saw again the place where his altar had stood against the wall, and opposite it that hole into an air-shaft down which, once a day, at high noon, came a hint of light. I saw the hollows his hands and feet had worn in this wall, clambering to catch that one glimpse of day. And behind his cell was another containing an oubliette. Oh that oubliette! I had looked down its shaft, just large enough to let a human body pass lengthwise. How strange it now seems that nearly every royal castle — and many which were not royal — had its little forgettery, its oubliette, into which monarch or feudal lord could drop any one who became irksome or dangerous to him, with certainty that the body would be safely washed from the bottom of the masonry pit by a sluice which carried it to the nearest river! I have seen very spacious oubliettes, and some were believed to have had innocent-looking floors, which fell beneath the feet of victims lured or pushed upon them. The eleventh Louis, having his prisons at heart as much as he had his prayers, was very nice indeed in such constructions, and intruded them no more in size than was necessary.

There is a deeper depth under the dungeon of Cardinal Balue, where one's feet seem to slide down the concave stone floor to a pit sunk in the centre, directly beneath the oubliette above.

But of course none of these horrors belonged to Ferté-Milon. The network of underground tracery here included no oubliette, for that would be fiendishly hidden within the walls or surrounded by a tower. The worn path was rounded like a gutter to the foot. However, it was a short passage, though a winding one, from the second pit to a spacious enlargement.

Here was nothing to suggest a greater weight of upper world overhead, yet I now felt sure of having arrived within the circumference of the castle. Air blew in from some place, carrying an ancient breath of decay, a dankness different from that of the pits. I could see that the room was low and wide, and at first I could see nothing else except a slight thinning of the darkness in one corner, and a black hollow directly under it in the pavement. When that change by which the eyes are adjusted was complete, I could discern a windrow of rotted timbers, and sinking in their slow fall oak joists and uprights, with interlacing cross-beams, like a broken partition which had once been built around the gray spot in the corner.

In my next breath I knew an oubliette was indicated by that corner. The grayness was daylight coming down a long shaft, perhaps inclosed in a tower. The hollow in the pavement had been sunk hundreds of years ago, and completed by some canal of masonry which let into the Ourcq. There is a sturdy human stubbornness which will not be turned back or scared on provocation. The place might be full of noisome things, — the Ferté-Milonese might be permitting it to continue so, as foreigners permit so many things which an American would change, — but I wanted to look into it, and compare it with my other

oubliettes. I even had a dread it might not prove what I wished.

An uncanny slope of the floor toward that spot, like a one-sided funnel, betrayed footing on the slippery stones. I kept to the contour of the left-hand wall, thereby bracing myself as I shuffled cautiously down, and making use also of the largest break in the partition. Again voices were heard, but they came down the shaft. The soldiers were evidently at the top, talking through the hollow. They had found its open mouth above, and their words scattered, as shot might do, from side to side in a spray of echoes, yet with a muffled sound. Cautiously I bent forward and looked up, but my fellow-explorers and I were not able to see one another. So unconscious were they of a mortal at the base of the tube that they heaved a stone down its length. It whirled past my head like a bat, silent into the depths, and from far below a metallic answer rung so faintly it could not have been heard by the senders.

Broken timbers lay across my side of the hole in the pavement, that vile bottom of the oubliette left open here in past centuries that monsters might look down and see if the descending body had sped well. How many metres was it to the sluice which once carried to the Ourcq? Perhaps the sluice had long been choked — with what? A skeleton cramped with its skull in its ribs, rags of velvet or Flemish cloth, shoes moored by their own pointed toes, a sword stuck crossways in the masonry? Could anything now ride through that horrid canal?

The fierce-beating American sun and the American mind would search out these mysteries on American soil. I felt glad to have them where they were. When you contemplate an oubliette, and remember how you and yours have escaped it, and how really out of date it is in this year of the world, you may be said to enjoy the full merit of the thing. Nobody, at the period when that oubliette was in operation, could have realized

its scope, and possibilities with the conserving pride of a citizen from a practically non-oublietted country. Perhaps in the dark my countenance bore the same expression of solemn pleasure and self-congratulation that I saw on the face of an Alsatian nurse coming out of the Paris morgue with thumb and forefinger pinching her nose.

I do not know what made me slip. A woman tipped back on her heels and fell flat on the cathedral pavement of St. Denis in a manner one would call wholly *bourgeoise*. The ludicrous which we see first in the clumsiness of others is as quickly felt in calamities of our own. One instant holding to the wall and standing in security, and the next shooting feet foremost into the oublette, I was conscious of laughing at my plight before I was sick with terror. Yet in peril the physical instinct is quicker than any mental action. The timbers stopped my fall into the well, but the shock loosened them. Trembling and dislodged, they gave way. By one elbow I held to a stone in the floor, and with the other hand grasped whatever was in reach. I think it was a fallen joist, for I do not remember anything except being glad of strength in the arms and well-trained back muscles. By what effort I was out of the pit's mouth and scrambling on all fours up the ascending pavement is altogether unknown to me. I was flying from the top of the ladder across the parapet, when such unseemly haste struck me as liable to bring a cloud of witnesses about, and I leaned against the courtyard wall to recover breath.

The blank of panic is astonishing to look back upon. Mentally I did not exist at all between hanging in the oublette and reaching the upper air. Then the conventional sense revived, and I brushed my skirts, noticing that ooze and earth had left little stain, and that the gloves with which I had literally been shod had fared worst.

How delicious was the sunshine on that

long winding road down Ferté-Milon hill, where I turned shoulder after shoulder of greenness, passing little houses where children played! Had the mothers never anxiety when these children strayed up to the castle? Had they no tales to tell at night of horrors that had leaked through the old walls?

"C'est affreuse!" the guide herself whispered when she leaned with me over the ladder. "Moi, j'ai peur."

Myself, I had no fear at that time, but I accumulated some later.

If the oublette had received one more victim, who could have told her fate? When days went by, inquiry would have followed from a convent in Marne. When weeks went by, demands from America would have become imperative. The police could have traced a tourist from Montmirail to Mezy, from Mezy to Château-Thierry, from Château-Thierry to Ferté-Milon; in Ferté-Milon, up to the castle, and, by means of the guide, into the courtyard and out again.

"She took that road down to the village, monsieur," the woman would declare. "Madame was last seen walking in that direction. I myself watched her." And nothing else would be known except that there had been a mysterious disappearance.

The dinner was very good at the Hôtel de la Sauvage, and served privately, undisturbed by parading soldiery. But after all the deliberate courses there was still half an hour before the train was due. One may die or have indelible experiences in such brief time.

A woman with a furtive and crouching look sat in the first-class waiting-room when at last I returned to the railway station. She had two geese tied up, with straw under them, a cat in a high, narrow wicker cage, a netting bag full of string-beans and green nuts of some sort, three little hand-bags, and three gingham umbrellas. This woman was a peasant. Her stock had not known any better for a thousand years than to load themselves

like beasts. I reflected that my stock, also, for a thousand years, had not known any better than to plunge into various quests after knowledge and experience. There was a kind of fellowship — what the guide would have called a correspondence —

between us. I smiled on her, and she brightened up, reassured at once; knowing well that she had no business in the first-class waiting-room, and that the railway official would turn her out into a third-class if she should be detected.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE OPERA BEFORE THE COURT OF REASON.

THERE must be a large class of respectable persons, — so large, indeed, as to be respectable for their numbers, if for nothing else, — not gifted with creative powers, but well endowed through their love of beauty with very important appreciative powers, who would gladly welcome an authoritative discussion on the function of reason (I narrowly escaped calling it common sense) in matters of art. To make such a discussion truly authoritative, however, its protagonists should possess not only acknowledged artistic culture and insight, but also strong and honest logical faculty; and this combination is of mournfully rare occurrence. It is a question whether most of those now claiming to possess the best artistic culture and insight would not be ready to dismiss this subject instantly by the positive statement that reason has no function whatever in matters of art, and common sense still less. Such a dictum would of course be intuitively rejected by the respectable class of appreciators just described, but these are seldom sufficiently voluble and self-confident to clothe their intuitive convictions in words convincing to others; while, unfortunately, the claimants of artistic authority nearly always belong to that class so aptly described by Sam Weller as having “the gift o’ gab very gallopin’,” and they often get a verdict by mere default, and not on the real merits of the case.

Now we of class first, — perhaps per-

ceiving the wider general bearings of art the more clearly and completely for living watchfully around it, instead of absorbed and workfully within it, — we feel that while the finest foliage, flowers, and fruits of art growth are found on the slender upper stems of finer and more delicate fibre, which, as they wind their way farther and farther into the upper air, bend more freely and flexibly before the wandering and incalculable breath of inspiration (“Thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth”), nevertheless these final and glorious gifts of art are possible only because those flower and fruit bearing stems are borne by and draw strength through the sturdy trunk of reason under them, which is itself firmly rooted in and nourished from the solid ground of everlasting truth, the mother earth of the tree of human progress.

It would be very comforting to have this feeling put into forceful words by some strong one whose very name would compel respectful attention from the claimants of artistic authority, and keep them from calling us fools and Philistines. For surely, unless men have sunk into egoistic hedonists, all fine and earnest art must now seek truth first of all, — philosophy’s truth by which to justify its existence and its pursuit, and nature’s truth by which to express itself. The first of these was once felicitously indicated by Mr. Howells in the Easy Chair of Harper’s Magazine (I quote from

memory), "The old pagan idea of art for art's sake has become obsolete with thinkers, and has been replaced by the modern Christian idea of art for humanity's sake;" and the second is found in those fundamental maxims of modern art schools, "Paint what you see. Be sincere." (Please note that the rule does not say, "Paint what you would like to see.") Even dramatic art, justly ranked by Mr. Birrell lowest in the list, has ennobled itself in our day by treading the same path toward truth. Both writer and actor must now go to the realities of life, the one for motives, and the other for methods. The very stage fittings and accessories must now be real to the utmost possibility. No more wooden chickens and empty cups are seen in stage feasts. Dramatic action must be studied from and modeled after actual life, — ay, and actual death, too, — and Duse surpasses Bernhardt because she fulfills this requirement more closely and sincerely.

It would not be difficult to cover some pages with proofs and instances of the widening reign of reason over the drama; but with music this is not so apparent, and I fear that the claimants of artistic authority, and perhaps others, would be quick to call that man rash, if not stupid, who should try to bring common sense into a discussion on taste in music, an art generally admitted to be the most emotional, and therefore the least logical of all. Yet Mr. Krehbiel, in a recent lecture on Listening to Music, opened his subject by stating that among the writers and talkers about music there are two sorts who should be equally shunned, both being objectionable and misleading, because both are equally unreasonable, though in opposite directions, — the pedants and the rhapsodists. Now this is only a rather picturesque variant of the old maxim "*In medio tutissimus ibis*," which is just as true of the other arts, of all art in the largest sense, as it is of music; and it admits reason as a governing principle of judgment. This done,

it will be difficult, at least for those belonging to the species *homo sapiens*, to fix upon the where and the why for refusing to follow reason's lead farther.

But even the least logical of the arts must use a deal of common sense in the management of their means of expression, — the tools of their trades, to speak irreverently. The poets, — *genus irritabile vatum*, who might perhaps be ranked as next to the least logical of artists, — even the dear poets are compelled to parse, and to punctuate, and to scan; or rather, they used to be. Nowadays, I believe, the claimants no longer think it necessary that poetry should either parse or scan, though it still is punctuated to some extent.

Rash though it may be, my present aim is a common-sense consideration, reckless of the claimants' scorn, of some aspects of that old and great *questio vexata* between classic and dramatic music: and this is attempted because I find so many who, like myself, have been keen lovers and learners of music all their lives without ever feeling sure that some of its chief apostles and loudest professors are preaching the real truth about it.

Here let me say that since most persons who speak of dramatic music mean opera or music-drama, that meaning will be taken here, though I do not indorse it as a strict definition. When, however, the effort is made to express the classic side of this question in a similarly condensed way, some very serious difficulties are met. If we try to boil it down into a phrase, we find that some of its most characteristic contents are so volatile and expansive that they are driven off. I myself should be quite willing to come down at once to describing the question as the case of Truth versus Opera; but I should not expect many to come with me, for choice of sides on this question seems to be controlled usually by idiosyncrasy rather than by thought, and to be the result of processes not so much mental as temperamental. In fact, the

temptation to accept as belief on proof that which one wants to believe is just as irresistible here as in morals and religion and all other things; and so the discussions of this question have been more in the nature of pleas for previously adopted views than of earnest searches after fundamental truth. Naturally enough, also, these views have been almost as many and as various as the viewers and their points of view. Some talk learnedly of absolute music as the antithesis of dramatic music, and some still more learnedly about subjective and objective music; and always, the more of such learning there is in the talk, the greater seems the loss by evaporation when you come to boil it down.

One of the brightest and pleasantest of the later essays on this question denies dramatic power to polyphonic music, and grants it to monodic music, and for illustrative examples cites *Three Blind Mice* as polyphonic harmony, and *Home, Sweet Home*, as monodic melody. But from my point of view not only is this proposed principle quite wrong, but the examples given do not illustrate it. *Three Blind Mice* was one of the earliest of my musical experiences, and I can still remember distinctly the childish pity for the wretched little rodents inspired by those pathetic descending thirds when the second voice enters, and the hurrying horror when the quicker-moving third voice tells out the tragedy of the tails and the carving-knife: and all this without the slightest action on the part of the singers. I was not a very impressionable child; I am sure there must have been many others who felt that music just as I did: and this seems to me to be evidence of dramatic quality inherent in the very music that was cited as devoid of it.

As to *Home, Sweet Home*, for an example of monody, can any one who knows that song listen to it sung unaccompanied without being conscious of hearing in his mind's ear, along with the melody, the

main chords of the usual harmony in the remembered instrumental accompaniment? I myself cannot, and I have yet to find any musical person (others are out of this question) who, after fair trial and thought, will claim such ability. Is that song, so heard, true monody to such hearers? Truly not; and I believe this holds good of every theme, vocal or instrumental, whose harmonic foundation is known to the hearer; and it is preëminently true of those many masterpieces of modern song-writing whose accompaniments are essential and integral parts of the works, and are sometimes splendid specimens of polyphonic writing in themselves without the vocal parts they were written to sustain.

Is there, then, no such thing as true monody to modern musical ears? When such a determined effort after it as the piping of the peasant in Wagner's *Tristan* is found to carry with it suggestions of various minor and major chords, as it is found to do on close and honest scrutiny, it almost seems as if real monody must be relegated to those distant days B. C. when Theocritus reveled in the songs of the Sicilian shepherds as "the fairest meed of the gods," and told with pride how Menalceas skillfully made and played a herdsman's pipe, but lost it to Daphnis in an open-air song competition. It may be safely assumed that no accompanying chords and harmonies suggested themselves to the ears that listened to their music.

But I think the real roots of the question lie much below all this, and lower than most music lovers are willing to dig for them. Perhaps my purpose will be best served by at once taking hold of what seems to me a sort of tap-root, and working upwards.

Some years ago I happened to hear, in the English West Indian island Trinidad, a party of negro working men and women at one of their customary moonlight-night outdoor dances. The music, or, more correctly, motive power, was

furnished solely by an empty keg with a piece of hide stretched over one end, assisted by a gourd containing dried peas and small pebbles; the first was thumped and the second rattled, in strictest time and with exasperating continuity, until moonset. These two instruments were generally accompanied by hand-clapping from some of those not dancing. Now there was rhythm, pure and simple and alone, utterly independent and neglectful of the musical qualities and attributes of the sound produced, and used only as a means of conveying the *ictus* to the ears of all the party, in order that individual overflow of emotion might be worked off in associated physical motion; and to this pure rhythm the negroes danced almost all night. Occasionally a dancer would give a staccato shout, and the sitters around would answer with a longer crooning on two or three notes, wordless, rising and falling in apparently aimless but musical intervals. When the dancers all gave out and stopped to rest, which was very seldom, the thump and the rattle kept right on, and somebody began to sing one of the many songs in the West Indian French *patois*; marked rhythm being also a conspicuous feature in these somewhat monotonous melodies. Presently the song would stop and dancing would be resumed for a while, and so on till the moon was gone.

The next Sunday I attended morning service at the English Church in Port of Spain, and saw a large chance-choir of negroes only, young men and girls and boys, all dressed in the cleanest of white clothes, and seated in rows with becoming seriousness. They might very well have been children of some of those I had heard dancing and singing almost like savages, to the drum and rattle in the moonlight; and yet this choir, led by the admirable playing of an English organist, sang in unison the music of the English Church service, including an elaborate *Te Deum* by Berthold Tours and several chants and modern hymn-

tunes, and all with really delightful perfection of time, tone, and expression. I had always known that negroes are a tuneful race, but this performance was a surprising one.

Do not these incidents point to the natural order and succession of steps in the evolution of music? Rhythm first, suggested and shown to individuals in the motion of their own limbs; then rhythm becoming stronger, and marked by uttered sound, as the walking of one man grows into the marching of many men; then rhythm still more marked, as the joyous excitement of friendly association seeks outlet in the excited and exciting motions of the dance, led by rhythmical sounds of percussion; then rhythmic shouting; and then song; and all the rest follows naturally. But always present, and controlling, and inspiring, is rhythm. When the evolutionary process arrives at recording the music, then the rhythm of notes and bars is discovered to be the only means by which music can be written and read. When the further stage of several persons playing or singing together is reached, then still more must rhythm rule them all alike, all reading the same record. And when the final stage of the great orchestras and choruses is reached, then, above and beyond the same written record placed before all, there must also be visible to all the imperative controlling rhythm of the conductor's beat, in order to secure perfect *ensemble* performance.

Let us now consider what part rhythm plays in volitional human action, which is the main constituent of that visible human life to which we have already seen that artistic dramatic action must in these days be true. The walking of a grown person is about as automatic as breathing, and may be justly set aside with it as scarcely volitional action. But rhythm evidently governs marching, and dancing, and in fact any conditions of life wherein the object is to *produce continuous consentient and coincident action*

of several ; and this, I suppose, might as fairly include the baby-hushing that mothers do so rhythmically all the world over as it surely does the "Yo! heave O!" of the sailors' songs. And what else? Human emotion? That is too capricious, and changes every instant on the whim of the individual. Human passion? That is both explosive and capricious, as well as individual. The talk of human intercourse? That varies with every fleeting phase of individual feeling.

I have tried hard to think this point out fairly and thoroughly, and I earnestly hope that some better equipped mind may be induced to take it up in the same spirit ; for the longer and harder I think about it, the more am I convinced that, except under the conditions just specified, the visible action of human life naturally rebels against the bonds of rhythm instead of submitting to them ; and that this natural antagonism is permanent and irreconcilable, because, as a rule, the working of human volition is not rhythmic, but the reverse, being always more or less spasmodic.

There could be cited abundant instances in support of this all-important postulate ; so let us go on to see where we stand after taking these consecutive steps, first placing them in close sequence, that their relations may be clearly perceived.

(1.) We have seen that dramatic action, in order to be really artistic, must be true to natural human action.

(2.) We have seen that music does not and cannot *escape* from the bonds of rhythm.

(3.) We have seen that, with very few exceptions, natural human action does not and cannot *submit* to the bonds of rhythm.

(4.) Now what follows by logical necessity concerning dramatic action and music? Can we escape the conclusion that if dramatic action joins itself to music, it must lose its truth to natural

human action, and therefore its standing as fine art?

Here it is perhaps more than likely that some who may have admitted seeing steps 1, 2, and 3, and the need for ascending them, will, when confronted by step 4, say, "But we don't see that." Are they willing to see it, I wonder? Turning again to a sister art for an illustration, I expand that school maxim of the painters, "Paint what you see on close and honest scrutiny, and not what you would like to see." If any students or painters are color-blind, or astigmatic, or otherwise incapable of seeing truly, that is a personal limitation entitling them to pity, and to that extent relieving them from condemnation. But if any refuse honest scrutiny, and insist on painting what they would like to see, whether they really see it or not, such persons are ruled by and have the courage of their propensities, not their convictions ; and this, translated into those esoteric terms so dear to the claimants, would probably be written, "They have a great deal of temperament."

I think this applies equally to those musicians who, on reaching step 4, stop, and decline to ascend the logical staircase any farther, seeking progress sideways instead of upward ; but they will doubtless be confirmed in their doings on being told that they are in this matter in the same category with Richard Wagner, for that is precisely what he did.

Let us look at some of the conspicuous facts in the career of this genius (for that he surely was), with all possible sidelights let in on them ; and one of the brightest, I think, shines from his parentage and the principles of heredity. Wagner came of a theatrical family ; he was born and bred in a theatrical atmosphere and environment ; his childish amusements were theatrical ; he began his career in a theatre ; he married an actress ; his aims and ambitions were early centred entirely on theatrical success ; and in short, love of the theatrical,

which was doubtless transmitted to him intensified, according to the admitted principle of heredity, soon became the dominating propensity and passion of his life, — placing the theatrician before and above the musician in him, obscuring his artistic judgment and insight, clouding his reasoning powers, and leading him into undignified and unfortunate displays of vanity, and into serious lapses from that nobility of personal life and deportment that should have grown from his great gifts, and probably would have done so had he not been possessed of the theatric devil from his childhood. His letters to his tailors, ordering and designing to the smallest detail the numerous brocaded silk and embroidered velvet dressing-gowns he wore when composing (could anything be more theatrical!) almost equal in number and in anxious importunity his letters to Liszt and other admirers, begging them for money to live on. The joyous enthusiasm and pride with which he devoted himself for months at a time to every item of stage costuming and stage carpentry seemed almost to exceed his satisfaction in writing his music.

Among his earlier achievements was a keen perception of the absurdities of the then popular and accepted opera libretto as literature; and as he was conscious of possessing a very prolific imagination and a copious command of language, he confidently undertook the task of producing for himself operatic poems of real literary value, and having coherent and consequent plots, with situations properly led up to and down from, and states of mind sufficiently explained and accounted for. He also perceived the absurdity of chopping up the action of an opera into a series of short musical pieces, *scenas*, *arias*, *ariettas*, and the like, with a complete cadence at the end of each, and a fresh musical start at the beginning of the next; and so he wrote *his* music with no cadence or stop at all from the beginning to the end of each entire act. He

was keen enough and bold enough and earnest enough in detecting and denouncing these particular absurdities, but why did he stop here? Why did he shut his eyes to those still remaining? Only because he was possessed of that theatric devil which continually blinded his artistic sight. And what did his methods of cure really accomplish? They added greatly to the literary value of the opera libretto and to the desirable continuity of the action; but, unfortunately, they made so many more words to be set to music because of these coherent and consequent and well-developed plots, and made the music itself so much longer, because that too could not now jump into suitability to dramatic changes, but must be appropriately and continuously developed into it, that the resulting performances also developed themselves into sittings of four and five and even six hours. Now, this is practically beyond the limits of physical endurance, and is as bad an artistic blunder as painting a picture with a part of it beyond the limits of physical vision. But the theatre was to Wagner the main purpose and business of his life, and he would not see that to his audiences it could be only an episode, meant for recreation. (And may it never be more, for that way national decadence lies.) Nor would he condescend to see the next upward step in the logical staircase he had started so bravely to ascend. But I think there is ample evidence that he soon became conscious of the remaining absurdities, even though his theatrical demon never allowed him to acknowledge them; for very soon he positively asserts publicly, in print and at length, that the only proper field for opera or music-drama is to be found, not in actual human life, not even in historical human life, but in myth and legend; not in the natural, but in the supernatural. And thenceforth he deals only with mythic gods, demigods, heroes, valkyrs, Rhine-maidens, and such. His indwelling theatric devil makes him hold to the mar-

riage of music to visible action, but his artistic consciousness is not totally depraved, for it feels the still remaining and inherent absurdities of even his amended work, and in order to forestall the further attacks of the criticism he has himself started he drops human action and makes his entire *dramatis personæ* superhuman, in order that nothing they do or say may be judged by human standards, and so found absurd; fondly hoping thus to get rid of the humanities that so trouble him. But he forgets, or else his theatric devil will not let him see, that, since he and his audiences are but mortals, he can only express, and they can only receive, his fine superhumanities in terms of the human. In spite of his calling his characters gods and goddesses and other fine names, we still see only remarkably queer men and women, and so the absurdities really remain, after all.

Wagner, of course, would not admit this, but loudly announced that he had at last produced a perfect art form for the music-drama, and in this very many claimants now clamorously agree with him. Nevertheless, I think there is ample evidence that he soon came to still another consciousness of failure and of still remaining absurdities. Let us review the position he now held.

After climbing part way up the logical staircase, he finds that unconquerable theatric devil of his confronted by the problem (insoluble, as we know, but he didn't think so) of bringing into artistic union two antagonistic elements, — dramatized human action and rhythmic music. This reminds one somewhat of the juvenile days when one was questioned about the consequences of an irresistible force meeting an immovable body. He first tries to escape step 4 by changing the action, and he takes superhuman in place of human; but this does not do all he wants, because the result remains anthropomorphic, so to speak. Now, if he is conscious of failure and wants to try again, what is there left for

him to try? He has already changed his action, and that will not do. Manifestly, nothing remains but to change the music, if he can, by robbing it of that root of his theatrical trouble, its rhythm. And if it can be shown that Wagner did try to eliminate rhythm from his music, I think this is evidence enough that he was conscious of his artistic failure in joining rhythmic music to dramatic action, and was doing his best to avoid step 4 by turning aside to lose, if he could, the one of the spirits of music that was most hateful to his theatric demon.

Now comes the question, did Wagner try to rid his music of rhythm? Even the claimants will scarcely dare to deny his having done so, since it would be so easy to cover pages with proofs and instances of it, taken by pages from his scores, where they are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. And it was not only in his scores that he strove for this. One of the last and strongest links in the chain of evidence is the fact that when Wagner built his own theatre at Baireuth, not satisfied with smothering audible rhythm out of his music as much as he dared, he went the further length of covering entirely from the audience the visible rhythm of baton and bow, without which his performances were impossible, by hiding his orchestra and its conductor behind a great screen or shield, lest the eyes of the listeners should remind their ears that there was such a thing as rhythm to make the action of his characters ridiculous.

For in very truth Wagner's patent improved operatic action remains absurd and ridiculous in many of the old and acknowledged points, in spite of his life-long labors in the service of the demon of the theatre. I do not refer to such pitiful puerilities as the dragon in Siegfried, and that wonderful wood-bird which, when Siegfried tastes the magic blood, instantly learns to speak German, but to the most serious histrionic efforts of the ablest Wagnerian artists, trained by the master himself. They still stride and ges-

ture on the accented beats — when they can find them; they still perilously suspend the action while they hold high notes; the mirrors they hold up to nature still have surfaces warped by the waves of sound, and of course still reflect distorted images.

A few years ago, Dion Boucicault, that past master in dramatic art, wrote for *The North American Review* a most trenchant and pungent paper on operatic acting in general, and on Wagnerian acting in particular; the paper being pointed mainly at the claimants of high artistic value for Wagnerian acting. I wish that every reader of this could and would read that, or that Boucicault's paper might be again presented to that great grand jury, the public; for it is an indictment that has never yet been quashed, and some day the public may find a true bill on it. After many keen thrusts, he boldly challenges the claimants to place the best Wagnerian acting they can find side by side, as acting, with any standard good performance of modern spoken drama, and asserts that not even the most clamorous claimant can feel any doubt about the verdict, or as to the Wagnerian kind of acting being laughed off the stage if applied to spoken words. Boucicault, however, concerned himself only with judging the facts, and did not follow with a study of their causes. Two replies appeared in consecutive numbers of the magazine, but neither did they reach the real root of the matter. The first objected to the attack on the ground that Boucicault's reasoning would deprive us of all song; but that was manifestly unfair, since it is plain that he dealt not with the marriage of words and music which makes song, but with that marriage of worded music and dramatic action which makes opera. The second reply was much stronger than the first, but never reached the underlying truth of the case, and the writer soon undermined his own position completely by citing, with highest praise and as a triumphant example in refutation, the act-

ing of Isolde in the garden scene, when, after extinguishing the torch, she watches in silence, but in great excitement, for Tristan's coming, waves her scarf, and generally deports herself in a way to convey her feelings very fully to the audience without saying anything; the orchestra meanwhile accompanying her pantomime deliciously. Why she should be silent just here I never could quite understand, since before this she has not been backward about shouting her emotions under all circumstances; but she is silent until Tristan appears, and devotes herself to "business" with such success that, as I said, the scene is naively quoted in refutation; the writer not perceiving that his quotation comes back like a boomerang and smites himself, since, on his own showing, this acting can be good and is good because there is no singing at all. Therefore what he praises is only pantomime, not opera.

Since I have begun citing authorities, I cannot resist the temptation to quote Wagner against himself concerning "sung acting." In his discussion of *The Purpose of the Opera*, he frankly admits that the very best dramatic singers are sometimes forced to spoken words in the midst of sung acting, in order to produce reality of impression; and he gives the instance of Madame Schroeder Devrient, whom he greatly admired, and who made a fine point in *Fidelio* on "Another step, and — *thou art* — DEAD!" the last words being most dramatically and forcibly spoken instead of sung, with an almost startling effect of reality on the hearers. (Madame Calvé does the same thing for the same purpose in *Carmen*, speaking instead of singing the supreme words, "Non, je ne t'aime *plus*.") And yet in another place, when his devil had evidently placed down his logic again, he says that a poor singer can produce effects that are impossible in the best spoken drama. So, indeed, he can, but only because of the intrinsic difference in kind between them, which is here so radical

as utterly to invalidate the comparison in degree, and to the detriment of spoken drama, which Wagner meant.

But we have sufficiently disposed of Wagnerian music-drama acting. It cannot reach the best development of acting.

And now a few words concerning Wagnerian music-drama music. Wagner himself placed music in the subordinate position, in this amazing marriage, and a recent inquiry among living English composers of the first ability resulted in a published opinion that the permanent art form of what is now known as music-drama is not to be music with drama added, as might be supposed from the name, but drama with music added. Is not this enough to make true lovers of true music indignant? For it has been shown that this unnatural union must bring dramatic action down far below its best; and since it is now also asserted that in this union music is always to be thrust below even this degraded drama, how does the beloved Muse fare in the marriage? There are many rhythmic gems of Wagner's genius that have brought delight to listening thousands and will live forever. There are many and many dreary pages in the works he thought his best which, as music, have no coherence and give no pleasure. I remember well that, some years ago, Theodore Thomas, with his superb orchestra, gave a concert rendering of the Good Friday music from *Parsifal*, the vocal parts being sung by Scaria and Winckelmann. It was triumphantly announced as a grand treat to music lovers, and nothing could have been finer technically. But when the music that was written to go with the slow wandering of *Parsifal* and Gurnemanz among the flowers was given with only the orchestra filling the stage, and with two stout and rather elderly gentlemen, in black dress suits and white chokers, standing stock-still at the footlights, and now and then singing the few scattered phrases they

had to sing, it was all heard and judged simply as music, and was found wanting. It was felt to be dreary and depressing.

Here are two arts, each of them, when alone, entitled to rank as fine art. Here is a union of the two in which the best in both is killed, and neither can possibly reach its highest development and achievement. Am I to be told that this killing union can claim rank for itself as fine art? I trow not, at this stage in the world's progress. Here it is interesting to note that there have always been some celebrated musicians — these being also always among the noblest — who have gone, perhaps unconsciously, up that logical staircase to the top; some without any stop at step 4, like Bach, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and others who never wrote opera at all, though, like Mendelssohn, they may have thought of it; and others who paused at step 4, and perhaps turned aside for a time before going up, like Beethoven, who wrote only *Fidelio*, and then went higher. These men all, sooner or later, attained true artistic insight, and placed the truth above the theatre. Wagner never did. He was conscious of the truth, but his love of the theatre would not let him admit it. He saw step 4, and knew that it led upward to a truer art life; but he gloried so in the theatrical that I do not believe he ever thought of mounting that step, though, as we have seen, he struggled hard to get around it. Since that was impossible, he lived and worked below it, under the dominion of the demon of the theatre and of other propensities all his life.

In the occasional periods of decadence that come to the arts of color and of form, efforts are sure to be made at uniting painting and sculpture by coloring statues; and a slight tint of delicate color on some sculpture seems sometimes so beautifully suggestive as to add value to the form, just as a slight hint of dramatic action in the singing of some songs is suggestive as to the spirit of the music,

and also awakens the appreciation of the hearer. (Here opens a most tempting side-vista of talk about song, worded music, its powers, its relations, its limitations; that, however, "is another story.") But if the coloring of sculpture goes beyond this and is laid on imitatively, then the sculpture and painting are both degraded by the effort at unnatural union, and the result sinks to the level of wax-work, which has its own place and its own interest in exhibitions like Madame Tussaud's, but which is not fine art. And in a precisely similar way, the union attempted in music-drama, though proved to be a failure as fine art, may and does find a legitimate place and interest of its own in the shapes of operetta, light opera, opera bouffe, musical extravaganza, *et id omne genus*, in which "everything goes" because nothing is serious.

Some claimants have told me that the music-drama absurdities, crudities, and crimes against nature are to be accepted seriously as conventions (I suppose this includes their beloved *leit Motif*) which are employed to convey serious and valuable ideas; but this view just as surely brings the music-drama down, and to the lower level of decorative art, which also deals with conventions and unnaturalities, and very successfully too, but which is not fine art.

Others assert that the music-drama of our day is a regeneration of the lyric drama or tragedy of the Greeks; and that because the alliance of their recitations of dramatic poetry with their music was an accepted art form in that glorious period, therefore the marriage of our dramatic acting with our music must be accepted as a justified art form. Certainly this claim has sometimes been presented with a fascinating display of scholarship, and with erudite instances arrayed in seductive graces of thought and language. But as well might they claim that because Greek actors and orators chanted, in order to make themselves heard in those vast open theatres

where speech was useless, therefore our actors and orators ought to chant. As well might they insist that we must bring back the masks, and the chorus, and the choric dances. I love scholarship as I do music; but the new wine of modern life, thought, culture, and feeling cannot be held in those old forms, any more than one can bring back that national spirit which enabled a fool who could win a foot-race to lift his name into the national chronology. We do not want that spirit revived, any more than we wish for that old Bowery school of acting, once so popular, which our music-drama acting in some points so much resembles.

Many a time have all these arguments been earnestly placed before music lovers in the effort to show them that serious grand opera and music-drama have no reasonable basis as works of art; and almost as many times have I been met, not by answering arguments, but by simple statements, such as "But I truly think thus," "I enjoy this," "I like that," "I admire the other." Here comes in the old adage *de gustibus*. It is useless to argue in such cases, but I have sometimes been tempted to say, by way of rejoinder, that the stoners of Stephen truly thought they were doing God service; and by way of *reductio ad absurdissimum*, that some men still enjoy — chewing tobacco; that some neighborhoods are known to like — molasses on their pork; that some nations are known to admire — three hundred pounds of flesh on the female form. This latter method seems the surest and quickest way of opening such blinded eyes to see that the acknowledgment of perverted thoughts and vitiated tastes never in the least justifies them, and that their existence is no excuse whatever for their persistence against proof and against the truth of nature.

Here at last devotion to truth and to candor compels me to a confession of a little remnant of indwelling sin, perhaps

of a little backsliding, since, in spite of all this reason and conviction, I find myself still so much the victim of surviving vitiated tastes and habits as to get a good deal of musical enjoyment from much that has been here condemned, — especially if I shut my eyes to the acting, which, however, I seldom do ; never if there is a spectacle, or a tableau, or even a ballet.

But all the same I do firmly believe that serious grand opera or music-drama is an artistic blunder ; that it is approaching recognition as such ; and that even in this stage of the world's thought about art it is almost an anachronism. Except in the spectacular form, its pass-

ing may be prophesied because it is founded on a falsehood ; for “ *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, ” and when it does, then farewell to serious opera, with all other falsehoods in art.

May we all strive to limit our lovings, and to turn our likings to the true flowers of art, and not allow our affections to fix themselves on any parasitic growths, lest haply we should be found fighting against truth, — which sounds so very much like a sermon that I will close with another pious wish (but alas ! without any hope) : that by it the theatric devil may be cast out from a few of the claimants, and they be turned from the errors of their ways to a true and reasonable art faith.

William F. Biddle.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW.

THE life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light,
And out of light
Into darkness again ;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain !

There must be Something,
Above, or below ;
Somewhere unseen
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless Eye
That sees the arrows
Fly, and fly ;
One who knows
Why we live — and die.

R. H. Stoddard.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF FORTUNE.

I CANNOT remember when the unconquerable longing for Paris first took possession of me. I am sometimes inclined to think that, in spite of my Yankee lineage, I must have been born with it; for when I was a very small boy my brain bore a highly colored impression, largely fanciful, of that city's principal features, and I could have passed a creditable examination upon the darkest scenes of its history, which had for me a mysterious, absorbing interest. Later, this interest deepened into a passion, so that France became my nation by right of choice, if not of birth, and its capital the one place of all others that I desired not merely to see, but to know. Of course, by that time I had accustomed myself to think solely of the delusive pinchbeck Second Empire Paris, through which Napoleon the little bowled luxuriously behind his outriders, the light-hearted ringleader in a perpetual masquerade. Now and then a fortunate friend went off for a peep at the show, and came back bringing me the latest news of it, with the freshest knick-knack from the Rue de Rivoli in golden lacquer that soon grew tarnished in our uncongenial climate. Long before the settled purpose to take my own part in the revel seemed to approach its accomplishment, I had acquired a small collection of such articles de Paris, and might have drawn a warning moral from their dingy surfaces but that my eyes still held the glamour of youth in them. When I took down my *Æsop*, it was only to read the fable; to me the application was tiresome and profitless.

Everything comes to him who waits, even though he be the poorest of earth's creatures; and the Garners, in point of worldly goods, stood almost at the foot of the respectable class in our community. Indeed, I have heard that "as poor as Tim Garner" was a favorite form

of comparison when I went to school. The boys had no need to go out of their way for the proverbial Job's turkey or church mouse, with my poverty's picturesqueness always before them; but they were considerate enough not to taunt me with what I could not help; and very soon, with two or three exceptions, they passed out of my life, getting on in the world by divers pleasant paths, while I, with the necessity of earning my pittance constantly goading me, entered a counting-room by the lowest round of the mercantile ladder. There for a time, without perceptible advancement, I ground out a wretched existence, developing only a capacity for patient waiting that was truly pathetic in view of the impossible day-dream that sustained me; this being none other than the grand tour itself, with Paris for its goal. So I watched the ships of my employers discharge upon the musty wharves, and faithfully kept tally of precious cargoes that were not mine, confident that some bright morning my own ship would come in. At last, as I have already hinted, it came and went, clearing for the Fortunate Islands with my effects on board. I was not clad, to be sure, in all the independent luxury of purple and fine linen which the dream had foreshadowed. But when dreams come true in this world, they do it by halves, generally speaking.

In fact, I was not an independent passenger at all, but a mere shipment, duly entered and labeled like a bale of merchandise. A certain American banking firm in Paris had sent out for a junior clerk, who was to be young, active, quick at figures, and, above all, home-made. Hearing of this, I applied for the place, and, thanks to my youth, to my fairly good address, and especially, perhaps, to my family name, which, I am proud to say, has long been a synonym for hon-

esty, I obtained it. The pay was small, — smaller by a good deal than that I earned at home, — but it was clearly intimated that the house of Markham & Wade, while binding itself by no extravagant promises, would do better for me later on, if I gave satisfaction. In this hint I found a golden hope; for these men had begun as I was beginning, and were still young enough to remember the struggle of that earlier time. Their enviable reputation for liberality in small matters influenced me even more than the report of their financial standing, which was undoubtedly good. The feeble opposition of my timorous female relatives, who would have preferred to keep me by them a little longer, I speedily overruled, and, bidden to decide the question for myself, decided for Paris, — that cabalistic word which, cast into the scale against far greater odds, alone would have carried the day.

I had but just turned twenty when, old in aims and expectations, but very young in worldly experience, I was thus packed off for France, with a sudden, desperate uncertainty about the date of my arrival there. For this first Atlantic passage of mine occurred in the autumn of 1870, and the cloud of war hung thick over Paris, which was already in a state of siege. My plans, consequently, underwent a change at the last moment, and, in obedience to a cable message from the house which I already called mine, I proceeded to Paris by way of London, where Markham & Wade had established their headquarters for the time being. It was a queer, shabby makeshift of a place in the Strand, into which they moved for a month or two at most, as was then supposed. But the situation across the Channel grew painfully complicated; and our London business increased proportionately, until by the end of the winter the temporary shelter, enlarged and renovated, had become a tower of strength, our chief source of supply and profit. Thereafter we heard

no talk of its abandonment. The new house had justified itself, much as a boy does, when, coming to man's estate, he leaves the parental roof and takes his life into his own hands.

All London winters are gloomy, and that one was peculiarly so. I suppose we had no more black fog than usual, though for weeks together the sun never shone; but the war news was not exhilarating, and the town swarmed with French refugees, whose mournful faces attended us everywhere. Mainly on their account the newspapers were given over to the wildest rumors, according to which Paris, thrown into a light blaze every few days by the Prussian shells, must be little better than a vast ruin. "At that moment the Arc de Triomphe crumbled and fell" was the favorite report of the nameless eye-witness charged with the agreeable duty of keeping our excitement at the proper pitch. Since all regular communication was cut off, we had often no means of disproving him, but could only pace the sombre London streets and wonder if our luxurious *rez-de-chaussée* in the Rue Saint-Arnaud was really an ash-heap; until letters by balloon-post from our beleaguered staff there would relieve our minds, at the same time filling our cramped office with anxious Frenchmen eager to pick up any crumb of comfort.

Though the prospect of my transference seemed now more than ever remote, I remained still booked for Paris, hoping to enter the French house upon resumption of its business, which, naturally, during the siege was altogether suspended. Meanwhile I had my new trade to learn, and soon mastered its rudiments in days of laborious detail that commonly extended far into the night. My best friends in all the London force were Flack, the head book-keeper, who held me ever in his eye, and Sam Ryeder, whose desk adjoined mine. The former, a simple, fatherly Warwickshire man of fifty-odd troubled

years, waddled like a duck under a burden of flesh that would have made the fortune of a Falstaff. I could not imagine why he should have failed utterly in his youthful attempt to be an actor, until I learned that he had ventured out upon the provincial boards in the rôle of Hamlet. Then I understood it all, and him with it. This unhappy little incident furnished the key to his character, which was remarkable for nothing except a total lack of the reasoning power. Throughout his checkered career — I heard the whole sad story little by little — he had persistently taken things wrong end foremost, simply because he could not determine which the wrong end was. Even in bookkeeping, that happy hunting-ground of the unsuccessful, Mr. Flack went entirely by precedents, and at the turning of a new leaf frankly confessed his helplessness, like a mere beginner. His boyish simplicity made friends for him in spite of himself. The dogged cheerfulness underlying it was probably not the result of a definite intention to make the best of adversity. It arose, I am convinced, from the fact that he could see his way to getting three reasonably good meals for the day and the morrow; beyond that Mr. Flack assuredly never looked.

Sam Ryeder was of so different a complexion that at first sight it seemed as if no stronger contrast to Mr. Flack's ineffectiveness could possibly be conceived, though in reality the two natures possessed striking points of resemblance. A compact little American whose years were but twenty-seven, unaggressive in his nationality, of pleasant manners and well-modulated speech, he had made a brilliant start in life that proved but a flash in the pan; then, buffeted about the world, he had suffered many reverses, without losing a particle of the enthusiasm which, though it was a perpetual delight to others, stood between him and his own success. He knew many men, many lands, and with ready

wit and keen intelligence could talk upon almost any subject convincingly. But when it came to action, his heart got the better of his head and made him a dangerous guide. His landscapes were all sunlight; and without shadows there could be no pitfalls, — he would not hear of them. Of course, a sanguine disposition like this is no defect so long as things go well, and of late they had combined themselves to Sam's advantage amazingly. Just before my arrival, some suggestion of his, attracting the partners' notice, was carried out at once, and promotion with increase of pay followed it. Advancement, when it once set in, being rapid in the house of Markham & Wade, every one now felt that Sam Ryeder's star was in the ascendant, while nobody grudged him his small stroke of luck. We all liked him; and as I had been placed in his immediate charge to acquire the ways of the office, there soon sprang up between us an intimacy, long unbroken, that is still among my cheeriest remembrances of those far-off foreign days. He found lodging for me next his own, — a "two-pair back" in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, — where we stretched our legs and minds together over the cindery hard-coal fire, after a late dinner, substantial but cheap, in some minor restaurant of the Strand. On Sundays we dined better, sometimes at Hampton Court or Kew; and I can even recall one monumental meal of ours on the terrace at the Star and Garter, which cost us rigid economy at luncheon-bars for a whole fortnight. The palate seems to have a special chamber in the memory, where flavors of choice dishes, eaten long ago, are preserved, unmingled and intact, with startling distinctness.

Sam and I had other tastes in common beside these material ones. We admired English books, but scoffed at English pictures, and we deplored the smoke-stained ugliness of London. Inclining to gayety as a flower does to the

light, we gave all our sympathies to the French in their hopeless struggle across the Channel; and it was chiefly for the Marseillaise that we sometimes parted with our hardy earned half-crowns at the door of the Alhambra, where the war-songs were sung nightly to stormy factions, hissing and applauding the airs and emblems of the contending armies with tremendous vigor, then amiably merging their differences in a burst of approval at the sight of the stars and stripes or the British lion. "Ah, Tim, my boy, how I envy you your first day in Paris!" Sam would whisper when the tricolor took possession of the field. He had known the city at what he conceived to be its best, — in the bright days of 1867, — and he was never tired of dwelling upon those bygone glories for my benefit.

One night, coming in late, we found the huge theatre very crowded, but, forcing our way to the front, finally secured two chairs at a table where a little elderly man — a Frenchman, evidently — sat alone. He made room for us with a courteous gesture, and in his restless black eyes there seemed to be a light of recognition; yet, though his features were strongly marked, I could not at first remember where I had seen him before. "It must have been in our place, of course," I thought, thereupon assuring myself that this was the fact, and by degrees recalling the circumstances. He had brought in a small sum of French money for exchange, and, as it happened, had applied to me. I had noticed at the time the trim cut of his iron-gray mustache and imperial, as well as the scrupulous neatness of his shabby coat, the same which he now wore. I perceived that to keep his chair throughout the evening, unchallenged, he had ordered the glass of beer which he did not want. He was drinking sugar-and-water, and as I watched him stir this gravely with the ivory blade of his pocket paper-knife, I recollected that

he had described himself to me as a maker of toys; in support of the statement giving me his business card, which must still be in one of my pockets. At the next pause in the music he accepted a cigarette from Sam, and the two fell into conversation. Then I found the card, and read, under the table, furtively:

ANTOINE BRIZARD,
FABRICANT DE JOUETS,
30 RUE DES FRANCS-BOURGEOIS,
AU MARAIS.

So, joining in the talk, which had turned straight to the all-absorbing topic of the war, I took occasion presently to address him by name; whereupon he smiled, and complimented me in very good English upon the excellence of my memory.

A rap of the leader's baton sent a responsive thrill through the great audience, and the band struck the first notes of the Marseillaise amid a general uproar. Groans and hisses from the German sympathizers only made the applause grow fiercer, and the enthusiasts asserted themselves triumphantly at the appearance of the singer, a tall, handsome woman, wearing the Phrygian cap and flowing garments of Liberty. Coming forward upon the narrow platform built out into the theatre, she sang her song with dramatic effect and much waving of her tricolored banner at the refrain, which the house, including Sam and myself in the front rank of it, took up. With a gracious smile she yielded to our demand for a repetition, rewarding us by a look when we pounded our table clamorously at her final recall.

Monsieur Brizard had applauded, too, but with less emotional fury than our own, which amused and interested him.

"You have heroic sentiments," he said, when all the noise was over.

"And you?" returned Sam, raising his eyebrows.

"I also, though I think but lightly of the lady there. *Pauvre pays!* Who shall say what or where the end will be? Look!" and producing a wad of tis-

sue paper, which he unrolled carefully, Monsieur Brizard took from it a small, dark object; then, with a twirl of his finger and thumb, he sent this spinning out upon the table.

It was a tectotum of about an inch in diameter, bearing upon each of its four sides a design intended to symbolize one of the powerful French parties, — the golden lily, the cock of the Orleans house, the imperial eagle, the liberty cap. “*Voilà la France, messieurs!*” said Monsieur Brizard, as the eagle fell uppermost; “a plaything in the hand of fortune!” We examined the toy, which was highly finished, with the facet lines picked out in gold. I gave it a twirl, and our companion smiled, but shook his head doubtfully, when the eagle came again. “*Perhaps,*” he muttered.

“Where did you get the thing?” Sam asked.

Monsieur Brizard tapped his forehead. “Here,” he said; “that I might divert myself a little. *C’est une idée, ça, — le totot politique.*” So, with an air of pride in his invention, he tried it once more, watching its fall eagerly, and shrugging his shoulders in comic distress when the lily turned up. “*Zut!*” he cried, as the house was stirred into fresh excitement by the *Wacht am Rhein*. “*Je m’en vais. Au plaisir, messieurs.*” Sweeping the fickle instrument of prophecy into his pocket, he made off hastily, and I saw no more of him for many a day.

Time went on, bringing the capitulation of Paris, the long armistice, the melancholy treaty of peace, the entry of the Germans to the *Place de la Concorde*. Then followed the fierce ascendancy of the Commune, whereof no man could foresee the issue. During these troubled months, communication with Paris, although nominally resumed, proved uncertain and hazardous. But Markham & Wade, whose watchword was enterprise, desired to make the most of this advantage, and, having little confidence in the mails, sent messengers back and forth

across the Channel repeatedly. I begged hard for permission to serve in this capacity of courier, and one day in early spring, soon after the insurgents had gained control of central Paris, the privilege was granted — only to be revoked; for at the last moment my youth and inexperience, as I saw, were cast into the scale against me, the outlook being stormy, the mission being a delicate one, and Sam Ryeder filled my place. The balm of mild flattery softened this blow, — the messenger, once in, would probably be unable to get out again, and I could not be spared from my post in London; but it remained a blow, nevertheless, though, in view of Sam’s evident glee, I counterfeited a good grace and uttered no remonstrance. Sam made his way into Paris not without difficulty, and there he was forced for a time to stay, precisely as had been predicted; then, owing to circumstances which he regarded as favorable, his stay was prolonged through all the wantonness and ferocity of the second Reign of Terror, until, with a few hours of desperate street-fighting, the Commune, yielding inch by inch before the resolute *Versaillais*, had become a mere historic memory. Sam lost none of these rare opportunities, which led him into many scrapes. More than once, through his insatiable curiosity, he was arrested as a spy and dragged to headquarters, where a look at his passport sufficed for his release. Armed only with this document, he watched the *Vendôme Column* fall, and, rushing into the crowd, pocketed that fragment of bronze which now serves as a paper-weight upon my table. On the terrible 23d of May, while the *Tuileries* burned, he prowled the streets all night, hovering near the path of death and destruction like a carrion bird; and if he was not actually in at the Commune’s downfall, during the final struggle of the *Place de l’Opéra*, five days later, he must have been close upon it. I need not say that I still envy him these dreadful experiences.

It was on the following morning, May 29, 1871, that I was summoned by the partners into their private room and asked how I should like to serve as special messenger to Paris by the night express. I replied that I should like nothing better.

"You have never been in Paris, Garner, I think?" continued Mr. Markham, smiling at my eagerness, as I plainly perceived.

"No," said I gloomily, fearing that the admission might once more turn against me, "but" —

"Then it will be a good plan to improve your opportunity," broke in Mr. Wade. "Send your passport up to the legation for a *visé* at once, and go prepared to stay on for a day or two. See all you can and learn the ropes. When things are settled, we shall need you there."

"Thank you," said I, overjoyed. "And my instructions?"

"May be summed up in one word, — 'caution,' " Mr. Markham answered. "You will wear a belt containing French money, — twenty thousand francs, more or less, — which Mr. Flack will hand you at the close of to-day's business. You will deliver this at the Rue Saint-Arnaud the moment you arrive. That's all."

"Except to bring back whatever may be handed you in one, two, or three days, according to the turn of affairs," added Mr. Wade. "Be guided by that, but make the most of your visit." And so they dismissed me.

The day was unusually busy, even for a mail-day, and we were all up to our eyes in work, of which I would have undertaken a double share cheerfully, in view of my approaching journey. At luncheon-time I stole an extra quarter of an hour to pack my light luggage, and, carrying this down to the office, I stowed it away under my desk there, since I was to take the train at Charing Cross, close by. Toward seven o'clock I bolted what passed for my dinner at the near-

est of the crowded counters I frequented. Coming back, I found that the tide had turned: the partners were already gone, the staff hilariously bent upon following their example; the whole place was in a whirl, through which I put the finishing touches upon my own task, while one by one my fellow-clerks noisily took leave. During the next half-hour Mr. Flack kept up a dispute with Wilmot, the cashier, whose accounts had obstinately refused to balance. They counted and recounted their rolls of money, until at last the error was brought to light. Then, after their exchange of congratulations, Mr. Flack turned to me.

"Come, Garner, man, look alive! It's time you were ready. Off with your coat, and let me buckle on the harness for you."

He held in both hands a wide belt of chamois leather lined with pockets, the flaps of which were buttoned down over the money he had packed away in them. As he strapped this around my waist, he explained that the contents included nearly equal proportions of notes and gold, and that he had distributed the latter along the belt, to "even up" the weight, as he expressed it. Nevertheless, the weight so adjusted was considerable, and at first I felt as if every step must betray my unwieldiness. But I soon grew accustomed to this new sensation, and when I had put on my coat again no one would have observed the slight halt in my gait, or suspected any unusual feature in my attire.

"Here's your demnition total!" said Mr. Flack, handing me a memorandum of the sum I was to carry. "Francs, twenty-one thousand, five hundred; or pounds sterling, eight hundred and sixty, roughly speaking. You're worth more than ever before in your life, my precious. Come on! Give me those traps of yours. You must get aboard, youngster, get aboard!"

As we stepped out into the rush of the Strand, a fierce gust of wind lifted my

companion's hat, but he threw up his left hand just in time to save it.

"Tim, my boy, are you a good sailor?" he inquired, jamming the hat down over his eyes.

"Oh yes. Why do you ask?" I answered.

"Why? Bless your little heart, do you forget you're on an island?" Mr. Flack rejoined. "And it's going to be a naughty night to swim in. Lear's fool, act third. I played him twice: once in Derby, once in Manchester."

"How did it go?" I asked absently, with a glance toward the stars, few of which were visible.

"Go? I was great in it, — great, I tell you; and it's the best part in the piece, too, bar the king. Heigh-ho!" Then, sighing at the remembrance of his former greatness, he led the way into the station, tossed my luggage to a porter, and demanded a "first-class return" for Paris, with an accent of pride upon the ordinal number. "The house always travels 'first,'" he explained, lest I should fail to be duly impressed.

We hurried on to the barrier, through which he seemed to have the right of way. "Going across?" asked its guardian, with a nod.

"Not I; it's only the lad. Old England's quite large enough for me, this season, thank you."

In this patronizing manner I was deposited in the corner of a first-class carriage, otherwise vacant; Mr. Flack waved a last farewell from the platform; and the train rumbled out over the murky Thames to the Surrey shore and back again into the Cannon Street station, on the Middlesex side, close under St. Paul's. Here we found other passengers, one of whom, entering my compartment, seated himself opposite to me, somewhat to my annoyance, though he seemed inoffensive enough. He was a fussy, self-important little man of middle age, disposed to talk freely, with an accent that would have betrayed his foreign origin, even if, in a

few moments, he had not proclaimed his nationality. When the guard examined our tickets, the foreigner observed that mine was for Paris, and commented upon the fact. "I go only to Calais," said he, "to conclude certain trifling affairs, and then to Belgium. *Moi, je suis Belge.* And you are English, are you not?" Inclined to caution, I yet saw no reason for being ungracious, and so answered that I was American. The information appeared to interest my fellow-traveler, and it led him into a flow of compliment upon the nobility of our race, which, despite its extravagance, caused my blood to tingle pleasantly. But though he asked no other questions, the familiar, personal tone of the conversation made me uneasy. This he probably perceived, and as we went gliding on through Kent his talk trailed off to the weather, which certainly gave him a good excuse for the change of subject. The night was dark as a pocket; rain had set in, and the big drops were driven sharply against the window-pane by the rising wind. I remembered Turner's picture of the train in a storm, and shivering, though it was not cold, drew the overcoat which I had thrown off around my knees. My new acquaintance stopped talking, and settled himself snugly into his corner. I grew drowsy, nodded, slept for one half-minute, again for another, until, aroused by a draught of air, I started up, to find that the coat had slipped from my knees, that the train stood still, and that the Belgian was peering out of the open window into the night. My mind reverted to my belt, whither one hand instantly followed it. Convincing myself by the sense of touch that all was safe, I asked why we had stopped and where we were.

"We are at Dover, — that is all," said he; "the guard comes for our tickets. Now we move on, — to the pier. Good God! what a night! Oh, this cursed sea, — I have no love for it at best."

I laughed lightly. Here was I, at last, on the point of embarking for France.

What would be a wave more or less to me? The cockle-shell mail-boat chafed and tugged at its mooring restlessly. In spite of the storm there were many passengers; and I had no sooner set foot among them than I encountered my old friend Monsieur Brizard.

He stopped his nervous pacing of the quarter-deck to hail me with a degree of warmth which I cordially returned.

"You are going home?" said I.

"Yes," he sighed, "to what is left of it, if that should be permitted. The thing is not so easy yet, they say, for us who are Parisians. We are scrutinized at Calais, it appears."

"Surely you have your passport?"

"Oh yes," said Monsieur Brizard, touching his breast-pocket, from which a corner of the document protruded; "with my visé for Paris, all in order. Yet even so, I doubt. The moment is a troubled one; the best of us, I am told, lie under grave suspicion."

The Belgian had come up, and his readiness to talk asserted itself at once. "Bah!" said he; "they magnify these difficulties in London. I can assure monsieur that we honest men need have no anxiety. A Parisian friend of mine passed through yesterday without question; and he was a patriot of the newest sort, a so-called friend of liberty."

"Ah, so much the better, then," Monsieur Brizard replied. "Since monsieur does not disturb himself, and, like me, returns to his native land" —

"Oh, moi, je suis Belge!" rejoined the other, setting him right.

Then for the next few minutes we chatted pleasantly together upon our short voyage and its prospects, after the manner of fellow-passengers.

But the moment the steamer cast off, conversation became impossible; indeed, there was no remaining on deck with any comfort. The wind, rain, and spray soon swept it clear, and we were forced below into an obscure cabin furnished with a continuous line of berths which had

neither curtains nor partitions. These couches were already well filled, the only vacant places being at the stern, where, rolling up my overcoat for a pillow, I wedged myself between my two companions, — in good time, for five minutes later the cabin floor was crowded with recumbent figures in various stages of seasickness. Our own retreat was very dimly lighted, and we congratulated ourselves upon its comparative seclusion. But the motion soon proved excessive: poor Monsieur Brizard, frankly yielding to it, turned pale and moaned, while the Belgian hid his face, suffering in silence. Before long, the atmosphere, the sights and sounds of these close quarters, began to tell upon me, good sailor that I was. I lay flat on my back, dreading even to move; then, indifferent to all but my own pain, I shut my eyes and tried to sleep off the dull headache of which I gradually grew unconscious. At last, the pitching and tossing diminished perceptibly, and our limbo stirred into life with a general sense of relief. We were nearing Calais. Vaguely aware of this at first, I found presently that the Belgian, who had occupied the inner place, was already up and engaged in the friendly task of infusing courage into the limp, spiritless soul of Monsieur Brizard. I lent him a hand, and together we raised the sick man to a sitting posture. He looked like a white shadow of himself. His clothes, all awry, hung round him in wrinkles. As we shook them into shape, a paper fell from his breast-pocket. The Belgian stuffed it back, remarking severely that he should have an eye to his passport. This speech acted like a spur. Monsieur Brizard sprang to his feet, and proceeded to feel in all his pockets. I immediately thought of my belt, which had slipped out of place a little, but as I quietly adjusted it the weight reassured me; and just then, Monsieur Brizard, declaring that he had lost something, turned back to the berth, where in a moment he found a small roll

of tissue paper, which he held up triumphantly.

"C'est le toton politique, ça!" said I, laughing; while my remembrance of his odd little toy brought a flush of pleasure to his cheek, as he smiled and nodded. He was already better, and the fresh air on deck soon revived him. We were coming into port beside a long pier, from which uncouth figures hailed us with tossing lanterns. Monsieur Brizard pointed out to me a group of uniformed custom-house officials near a picturesque old gate; and beyond this I saw the gables of Calais in a confused mass against the sky. A voice warned us to make ready our passports, as we plunged into the throng surging up to the landing-stage. In this scramble the Belgian was swept away, and we saw no more of him. But I still clung to Monsieur Brizard, who, declaring that there was not the slightest hurry, moved away from the crowd, when we reached the top of the gangplank, to light a cigarette under the nearest lamp-post.

"We have a full hour to wait," he explained. "Now for the passports, which will be taken up for examination as we enter the douane." Speaking, he drew his out and opened it. "Sacré nom de mille tonnerres!" he cried.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"It is not mine, this paper. Look! The name is 'Alexandre Duval, négociant de Paris.' Who is he, and what have I to do with him? Expliquez-moi ça, mon ami!"

But I had no explanation to offer. I could only stare at the paper, and ask if the visé was in order.

"Yes, yes; it is of this morning, when I obtained my own. Sapristi! that explains all clearly. They have returned me the wrong one, and I was too stupid to notice it. But what is to be done?"

We stepped nearer to the lamp, for careful inspection of the passport, which was undoubtedly genuine. It was drawn for a man of forty-eight, whose descrip-

tion followed in detail, but with the usual vagueness: "Face, oval; forehead and mouth, medium; hair, gray." I compared these features with the bearer's, finding that they conformed sufficiently well; and Monsieur Brizard arrived swiftly at the same conclusion. "Parbleu!" he cried, "it might pass for me, — all except the age, and I am but fifty-one. Grâce à Dieu! quelle chance!"

"Precisely!" I agreed. "You have only to pass on with this. They will never detect you, — never in the world!"

"Right! There is, indeed, no other thing to do," said he. "It is better than to wait over night in this hole of a provincial town. Allons, et bon courage! Eh, but the folly of it! Were I imprisoned for a month, I could not complain."

We went on to the gate, there delivering the passports to an officer in charge, who ushered us into a dreary waiting-room of the station. Here the passengers for Paris were penned up like so many sheep, while rigid scrutiny of their credentials went on behind a closed door in one corner, toward which all eyes turned impatiently. When, after a long delay, this door was opened, we swarmed on to the inner sanctuary, where our names were called in turn and the passports redelivered as we presented ourselves to claim them. It chanced that my name fell among the first, but, there being no hurry, I lingered on, anxious to learn my companion's fate. Little by little, the crowd thinned out; and its number had dwindled to two or three, when Alexandre Duval was summoned. Monsieur Brizard responded instantly, moving forward to the desk in perfect self-possession. The officer gave him one searching look; then, without a word, handed back the passport. I joined him at once, and together we went out under the wide arch of the station. We were admitted to French soil at last; there, before us, stood the long line of carriages placarded for Paris. But we still had twenty minutes to spare; so, at the sug-

gestion of Monsieur Brizard, who declared that he was famished, we turned into the buffet, where our light supper of bouillon and cold chicken, well served, seemed to me my most refreshing meal for many a day. Then, in a very happy mood, we strolled back to the train; perceiving, first, that the best places were taken; next, that there was grave doubt of our finding any places at all. "En voitures, messieurs!" shouted the guards, with a great slamming of doors. We rushed wildly up and down the line, Monsieur Brizard plunging finally into one carriage, and I into another far removed from him. I sank into its only empty seat just as the train started, and for the next few minutes thought of nothing but to get my breath again, and make sure that no personal effects had slipped from my pockets in all this frantic haste.

When we were fairly out of Calais, and the blue shade had been drawn over the carriage-lamp, making its light of the faintest, I had a good opportunity to examine my belt once more. I accordingly did so, — this time with great care. The coin was all in its place; there could be no doubt of that. But, to my horror, I discovered that the front pocket, containing the package of notes, had been cut in two by some sharp instrument, and that every note was gone! My hair stood on end. In vain I told myself that the cut had always existed, that I was dreaming, that the sealed envelope lay safely hidden in another pocket. I had seen Mr. Flack deposit it there, and knew that the hope was false. I remembered perfectly the figures marked upon it, and I verified them now by my memorandum in the dim light, — 12,150 francs; more than half, that is to say, of the entire sum entrusted to me. I was robbed, — robbed through my own imprudence, when I had been expressly warned to practice circumspection. The dreadful second thought, which seemed to involve my ruin, left me faint and cold.

My life has been one of many trials,

but I am sure that the hours which followed this discovery were among the worst I have ever known. As the train rushed on, my seven fellow-passengers, whose consciences were at rest, composed themselves to sleep, while I, bolt upright and broad awake, stared out at the wild country, summoning back into my tortured brain every circumstance from Charing Cross to Calais, trying to fix the moment of the theft, with which, alternately, I saddled the Belgian and Monsieur Brizard. Then slowly I became convinced of the latter's innocence. The Belgian was the thief, of course. He had observed the belt on the way down, perhaps, and he had rifled it as I dozed at his side in the steamer's cabin. I groaned aloud over the fact that we were flying farther and farther from him every moment. I did not even know under what name he traveled. He had watched while I slept miserably, suffering him to crawl from the inner place without disturbing me. He was first upon his feet as we came into Calais. I had found him, when I woke, bending over Monsieur Brizard, whom he had taken to task about the passport. The passport! Thereby hung a strange incident of which we had made too little. What if he, with some motive best known to himself, had exchanged Monsieur Brizard's passport for his own? What if he were no Belgian, but Monsieur Alexandre Duval, *négociant de Paris*? The fancy, once conceived, impressed me as a revelation of the truth. One misdeed seemed to illuminate the other, and I was firmly persuaded now that, like myself, the toy-maker had been robbed in the dark, though only of his good name.

Abbeville! come and gone in a breath. Amiens! where we waited a little longer, while our bearings were tested with the clink of hammers. Then tired nature asserted itself, and, in spite of all my trouble, I nodded into painful sleep, the prey of nightmares. When I woke, the dawn was slowly breaking over the fair

land of Oise. The storm had passed away, the sky was clear, the sun came up gloriously. Green fields, thickly sown with buttercups, stretched off on either hand, while now and then a rideau of pale poplars stood out against the distant horizon. But I watched the growth of the calm summer morning with an aching heart. The busy town of Creil flashed by us. Two of my companions woke, and chattered about the beauty of the landscape, the brilliant sunshine, then lapsed abruptly into moody silence at sight of the Prussian uniforms and helmets on the platform of Saint-Denis, which still remained in the enemy's hands. And now, hemmed in by walls, we rattled on toward the heart of Paris, where the journey ended at last in the dismal Gare du Nord.

The station was crowded, and its noisy confusion jarred upon my nerves. Very weak and dispirited, I pushed on to the barrier in the hope of overtaking Monsieur Brizard ; but he was nowhere to be seen. I carried only hand-luggage, which the officials passed unopened ; and a moment later, jumping into an open victoria, I gave the cocher our address in the Rue Saint-Arnaud.

It was a quarter after six by the clock of Saint-Vincent-de-Paul when we drove under it through the long Rue de Lafayette, where the shops had already opened. Tricolored flags fluttered at all the windows, as if the city were decked for some feast-day ; but a veil of smoke swept low over the quarter, and I soon saw that the day was rather one of mourning. Half the women were in black ; every face looked saddened. We passed on into denser smoke and deeper sadness. The house-fronts, torn by shot and shell, gave me glimpses of deserted rooms with their household gods still in them. Martial law had been proclaimed, and as I crossed the Place de l'Opéra, which was completely gutted, I could see the soldiers grouped about a line of camp-fires on the Boulevard des Italiens. The war-cloud

overshadowed everything in all the splendid distance ; and my own cloud, not to be shaken off, enveloped me more closely. Thus, chilled to the very soul, I entered the Paris of my dreams.

Our concierge gave me a cheery welcome and the freedom of the office, where the day's work had not begun ; then he brought coffee, which I gratefully accepted. My spirits rose a little, enabling me to consider my trouble calmly and to decide upon my course. I resolved to confide in Sam Ryeder, or in the cashier, should he appear first upon the scene, before breaking my unpleasant news to the higher authorities. Of the cashier I knew little more than his name, which was Hawkins ; but we were fellow-clerks, and I trusted to him in advance for counsel and sympathy. Two hours dragged on ; until at half past eight the vanguard of the force arrived, stirring the silent precincts into sudden activity. The tall steel safe, like a coffin set on end, was opened ; the books were distributed ; the juniors, one by one, took up the daily task. Then came a facteur from the post-office to leave his budget of letters, and a telegraph-boy with a message for Monsieur Hawkins. I saw the pale blue envelope placed conspicuously upon the cashier's desk, now the only unoccupied one except Sam's. I would make my confession to no one else, and, irritated by delay, I began to accuse them both of laziness, forgetting how young their day still was.

At last, a tall man, with careworn features and grizzled beard, strode briskly to his place, where, pouncing upon the telegram, he tore it open, read it, and tossed it down. This, then, was Mr. Hawkins. As I came forward timidly, he looked up.

"Ah ! you are Garner ?" said he. "Just in from London ?"

"Yes," said I, fumbling at my belt with clumsy, nervous fingers ; "and here" —

"Good ! the French money. Glad you came through all safe. But look

there! See what Flack telegraphs me: the man needs a keeper. Eh! Are you sick, my dear fellow? What the devil is the matter with you?"

The matter was that I had reeled like a drunken man, clutching the desk with both hands; for the London message ran as follows:—

"Send back by mail our cash memoranda, put into Garner's belt by mistake for French notes. We forward notes to-morrow. My fault, not Garner's.

FLACK."

"It's nothing—I mean it's everything!" I stammered. "Let me sit down a moment, and I'll tell you. I think the journey has upset me a little."

He brought a chair, and sent out for brandy. Then I showed him the slashed belt, and told my story in broken sentences, incoherently, while my mind wandered back to that last half-hour in London with its wrangle over the accounts, amid preparations for my hurried departure. I understood exactly how, in his excitement, Mr. Flack had substituted for the envelope of French notes another envelope containing merely slips of paper with figures scrawled upon them,—Wilmot's cash items in suspense, to be redeemed by the sums they represented without passing through the books. It was this valueless thing which had been sealed and marked so carefully; this, only, which the thief had secured. The money, thanks to an accident, was safe, and I was no longer a lost soul awaiting punishment. I saw these details and my fortunate escape in a flash. But how Wilmot was ever to balance his cash again, without the stolen memoranda, I could not see.

When I communicated the doubt to Hawkins, he advised me not to worry about trifles. "Let this be a lesson to you, my boy," he added. "Never take another man's word for anything, especially a bookkeeper's. But cheer up! You are well out of it, and we'll keep the matter to ourselves."

I thanked him for the friendly suggestion; none the less, to Sam Ryeder, who presently joined us, I reviewed my story,—dramatically, this time, reserving the happy surprise of the telegram for the very end. Meanwhile, his face was a study in sympathetic emotion. It lighted up, however, as I finished; and drawing a long breath, he said: "Well, if you ain't just the luckiest kid that ever lived, I'm blessed! But what a state you're in! Come round to my place and wash up. Then I'll give you a look at the town. It's worth a morning's work. There are sights here to stir a blind man!"

I turned to Hawkins, who not only agreed, but formally detailed Sam to a few hours of special service as my companion and guide. Sam's lodging was in a comparatively new quarter beyond the Place de Clichy, but instead of driving there directly we made a small detour through the Place Vendôme to the Tuileries Garden, and back by the Rue Royale. Every moment of that first Parisian morning is indelibly stamped upon my memory, and I still see, as I saw then, the broken column lying in the square, the smouldering palace, the scarred portico of the Madeleine, the upturned pavements that had formed the barricades, the distant Panthéon dome with its two gaping shell-holes,—one due to the Prussians, the other to the Versailles, as Sam informed me. The red flag had been thrust into them both, he said; but now they bore the tricolor which decked every building and monument in sight. He pointed out a theatre pillar on which a man was pasting the bill of the play at the Gymnase for that night,—the curtain to rise at six, since all lights must be out at eleven, when taps were sounded. So, while we drove on, Sam suffered nothing to escape my notice, playing perfectly his part of showman.

"And the trouble is n't over yet," he declared excitedly. "There are fifty thousand insurgents still at large, and new

arrests hourly. They make short work of those fellows. Martial law, you know; two hundred executions directly under my window, yesterday. By the way, I hope you have your passport handy? It is n't safe for any of us to be without one."

In relieving him of this anxiety I was reminded of Monsieur Brizard, and his passport, lost, strayed, or stolen. That episode of the night's adventure had been omitted from my hurried narrative at the office, as having little bearing upon my case. Sam, it appeared, had seen more of Brizard than I supposed, in the London days, and liked him. Accordingly, he pricked up his ears at once, agreeing with me that the exchange of passports was not an accident.

"I hope the old boy got in all right," said he. "If you don't mind, Tim, we'll stop at his place in the Marais and call upon him. We can breakfast at the Rocher de Cancale. This is my door on the left, three flights above the entre-sol. I'm au quatrième."

I found his lodging very comfortable, and said so. "Yes," he agreed, "it's a bit better than our old shake-down in Covent Garden. See here!" Then opening a back window, he called attention to its fairly wide view toward Montmartre. There were some new buildings, half completed, with the staging still up; and beyond these I could see one end of a high board fence, apparently inclosing vacant ground.

"It was just there," Sam explained, "that the men were shot yesterday, like so many dogs, — there, back of those boards." As he spoke, a puff of white smoke rose behind them, immediately followed by a sharp report.

"Good God!" he cried. "They're at it again, now!"

We leaned from the window, looking down. Below us a narrow street led into a small square, scarcely fifty feet away. On the corner was a café, with the usual row of iron tables outside. There, under the awning, a group of officers sat in ear-

nest discussion; otherwise, the square seemed entirely deserted. But a line of soldiers, drawn up at the entrance, kept back the curious crowd slowly collecting under our windows. As we looked, a prisoner was brought by two of the guard before the improvised tribunal; and we instantly recognized Monsieur Brizard.

Sam gave a cry of alarm, and dashed down the stairs into the street, while I followed close behind him. We made our way up to the line without difficulty, to be stopped there, as a matter of course. But our entreaties were so urgent that at last they prevailed, and word came to pass us. We arrived none too soon. Monsieur Brizard, put under surveillance at Calais as Alexandre Duval, had been arrested that morning in the Gare du Nord upon a triple charge. The man Duval was a thief and a receiver of stolen goods, as well as a Communist. Certain silver ornaments, stolen from the churches, had been traced to his house, and it was believed that he would venture back into Paris for the purpose of removing them to a place of greater safety. Orders were given to shadow him simply, until he could be caught red-handed, with the property in his possession. But this, on the previous night, had been unearthed in his cellar; hence the sudden change of plan and our friend's predicament. Monsieur Brizard had protested in vain that he was a victim of mistaken identity. His story found no credit, until my testimony, with Sam's vigorous support, confirmed it in every particular. After severe cross-questioning we procured his formal release, for which he became hysterically grateful.

We breakfasted, that morning, not at the Rocher de Cancale, but in Monsieur Brizard's apartment over his quaint, old-fashioned shop of the Marais, with his wife and children dancing attendance upon us in a state of ecstasy. I saw the honest bourgeois often during the next few years. He made a small fortune with his *toton politique*, which was of-

ferred for sale in every window on the boulevard throughout the official term of "Papa Thiers," as we irreverently called the first President of the new republic.

The clever toy and its inventor went their way with him, at last, — the mortal one. They are dead as yesterday, all three. Requiescant in pace!

T. R. Sullivan.

THE POLITICIAN AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

INDIANAPOLIS AND CLEVELAND.

THE unscrupulous politician is the greatest enemy that we now have to contend with in public education. His highest conception of the public school is that its revenues offer him the opportunity of public plunder. Did he accomplish his end without other injury to the cause of education than the depletion of its revenues, he might be ranked merely with the common thief. However, he does not confine his depredations to the financial side of the matter, but pushes his corrupting presence into the school itself. He commits the unpardonable sin when he interferes with the rightful tenure of office of the teacher, and seeks to make political reasons more effective than professional competency in securing and retaining teachers' positions. The purpose of this paper is to compare some existing conditions in this respect with reasonable ideals, and to suggest remedies for some of the direct evils to which public education is now exposed. It is somewhat difficult for me to summon sufficient patience for the calm consideration of this subject, in view of the officious impertinence of the politician on the one hand, and the apathy of the good citizen on the other. But it seems clear that if the selfsame good citizen is ever to be roused to an appreciation of his duties and his rights in the premises, it must be through the utterances of some one else than the partisan politician.

It is true that many other unworthy influences operate in the employment

and retention of incompetent teachers; but all other influences, either inside or outside the profession, dwindle into insignificance when compared with the baleful effects of partisan politics. It is natural, therefore, that in any discussion looking toward practical results in rendering the teacher's tenure more secure and the teacher's career more attractive, practical politics as a factor in school elections and appointments should receive a large share of attention. Yet before this phase of the subject can be adequately treated certain ideals must be explained, to serve as standards of comparison when forces external to the profession are to be considered.

In the first place, the good of the profession requires that persons of special ability and adaptation shall be selected as teachers, and that these persons, after having received a liberal scholastic training, shall prepare themselves for the work by a thorough course in the science and the art of teaching. The schools in this country that have attracted attention through the excellence of their work have enforced a standard whose lowest limit includes a course of study equivalent to high school work for four years, supplemented by a normal school course of one or two or three years, or the equivalent of this preparation gained in that dearer but still more effective school, experience. It is highly desirable, too, that the inducements to enter the primary and grammar grades be made sufficiently

great to lead college-bred men and women to turn their attention to this work, especially in the administrative and supervisory tasks of elementary education, in which their riper scholarship and fuller discipline could make themselves felt for good throughout the corps. To achieve this end, not only must the tenure of these teachers be made more safe, but the conditions for promotions within the ranks must be such as to secure certain recognition for unusual scholarship and administrative or teaching ability, without too much stress on length of service as a factor in advancement. Somewhat in proportion to the enlargement of horizon by liberal education do teachers dislike to be made dependent for appointment and successive promotions upon school boards, whose members, almost without exception, are without due respect for scholarship and are unfriendly to advanced professional training. To secure for any community, then, the best graduates of the colleges and normal schools, and to retain the services of these persons in the most vital parts of the school system, some inducement as yet practically untried must be found. A long stride in this direction will have been made when professionally trained superintendents shall have the power to select teachers, and to assign them to the grades for which, all things considered, they are best adapted.

All promotions to places of responsibility should in like manner be made by the superintendent, — alone if in a small city, together with his assistants if in a city so large as to require assistants. Let the deciding power, in such case, rest with those professionally trained for this work, and teachers will soon come to recognize the justness of the method; and they will prefer to risk their professional advancement in the hands of those capable of appreciating real success rather than with a school committee or school board, whose members, though they be reputable citizens, are not capable of dis-

tinguishing between the true teacher and the veriest charlatan. Could teachers be assured that professional worth would be duly appreciated and suitably rewarded, they would the more zealously prepare themselves before entering upon the work, and more earnestly seize the opportunities of improvement which every good system of schools keeps within reach of its teachers.

I have no doubt that there are unjust and incompetent superintendents, supervisors, and principals; but the number of those who will prostitute their office to the service of their prejudices is relatively so small as not to be taken into account, while their ability to judge of professional merit in teaching is so far beyond that of the average committeeman or member of a school board as not to allow of comparison. Were professionally competent persons thus made the sole judges of competency, whether the custom be supported by statute or by the higher law of common consent of school board and community, teachers would be quick to see its benefits.

It has often been argued that after all these advantages of tenure have been secured for women teachers, a large proportion of them will marry, and abandon the profession after a short term of service, leaving their places to be filled by beginners; and that thus the average term of service is not determined by internal reasons, but by matters entirely outside the profession. There is some show of truth in the argument. But in my judgment it is a sufficient answer to say that long average tenure of service is not the sole object in view; for the main purpose is to give teachers security and serenity, so that they will prepare themselves better before entering the profession, and devote themselves more exclusively and happily to the work while they remain in it. Should the teacher, after a reasonable term of service, marry and leave the work, she goes out into the community carrying with

her a respect for the public school and a belief in its efficiency that will be scarcely less valuable in the family and in the community than it was in the school-room. Our public school system is too new yet to reap in full the advantages of the increased public respect due from the second and third generation of those who have loved and served the public schools.

It is common, also, to repeat the worn-out theory that our teaching force will always be transient as long as so large a proportion of our teachers are women. It has recently been shown that the States having the largest ratio of women teachers have also the longest average term of service of teachers (as well as the best schools), and that the mean average length of service of teachers has until now been greatly lowered by the presence of men in the work who do not intend to make teaching a profession or a career, but who use it merely as a stepping-stone to some business or to another profession. The course that I am recommending would have the effect, I believe, of ridding the profession of these time-servers, and of introducing a larger ratio than heretofore of men who will make teaching, including supervising and superintending, a career; and better yet, of calling into the profession a class of men of larger native endowment, more complete adaptation to the profession, and more liberal scholarship than we find among those who teach temporarily.

There remains another point to consider, — how to get rid of incompetent, non-progressive, or negligent teachers. Self-respecting teachers cannot remain satisfied to work side by side with teachers who are held in their places by reasons foreign to the profession. The tribunal which discharges the incompetent must be of the same professional type as has herein been advocated for the selection and promotion of teachers, and its decision must be absolute and final. No procedure will more quickly improve the

morale of the teaching force than the fearless discharge of unworthy members by the proper and competent authority. It must be made certain that no influences whatever can be relied upon to retain a position except the worthy work of the teacher. Let this be once established in any city, and one of the most vexatious causes of stagnation in city schools will have been removed.

To recapitulate: there are three important functions in the management of a corps of teachers, in any system of schools, which cannot be safely vested in non-professional hands: the selection, appointment, and assignment of teachers; the promotion of teachers to fill vacancies occurring in the more important positions; the discharge of unworthy, incompetent, or non-progressive teachers.

Members of school boards are usually chosen on account of other reasons than their professional knowledge of school work. They are manifestly not the competent professional authority here advocated. The creation of the office of superintendent is a recognition of the need of an executive officer who is an expert in this very work which the members of the board are unfit, through lack of training, to perform. Having, then, provided an expert executive officer, it is absurd not to allow him to use his expert knowledge in the highest interest of the schools; and yet I venture the assertion that in a very large proportion of counties, towns, and cities the superintendent is a superintendent only in name. In my own judgment, the proper method is to give to the superintendent (either by statute, or by the common consent of the school board as the legal authority and the community as the interested party, preferably the former) full power to appoint, promote, and discharge teachers, and to hold him strictly to account for but one thing, — good schools. Select a capable man for super-

intendent, give him adequate power, and require results. The possession of power will make him conservative; and the concentration of power in his hands will make it easy to hold him accountable for results. Appoint the superintendent for an indefinite period, but be sure to reserve a means of getting rid of him for incompetence or malfeasance in office. Of course it is plain that since the superintendent is the highest expert in the system, he must be immediately responsible to a non-professional body, the school board or the school committee. This must be frankly admitted as a defect. But it may as well be admitted further that, with our present democratic tendencies, there must somewhere be accountability to the people; and the work of a superintendent is of a kind that can be better explained and better made to appeal to the non-professional mind than the work of the teacher. It is clear to my mind that by this means the effect of non-professional judgment is reduced to its minimum; and while the system will for a while doubtless result in frequent dismissals of superintendents, it will not in all these cases result in the disorganization of the corps of teachers, — certainly not if the same power be immediately conferred upon the new head officer. Indeed, if the superintendent had the power herein advocated, he could soon develop a system of schools which should go far toward preventing his discharge for any except the gravest reasons. In any event, it seems necessary to require the superintendent to be the instrument in securing for teachers a reasonable tenure of office, even though he be occasionally offered up on the altar as a vicarious sufferer for the more fortunate members of the force. The conditions here explained are in practical operation in many places, notably in the two cities of Indianapolis and Cleveland, in one of which the superintendent, by sufferance of the school board and by the glad consent of the people, exercises

every function here described, while in the other such power is conferred upon him by statute.

Before giving a detailed account of these instances it will be instructive to examine the "confessions" referred to by Dr. Hall in the March number of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Such confessions could not have been made by the members of any other profession. It is difficult to decide which is the more startling, the innocent acceptance of the situation by teachers and superintendents, or the depth of cupidity and cold-blooded selfishness manifested by the partisan politicians, and even by members of school boards. It seems strange that people who are apparently honest in other social relations will deliberately conspire to secure the appointment and the retention of persons as teachers who are known to be incompetent to perform the service implied in the contract. That these persons are not clearly conscious of the enormity of their crime is shown by the naïve way in which they sometimes offer, as reasons for employment, incidents and qualifications in no way related to the work of teaching. In my own term of service as superintendent, I have had persons insist upon the engagement of individuals as teachers on one or more of the following grounds: the applicant belongs to a good family, has high social standing, is of a scholarly turn of mind, has always wished to be a teacher, has had a reverse of fortune, has failed in other fields of endeavor, has friends who are taxpayers. In some instances, poverty has been assigned as an incontestable qualification; while in a few cases, ill health, debarring the applicant from entering upon hard labor, has been offered as an imperative reason for immediate employment as a teacher in the public schools. While these confessions make a mild showing in favor of all these reasons, they concentrate about two. I refer to the influence of church membership and that of partisan politics. Church influ-

ence assumes two forms, one of which is more respectable than the other, but both are baleful. The appointment of a fellow-member of a church is asked, irrespective of competency from an educational point of view, and the employment of competent teachers who happen to belong to some other church is discouraged. The confessions before me bewail most bitterly the prevalence of both of these influences, but especially that form of sectarian bigotry which cannot find value in the work of any teacher who does not attend "our church." Such sentences as these are taken somewhat at random from among many which might be cited:

"If a man is not an attendant at the prevailing church, he cannot succeed in holding his position here." "An unseen church influence often decides the case." "A church broil unseated my predecessor." "Teachers here must be of a certain church denomination." "The Methodist church meddles with school matters more than any other denomination here." "To hold your place in a Democratic community, you must be a Democrat; if these Democrats are principally Baptists, you must be a Baptist too." "There is a contention between Catholics and non-Catholics. The teachers of opposing denominations are dismissed by the opposite party without consideration of competency." Occasional islands "lift their fronded palms" above the almost universal deluge. One superintendent writes: "Although our board is A. P. A., one Catholic teacher is so competent and popular that they have not dared to remove her. I have had close relations with many school boards, and I must say that I have never known any other case of like forbearance." Another puts it vividly: "A teacher's position is very much dependent upon church relations." Still another says: "Political influence has but little weight here, but church influences are strongly felt." One may indeed well ask in what state of darkness a man must be who

can consent to regard membership in a special church as a fitting qualification for appointment to a position in the public schools! It is true that he deludes himself with the idea that he does not give membership as a reason; he says, "other things being equal;" but other things never are equal. It results finally in making it appear that other things are so nearly equal that his candidate must receive consideration. The friends of the public schools must begin a crusade against church sentimentalism, until clergymen and members of the churches will allow competency to teach in the public schools to be tested by the regular standards of professional worth.

But the highest measure of just execration must be reserved for partisan political interference with the interests of the public schools. It is upon this point that our confessions converge most sharply. A superintendent in one of the Eastern States writes: "Nearly all the teachers in our schools get their positions by what is called 'political pull.' If they secure a place and are not backed by political influence, they are likely to be turned out. Our drawing teacher recently lost her position for this reason." One writes from the South: "Most places depend on politics. The lowest motives are often used to influence ends." A faint wail comes from the far West: "Positions are secured and held by the lowest principles of corrupt politicians." Another writer says: "The teachers of this place have practically no protection from political demagogues. Not only is political influence used directly, but it is made to reach out through all other avenues. They must trade with the merchants, bank with the bankers, take treatment of the doctors, consult with the lawyers, and connive with the politicians of the dominant party." "No teacher with us feels secure except those who are of the same political faith as the 'powers that be,' is written by a resident of the Atlantic slope. "The pub-

lic schools of this city are partisan political schools," writes another. "Politicians wage a war of extermination against all teachers who are not their vassals," comes from the Rocky Mountains. "Our board is politically corrupt. The members voted to put out the principal of the high school because he was of the opposite political party; they put in one of their political friends who had a pull," is the complaint from the Pacific slope.

There seems really to be no geographical limit. A pestilence will sometimes confine itself to certain doomed regions, and when the poison has run its course it will subside; politics never so confines itself and never subsides. Appointments are made, promotions secured, removals effected, on the basis of a political auction. "How many votes can you control for me when I become candidate for mayor?" seems to be the test question in mathematics required in many places. Sometimes payment has already been made, and the appointment of a friend is taken as the settlement of the account to date. The situation staggers belief. No one seems to grasp its real significance. It would be a serious problem if it were simply plundering the public treasury. Its evil would be beyond computation if it extended no farther than the corrupting, humiliating, and degrading of the men and women who teach in the schools, and who, though they are infinitely the superiors of the political bosses, must submit to the most galling indignities, or cease to follow their chosen profession. But the real enormity of the crime begins to dawn upon us when we consider that these political tricksters, who give positions to incompetent teachers in return for political support from the friends of such teachers, steal from defenseless children. The horrible accumulation of social consequences would appall us if it resulted only in deformed bodies and wasted intellectual energies. But the inevitable consequence of incompetence in the schoolroom is

spiritual death to the children, the dwarfing of all noble purposes, the paralyzing of all high effort, the destruction of all elevated ideals, the gradual obliteration of all that makes life worth living. Herod killed the innocents, as he doubtless thought, to protect his throne. The modern politician murders the children for mere gain; and it does not seem to make much difference that his own children are among the number. Partisan politics is the most horrible curse that ever spread its blighting influence over the public schools.

Light breaks through slight rifts in the clouds, giving a glimpse of what may be if this dark pall shall ever be lifted. One teacher writes: "I believe our teachers are secure while efficient. I have never known any attempt to remove the best teachers." Another says: "Politics has never in any way affected our schools." I have known several places where political influence has been practically removed from the educational side of school affairs. In two cities with which I am especially well acquainted, similar results have been achieved by two very different methods. My references to these cities as examples will necessarily require statements of a personal nature, from my intimate connection with both movements. The end of pertinent concrete illustration has seemed to me to justify the personal references.

Indianapolis and Cleveland have each a system of schools in which the teaching corps is fairly removed from the influence of politics, and professional conditions control, in the main, the tenure of office of the teachers. But the two instances differ widely as to the methods by which this result has been brought about.

The Indianapolis school system was founded and developed by educational experts, with relatively little assistance from the community. Whatever variations in detail have been brought into

the work by the successive superintendents, one uniform policy has obtained in this respect. Whatever mistakes have been made have been mistakes incident to educational work, and not in general to outside interference. Whatever excellencies have been wrought out — and they have been many — have been patiently wrought out through intelligent and conscientious leadership and a faithful, loyal, and thoroughly trained corps of teachers. The distinguishing feature has been the fact that superintendents, supervisors, and teachers have, in their professional capacity, held the respect and confidence of the community to such an extent as to preclude in the public mind any tolerance of non-professional interference in the tenure of office. The superintendents have in succession, each in his own way, been leaders in pedagogical thought and practice, and the teachers, with some exceptions, have loyally preferred to submit their professional standing and treatment to the educational executive rather than to appeal, through any of the arts of political, sectarian, or social intrigue, to the board of education. The foundation for this condition was laid in the very organization of the schools. The man first elected to the superintendency, and charged with the permanent organization of a city school system, made it clear as a cardinal principle of action that he was to be regarded as an educational expert; and that if his services were accepted at all, it must be on the ground of his capability to organize and to carry forward the work of the educational side of a public school system. For eleven years he labored assiduously; securing necessary legislation, selecting the best teachers, organizing and grading the schools, encouraging successful teachers, discharging incompetent ones, until he had established a system of schools, outlined a course of study, developed a loyalty to high purposes among his teachers, and in many ways set a high standard of educational

achievement. He established a successful city normal school when such schools were few, and laid stress on thoroughness in professional training to a degree which I have never seen equaled in any other school of its kind. He was a born executive, a capable leader of teachers, but never a teacher of teachers. He had educational ideals, but he could not teach these directly to his teachers. He succeeded in finding teachers who could to some extent work them out in the school-room. He then held these realized ideals up as object lessons to the others.

This method was calculated to foster intensity of effort, ruggedness and vigor of method, fierce competition, and far too high an opinion of tangible results. But these were the faults of the youth of the system; and it must be granted that the high purposes, enthusiastic loyalty, and large capacity for work which the superintendent developed in the corps of teachers made an excellent foundation on which his successors could the more easily and surely erect the superstructure of an organic teaching force. His immediate successor was a scholarly, thoughtful man, who was a true teacher of teachers. He liberalized and organized the course of study, and taught the teachers how to teach it. He pursued courses of psychological and pedagogical reading with his teachers, and set every one upon his honor to do the best he could for the children. While the fierce competitive struggle among the teachers was not in any sense abandoned, a new end in education was set up, and less rigid attention to externals was required. This period was one of enthusiastic study of education in its broadest principles. The superintendent's leadership was mental and moral, developing a taste for philosophic and literary studies among the teachers of the city that has remained to the present time. His good work was done so unobtrusively that some members of the board wondered if he were doing anything; but those of us who were in his

corps of teachers understood him, and felt the inspiration of his presence and work. With no special interest in external organization and little disposition to explain to outsiders his plans and motives, he encountered some opposition from members of the school board; but he was supported by the majority and by the teachers and the public, and the principles for which he contended were well sustained.

The third superintendent brought to the work organizing power of a high order, connected with scholarly habits. He further modified the course of study, improved the general organization of the schools, preserved and extended the studious habits of teachers, and especially gave tone and efficiency to the work of individual teachers. There was manifested about this time some inclination among members of the board to assume the rights guaranteed them by law of controlling appointments of teachers in their districts, rather than to obey the unwritten law which had generally obtained of affirming the judgment of the superintendent. But the movement was more or less condemned by the general public, and was looked upon with great disfavor by the teachers of the city; always excepting the limited few who preferred to secure and retain their positions and standing by wheedling the members of the school board rather than by rendering acceptable service in their profession. There was more or less feeling of uncertainty during the early part of this administration, but things grew better as time went on; and the six years of his work must be reckoned a period of great general progress in the schools. They were attracting public attention for the general excellence of their work, and a devoted band of students of the science and art of teaching had grown up in the corps of teachers. Twenty-one years of development had passed since the first definite organization of the school system was begun, and maturity and permanence had become visible.

Necessary school legislation had been obtained; a central supervisory force had been established, reinforced by district supervision. The city normal training school had become securely fixed in the confidence of the educational authorities and the general public as well. A superintendent of primary instruction, continued in office through three administrations, had developed unusual excellence in the work of the lower grades. The important principle announced by the founders of the system, that educational matters should be judged and decided by educational experts, though often temporarily overridden, had on the whole been fairly sustained.

It was at this juncture that I succeeded to the superintendency of the schools in Indianapolis. I was familiar with all the struggles by which they had risen to their enviable position; and I felt that if a further advance was to be made, it must be through a still more pronounced and vigorous policy. Giants in the educational world had preceded me, and if I were to survey the field with accurate view I must stand on their shoulders. I had studied the situation carefully for ten years, from a position too near, however, to give me the requisite perspective. From my new position I was able to see with a truer vision. I assumed at once all the rights that had been claimed by my predecessors in reference to the educational side of the system, and extended them in some directions. I believed that it was my right as well as my duty, in the new office, to appoint, promote, transfer, or discharge teachers as the case demanded, reporting my action to the board for legal confirmation. I consulted freely with the various committees of the board; but whenever questions as to teachers and courses of study arose, I assumed that members of the board would not think of deciding questions concerning which they could not have the knowledge, but that, as an educational expert and the

executive officer of the board, it was part of my official duty to attend to all matters requiring definite professional knowledge. I said but little in public about my plans, but I took occasion to explain my ideals quite in detail to individual members of the board whenever opportunity offered. Some were already in accord with my views; others became so upon explanation; while a few members were anxious to resume the spoils or patronage system to which they had been accustomed in politics. During the first few years of my administration the close of each school year brought with it the inevitable struggle; and many times I was threatened with failure of reelection unless I would become subservient to individual members in the matter of appointments, assignments, promotions, and discharge of teachers. My invariable reply was that while I was allowed to continue in office my authority must be commensurate with my responsibility. I think it was chiefly a wholesome fear of public opinion that made these politicians yield rather than press the matter to an open rupture.

While this line of action was carried on with the school board, there was an attempt to pursue a just and vigorous policy with the teachers. Professional study was encouraged; self-improvement among teachers was rewarded by promotion; incompetent teachers were discharged; and a belief was established among the teaching force that professional capability and faithful devotion to the public service would result in appropriate recognition. A unity of purpose and action throughout the schools was brought about by organizing all the supervisors and principals into a pedagogical society for professional study and discussion. Stated written examinations were abolished, and more rational methods of promotion of pupils were adopted. A spirit of mutual helpfulness was encouraged, in place of the competitive struggle for supremacy which had too

long been allowed. The superintendent tried to be a leader and an inspirer of the teachers rather than a mere carping critic. The expected changes came about slowly; it was a process of evolution rather than of revolution. Teachers became more liberal in their ideas of management, more scholarly and capable in their teaching, and more hopeful of their own progress. An intenser interest in childhood was developed, and a better view of education was enforced.

The teachers were convinced that the tests put upon their work were at last professional; that the power of appointment, promotion, transfer, and discharge was exercised in fact by the superintendent and his assistants; and that the action of the board was merely that of legal confirmation. As the years went by, the lists of appointments and assignments were made out by the superintendent, after full consultation with teachers, supervisors, and principals, and confirmed by the board without change. It was the climax of a progressive movement extending through thirty years. No other principle ever striven for in the schools of Indianapolis did so much good as that one did, namely, the principle of practically removing the entire control of the teaching force from the hands of the members of the school board, and placing the tenure of the teachers upon a professional merit basis. All other reforms ever made there were small as compared with this one, since this was at the base of all the others. The teachers of Indianapolis have suffered under many trying limitations. They have worked on meagre salaries, and in many instances supplied apparatus and appliances out of the money thus received. But through it all they have preserved their professional spirit, their enthusiastic loyalty, and their heroic devotion. They have at last compelled the respect of a community that has been too slow in its appreciation of their self-sacrificing endeavors. More than to anything else this result is due

to the fact that the school board permitted the school people to conduct in their own way the educational side of school affairs. Whatever sins this board may have to answer for (and I confess I do not think it has always been perfect), I am thankful that through ten busy, anxious years I was allowed by it to set the educational standards, and to plan the movements by which these educational ideals were year by year realized. It cost many hours of explanation and argument to secure the privilege, but I have never regretted the time so spent. It was often the case that new members elected to the board came in with the idea of gaining a reputation for reforming things generally, especially of applying to school-teachers the practices of political party patronage. It frequently took much of the time and strength of the superintendent, which he should have spent in improving the schools, to disabuse members of the notion that they were fitted to appoint and remove teachers in the public schools. There were, however, always a few members of the board who stood four square to all the political winds that blew, and strongly upheld my hands in every effort to make the educational side of the school work strictly professional.

One aspect of the work in Indianapolis was always difficult for me to account for in such way as to preserve my respect for human nature: stubborn objection, made by many of the young teachers and their friends, to the necessary criticism given by the helpers (or critics) in the normal practice schools, and by the superintendent, assistant superintendent, and supervisors after promotion to regular places in the corps of teachers. Throughout all the earlier years of the struggle for good schools, there was bitter opposition to the long-continued and patient training required in the practice rooms of the normal school. Similar objection was made to the supervision given by assistant super-

intendents and supervisors, whenever this work was made sufficiently close and exacting to be of real value. While the same condition to some extent yet exists, there is now a large body of teachers who recognize the professional value of the painstaking work required of them in the earlier years of their teaching, and who rejoice in the perfection of their powers developed through strenuous exertion under honest, critical, and intelligent supervision.

But now the people of Indianapolis owe it to themselves, and to the teachers who have served them so faithfully, to secure needed legislation. They have been too willing to allow good schools to be produced for them, while they have lifted no finger in aid of the enterprise. They have in a way appreciated their excellent schools; but they have allowed the school-teachers to fight the battle for better schools unaided and alone. The next legislature should be called upon to change the present law in two or three important particulars. It should separate the business department from the educational side of the public school work, and place the legal power of appointment and removal of teachers in the hands of the superintendent and his assistants; it should require all members of the school board, and not five or seven at most, to be elected by the city at large, instead of by districts; it should provide for more generous revenues. The city that restricts its expenditures for public education must increase its expenditures for police, judiciary, and penal institutions.

Cleveland, on the other hand, is a city in which, to a considerable extent, the people have been alive to the interests of public education. Originally settled by New England people, who believed that intelligence and morality are foundation-stones that must always be placed under any civic structure which is expected to endure, the city early looked

to the matter of public schools. Cleveland founded the first public high school of any consequence west of the Alleghanies. At first and for many years, the people and the teaching and supervising force worked in harmony, with singleness of purpose; and the result was a system of public education which commanded the respect of the whole people at home, and challenged the admiration of those engaged in school work throughout the country. But as time went on, politicians sought places on the school board. The teaching force was gradually subjected to non-professional restrictions, and political reasons superseded professional competency as conditions of employment. Finally, the people, led by a few representative citizens of both political parties, secured from the State radical legislation, overthrowing entirely the political influences which had prostituted the public schools to partisan ends. The so-called Reorganization Act, better known abroad as the Cleveland School Plan, is in many respects the most advanced school legislation now upon the statute books of any city or State in this country. Its central principle is that of fixing definitely the responsibility for good schools upon certain officials, and guaranteeing to them authority commensurate with their responsibilities. Almost equally fundamental is the idea that the educational work shall be done by professionally trained persons, members of the school board having no direct function or part in the appointment, promotion, or discharge of teachers.

The Act itself is very brief. It provides for a school council of seven members, elected by the city at large, each for a term of two years. The functions of this body are purely legislative; such as fixing salaries of teachers, determining upon location of schoolhouses, purchasing grounds, adopting textbooks. The law provides further for an executive officer known as the school director, upon whom is placed the responsibility

of conducting the executive phases of the business side of the school work. He and the school council constitute the board of education. He appoints the necessary employees in his department, builds the schoolhouses, directs janitors in the care of buildings, supplies fuel and necessary appliances and apparatus, and acts generally as business agent of the board of education. The law also invests him with the power, and imposes upon him the duty, to appoint a superintendent of instruction, should a vacancy occur in that office; and he holds by statute the right to remove such officer, "for sufficient cause," at any time. But it is in its provisions with reference to the powers and duties of the superintendent of instruction that the law is most radical and progressive. This officer is clothed by statute with the power to appoint, assign, promote, transfer, or discharge teachers without interference in any particular from either the director or school council, except that he must receive direction from the latter as to the number of teachers he may employ and the compensation which may be paid them. The superintendent is held directly responsible for good schools, and for this reason he has complete control of the teaching force. It is an instance of vast responsibility and adequate authority. While superintendent of the Indianapolis schools I exercised practically every function which I now perform in the Cleveland schools, but there it was by sufferance of the school board, while here it is by sanction of the law. The advantages of the latter condition are manifest in many directions, especially in the expeditious management of a large mass of business and the prompt adjustment of the teaching force in cases of emergency. But the chief advantage of all is in the definitely professional standard set for the efficient control and direction of the teaching force. This phase of the case deserves a brief explanation.

The plan has been in operation nearly four years. My predecessor occupied the position for two years, resigning to accept still more desirable work. Upon receiving the appointment under the new law, he selected a competent corps of supervisors, who in function are assistant superintendents. These supervisors, of whom there are five, are practically a board of advisers as well as executive assistants to the superintendent. Through the aid of these officers and on his own judgment, the superintendent of instruction has from time to time made such adjustments and promotions among the members of the force as seemed to be in the interest of the schools, and has discharged a considerable number of those who for any reasons have been found inefficient. No teachers have been lowered in rank or discharged without the concurrent judgment of the supervisors; so that the teachers have the security of being judged by as many persons as would constitute a small school board, with the added advantage that each one so judging is professionally competent, and is precluded from rendering judgment upon anything except competency. The result thus far has been a great increase in the general efficiency of the teaching force, a development of a professional tendency and spirit among the teachers, an increased interest in professional study, and a marked general improvement in the morale of the entire body. The fierce competition for promotion has been reduced to honorable effort for deserved recognition. Applicants for positions in the corps present to the superintendent evidences of their professional fitness, and rarely urge unworthy reasons. There have not been wanting teachers who have been greatly dissatisfied with the rulings of the superintendent's department, but the number has been small relatively. The teachers feel a greater security in a professional tribunal than in a non-professional one, and it does not require that they

spend any time in defending themselves against the wiles of the politician. The fact that the majority are fairly satisfied with the tenure of position was recently shown in an emphatic manner. They rejected by secret ballot an offer to secure for them a permanent tenure of office through a bill to be presented to the state legislature. It is true that this clause was connected with an objectionable pension feature; but had many of the teachers felt any great fear for their tenure of position, they would have accepted the objectionable pension feature in order to secure the permanent tenure.

But the politician feels really neglected. Like Othello, his occupation is gone. Like Othello, further, he contemplates murder. However, the people are wide-awake, and will not allow the schools to pass back into the hands of the partisan politician. In the election which was recently held, the people elected to a third term as school director the man who has so wisely and creditably administered that office since the law was enacted. His campaign, both in the nomination by his own party and in the general election, was based squarely upon the theory of efficiency in the office as the test, without reference to political relations and methods. Other good men made the canvass for the nomination, but they could plead only that, since it was a political office, it was time to pass it around. The people did not think so. They elected the present director by a majority six times as great as that by which he was first elected to the same office. Notice has thus been given that the public schools of Cleveland are not in the future to be considered as subject to the damning influences of partisan politics. It is a great achievement in the interests of public education when so practical a step has been taken in a matter of such vital interest to the public schools.

It now remains for Cleveland to take one more advanced position. The most

excellent law which has proved its right to exist yet needs to be amended in at least two particulars. Arrangements should be sought whereby the nomination for school director and members of the school council shall be made upon some other basis than a party platform; and the teachers' tenure of office should be extended in such a way as not to require annual notice of continuance. These amendments would make the law well-nigh perfect. In the mean time, the

people of Cleveland must remember that good laws will not administer themselves. Eternal vigilance is as necessary in school affairs as in any other department of human activity. The people must elect to school offices only those persons who have in other important affairs proved themselves competent and trustworthy, because to these people are entrusted the dearest interests of childhood and the future prosperity and well-being of Cleveland.

L. H. Jones.

RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.

WHEN we speak of the restriction of immigration, at the present time, we have not in mind measures undertaken for the purpose of straining out from the vast throngs of foreigners arriving at our ports a few hundreds, or possibly thousands of persons, deaf, dumb, blind, idiotic, insane, pauper, or criminal, who might otherwise become a hopeless burden upon the country, perhaps even an active source of mischief. The propriety, and even the necessity of adopting such measures is now conceded by men of all shades of opinion concerning the larger subject. There is even noticeable a rather severe public feeling regarding the admission of persons of any of the classes named above; perhaps one might say, a certain resentment at the attempt of such persons to impose themselves upon us. We already have laws which cover a considerable part of this ground; and so far as further legislation is needed, it will only be necessary for the proper executive department of the government to call the attention of Congress to the subject. There is a serious effort on the part of our immigration officers to enforce the regulations prescribed, though when it is said that more than five thousand persons have passed through the

gates at Ellis Island, in New York harbor, during the course of a single day, it will be seen that no very careful scrutiny is practicable.

It is true that in the past there has been gross and scandalous neglect of this matter on the part both of government and people, here in the United States. For nearly two generations, great numbers of persons utterly unable to earn their living, by reason of one or another form of physical or mental disability, and others who were, from widely different causes, unfit to be members of any decent community, were admitted to our ports without challenge or question. It is a matter of official record that in many cases these persons had been directly shipped to us by states or municipalities desiring to rid themselves of a burden and a nuisance; while it could reasonably be believed that the proportion of such instances was far greater than could be officially ascertained. But all this is of the past. The question of the restriction of immigration to-day does not deal with that phase of the subject. What is proposed is, not to keep out some hundreds, or possibly thousands of persons, against whom lie specific objections like those above indicated, but

to exclude perhaps hundreds of thousands, the great majority of whom would be subject to no individual objections; who, on the contrary, might fairly be expected to earn their living here in this new country, at least up to the standard known to them at home, and probably much more. The question to-day is, not of preventing the wards of our almshouses, our insane asylums, and our jails from being stuffed to repletion by new arrivals from Europe; but of protecting the American rate of wages, the American standard of living, and the quality of American citizenship from degradation through the tumultuous access of vast throngs of ignorant and brutalized peasantry from the countries of eastern and southern Europe.

The first thing to be said respecting any serious proposition importantly to restrict immigration into the United States is, that such a proposition necessarily and properly encounters a high degree of incredulity, arising from the traditions of our country. From the beginning, it has been the policy of the United States, both officially and according to the prevailing sentiment of our people, to tolerate, to welcome, and to encourage immigration, without qualification and without discrimination. For generations, it was the settled opinion of our people, which found no challenge anywhere, that immigration was a source of both strength and wealth. Not only was it thought unnecessary carefully to scrutinize foreign arrivals at our ports, but the figures of any exceptionally large immigration were greeted with noisy gratulation. In those days the American people did not doubt that they derived a great advantage from this source. It is, therefore, natural to ask, Is it possible that our fathers and our grandfathers were so far wrong in this matter? Is it not, the rather, probable that the present anxiety and apprehension on the subject are due to transient causes or to distinctly false opinions, prejudicing the

public mind? The challenge which current proposals for the restriction of immigration thus encounter is a perfectly legitimate one, and creates a presumption which their advocates are bound to deal with. Is it, however, necessarily true that if our fathers and grandfathers were right in their view of immigration in their own time, those who advocate the restriction of immigration to-day must be in the wrong? Does it not sometimes happen, in the course of national development, that great and permanent changes in condition require corresponding changes of opinion and of policy?

We shall best answer this question by referring to an instance in an altogether different department of public interest and activity. For nearly a hundred years after the peace of 1783 opened to settle the lands beyond the Alleghanies, the cutting away of the primeval forest was regarded by our people not only with toleration, but with the highest approval. No physical instrument could have been chosen which was so fairly entitled to be called the emblem of American civilization as the Axe of the Pioneer. As the forests of the Ohio Valley bowed themselves before the unstaying enterprise of the adventurous settlers of that region, all good citizens rejoiced. There are few chapters of human history which recount a grander story of human achievement. Yet to-day all intelligent men admit that the cutting down of our forests, the destruction of the tree-covering of our soil, has already gone too far; and both individual States and the nation have united in efforts to undo some of the mischief which has been wrought to our agriculture and to our climate from carrying too far the work of denudation. In precisely the same way, it may be true that our fathers were right in their view of immigration; while yet the patriotic American of to-day may properly shrink in terror from the contemplation of the vast hordes of ignorant and brutalized peasantry thronging to our shores.

Before inquiring as to general changes in our national condition which may justify a change of opinion and policy in this respect, let us deal briefly, as we must, with two opinions regarding the immigration of the past, which stand in the way of any fair consideration of the subject. These two opinions were, first, that immigration constituted a net reinforcement of our population; secondly, that, in addition to this, or irrespective of this, immigration was necessary, in order to supply the laborers who should do certain kinds of work, imperatively demanded for the building up of our industrial and social structure, which natives of the soil were unwilling to undertake.

The former of these opinions was, so far as I am aware, held with absolute unanimity by our people; yet no popular belief was ever more unfounded. Space would not serve for the full statistical demonstration of the proposition that immigration, during the period from 1830 to 1860, instead of constituting a net reinforcement to the population, simply resulted in a replacement of native by foreign elements; but I believe it would be practicable to prove this to the satisfaction of every fair-minded man. Let it suffice to state a few matters which are beyond controversy.

The population of 1790 was almost wholly a native and wholly an acclimated population, and for forty years afterwards immigration remained at so low a rate as to be practically of no account; yet the people of the United States increased in numbers more rapidly than has ever elsewhere been known, in regard to any considerable population, over any considerable area, through any considerable period of time. Between 1790 and 1830 the nation grew from less than four millions to nearly thirteen millions, — an increase, in fact, of two hundred and twenty-seven per cent, a rate unparalleled in history. That increase was wholly out of the loins of our own people.

Each decade had seen a growth of between thirty-three and thirty-eight per cent, a doubling once in twenty-two or twenty-three years. During the thirty years which followed 1830, the conditions of life and reproduction in the United States were not less, but more favorable than in the preceding period. Important changes relating to the practice of medicine, the food and clothing of people, the general habits of living, took place, which were of a nature to increase the vitality and reproductive capability of the American people. Throughout this period, the standard of height, of weight, and of chest measurement was steadily rising, with the result that, of the men of all nationalities in the giant army formed to suppress the slaveholders' rebellion, the native American bore off the palm in respect to physical stature. The decline of this rate of increase among Americans began at the very time when foreign immigration first assumed considerable proportions; it showed itself first and in the highest degree in those regions, in those States, and in the very counties into which the foreigners most largely entered. It proceeded for a long time in such a way as absolutely to offset the foreign arrivals, so that in 1850, in spite of the incoming of two and a half millions of foreigners during thirty years, our population differed by less than ten thousand from the population which would have existed, according to the previous rate of increase, without reinforcement from abroad. These three facts, which might be shown by tables and diagrams, constitute a statistical demonstration such as is rarely attained in regard to the operation of any social or economic force.

But it may be asked, Is the proposition that the arrival of foreigners brought a check to the native increase a reasonable one? Is the cause thus suggested one which has elsewhere appeared as competent to produce such an effect? I answer, Yes. All human history shows

that the principle of population is intensely sensitive to social and economic changes. Let social and economic conditions remain as they were, and population will go on increasing from year to year, and from decade to decade, with a regularity little short of the marvelous. Let social and economic conditions change, and population instantly responds. The arrival in the United States, between 1830 and 1840, and thereafter increasingly, of large numbers of degraded peasantry created for the first time in this country distinct social classes, and produced an alteration of economic relations which could not fail powerfully to affect population. The appearance of vast numbers of men, foreign in birth and often in language, with a poorer standard of living, with habits repellent to our native people, of an industrial grade suited only to the lowest kind of manual labor, was exactly such a cause as by any student of population would be expected to affect profoundly the growth of the native population. Americans shrank alike from the social contact and the economic competition thus created. They became increasingly unwilling to bring forth sons and daughters who should be obliged to compete in the market for labor and in the walks of life with those whom they did not recognize as of their own grade and condition. It has been said by some that during this time habits of luxury were entering, to reduce both the disposition and the ability to increase among our own population. In some small degree, in some restricted localities, this undoubtedly was the case; but prior to 1860 there was no such general growth of luxury in the United States as is competent to account for the effect seen. Indeed, I believe this was almost wholly due to the cause which has been indicated, — a cause recognized by every student of statistics and economics.

The second opinion regarding the immigration of the past, with which it

seems well to deal before proceeding to the positive argument of the case, is that, whether desirable on other accounts or not, foreign immigration prior to 1860 was necessary in order to supply the country with a laboring class which should be able and willing to perform the lowest kind of work required in the upbuilding of our industrial and social structure, especially the making of railroads and canals. The opinion which has been cited constitutes, perhaps, the best example known to me of that putting the cart before the horse which is so commonly seen in sociological inquiry. When was it that native Americans first refused to do the lowest kinds of manual labor? I answer, When the foreigner came. Did the foreigner come because the native American refused longer to perform any kind of manual labor? No; the American refused because the foreigner came. Through all our early history, Americans, from Governor Winthrop, through Jonathan Edwards, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, had done every sort of work which was required for the comfort of their families and for the upbuilding of the state, and had not been ashamed. They called nothing common or unclean which needed to be done for their own good or for the good of all. But when the country was flooded with ignorant and unskilled foreigners, who could do nothing but the lowest kind of labor, Americans instinctively shrank from the contact and the competition thus offered to them. So long as manual labor, in whatever field, was to be done by all, each in his place, there was no revolt at it; but when working on railroads and canals became the sign of a want of education and of a low social condition, our own people gave it up, and left it to those who were able to do that, and nothing better.

We have of late had a very curious demonstration of the entire fallacy of the popular mode of reasoning on this subject, due to the arrival of a still lower

laboring class. Within a few years Harper's Weekly had an article in which the editor, after admitting that the Italians who have recently come in such vast numbers to our shores do not constitute a desirable element of the population, either socially or politically, yet claimed that it was a highly providential arrangement, since the Irish, who formerly did all the work of the country in the way of ditching and trenching, were now standing aside. We have only to meet the argument thus in its second generation, so to speak, to see the complete fallacy of such reasoning. Does the Italian come because the Irishman refuses to work in ditches and trenches, in gangs; or has the Irishman taken this position because the Italian has come? The latter is undoubtedly the truth; and if the administrators of Baron Hirsch's estate send to us two millions of Russian Jews, we shall soon find the Italians standing on their dignity, and deeming themselves too good to work on streets and sewers and railroads. But meanwhile, what of the republic? what of the American standard of living? what of the American rate of wages?

All that sort of reasoning about the necessity of having a mean kind of man to do a mean kind of work is greatly to be suspected. It is not possible to have a man who is too good to do any kind of work which the welfare of his family and of the community requires to be done. So long as we were left to increase out of the loins of our people such a sentiment as that we are now commenting upon made no appearance in American life. It is much to be doubted whether any material growth which is to be secured only by the degradation of our citizenship is a national gain, even from the most materialistic point of view.

Let us now inquire what are the changes in our general conditions which seem to demand a revision of the opinion and policy heretofore held regarding

immigration. Three of these are subjective, affecting our capability of easily and safely taking care of a large and tumultuous access of foreigners; the fourth is objective, and concerns the character of the immigration now directed upon our shores. Time will serve for only a rapid characterization.

First, we have the important fact of the complete exhaustion of the free public lands of the United States. Fifty years ago, thirty years ago, vast tracts of arable land were open to every person arriving on our shores, under the Pre-emption Act, or later, the Homestead Act. A good farm of one hundred and sixty acres could be had at the minimum price of \$1.25 an acre, or for merely the fees of registration. Under these circumstances it was a very simple matter to dispose of a large immigration. To-day there is not a good farm within the limits of the United States which is to be had under either of these acts. The wild and tumultuous scenes which attended the opening to settlement of the Territory of Oklahoma, a few years ago, and, a little later, of the so-called Cherokee Strip, testify eloquently to the vast change in our national conditions in this respect. This is not to say that more people cannot and will not, sooner or later, with more or less of care and pains and effort, be placed upon the land of the United States; but it does of itself alone show how vastly the difficulty of providing for immigration has increased. The immigrant must now buy his farm from a second hand, and he must pay the price which the value of the land for agricultural purposes determines. In the case of ninety-five out of a hundred immigrants, this necessity puts an immediate occupation of the soil out of the question.

A second change in our national condition, which importantly affects our capability of taking care of large numbers of ignorant and unskilled foreigners, is the fall of agricultural prices which has

gone on steadily since 1873. It is not of the slightest consequence to inquire into the causes of this fall, whether we refer it to the competition of Argentina and of India or the appreciation of gold. We are interested only in the fact. There has been a great reduction in the cost of producing crops in some favored regions where steam-ploughs and steam-reaping, steam-threshing, and steam-sacking machines can be employed; but there has been no reduction in the cost of producing crops upon the ordinary American farm at all corresponding to the reduction in the price of the produce. It is a necessary consequence of this that the ability to employ a large number of uneducated and unskilled hands in agriculture has greatly diminished.

Still a third cause which may be indicated, perhaps more important than either of those thus far mentioned, is found in the fact that we have now a labor problem. We in the United States have been wont to pride ourselves greatly upon our so easily maintaining peace and keeping the social order unimpaired. We have, partly from a reasonable patriotic pride, partly also from something like Phariseeism, been much given to pointing at our European cousins, and boasting superiority over them in this respect. Our self-gratulation has been largely due to overlooking social differences between us and them. That boasted superiority has been owing mainly, not to our institutions, but to our more favorable conditions. There is no country of Europe which has not for a long time had a labor problem; that is, which has not so largely exploited its own natural resources, and which has not a labor supply so nearly meeting the demands of the market at their fullest, that hard times and periods of industrial depression have brought a serious strain through extensive non-employment of labor. From this evil condition we have, until recently, happily been free. During the last few years, however, we have ourselves come under the

shadow of this evil, in spite of our magnificent natural resources. We know what it is to have even intelligent and skilled labor unemployed through considerable periods of time. This change of conditions is likely to bring some abatement to our national pride. No longer is it a matter of course that every industrious and temperate man can find work in the United States. And it is to be remembered that, of all nations, we are the one which is least qualified to deal with a labor problem. We have not the machinery, we have not the army, we have not the police, we have not the traditions and instincts, for dealing with such a matter, as the great railroad and other strikes of the last few years have shown.

I have spoken of three changes in the national condition, all subjective, which greatly affect our capability of dealing with a large and tumultuous immigration. There is a fourth, which is objective. It concerns the character of the foreigners now resorting to our shores. Fifty, even thirty years ago, there was a rightful presumption regarding the average immigrant that he was among the most enterprising, thrifty, alert, adventurous, and courageous of the community from which he came. It required no small energy, prudence, forethought, and pains to conduct the inquiries relating to his migration, to accumulate the necessary means, and to find his way across the Atlantic. To-day the presumption is completely reversed. So thoroughly has the continent of Europe been crossed by railways, so effectively has the business of emigration there been exploited, so much have the rates of railroad fares and ocean passage been reduced, that it is now among the least thrifty and prosperous members of any European community that the emigration agent finds his best recruiting-ground. The care and pains required have been reduced to a minimum; while the agent of the Red Star Line or the White Star Line is

everywhere at hand, to suggest migration to those who are not getting on well at home. The intending emigrants are looked after from the moment they are locked into the cars in their native villages until they stretch themselves upon the floors of the buildings on Ellis Island, in New York. Illustrations of the ease and facility with which this Pipe Line Immigration is now carried on might be given in profusion. So broad and smooth is the channel, there is no reason why every foul and stagnant pool of population in Europe, which no breath of intellectual or industrial life has stirred for ages, should not be decanted upon our soil. Hard times here may momentarily check the flow; but it will not be permanently stopped so long as *any difference of economic level* exists between our population and that of the most degraded communities abroad.

But it is not alone that the presumption regarding the immigrant of to-day is so widely different from that which existed regarding the immigrant of thirty or fifty years ago. The immigrant of the former time came almost exclusively from western and northern Europe. We have now tapped great reservoirs of population then almost unknown to the passenger lists of our arriving vessels. Only a short time ago, the immigrants from southern Italy, Hungary, Austria, and Russia together made up hardly more than one per cent of our immigration. To-day the proportion has risen to something like forty per cent, and threatens soon to become fifty or sixty per cent, or even more. The entrance into our political, social, and industrial life of such vast masses of peasantry, degraded below our utmost conceptions, is a matter which no intelligent patriot can look upon without the gravest apprehension and alarm. These people have no history behind them which is of a nature to give encouragement. They have none of the inherited instincts and tendencies which made it comparatively

easy to deal with the immigration of the olden time. They are beaten men from beaten races; representing the worst failures in the struggle for existence. Centuries are against them, as centuries were on the side of those who formerly came to us. They have none of the ideas and aptitudes which fit men to take up readily and easily the problem of self-care and self-government, such as belong to those who are descended from the tribes that met under the oak-trees of old Germany to make laws and choose chieftains.

Their habits of life, again, are of the most revolting kind. Read the description given by Mr. Riis of the police driving from the garbage dumps the miserable beings who try to burrow in those depths of unutterable filth and slime in order that they may eat and sleep there! Was it in cement like this that the foundations of our republic were laid? What effects must be produced upon our social standards, and upon the ambitions and aspirations of our people, by a contact so foul and loathsome? The influence upon the American rate of wages of a competition like this cannot fail to be injurious and even disastrous. Already it has been seriously felt in the tobacco manufacture, in the clothing trade, and in many forms of mining industry; and unless this access of vast numbers of unskilled workmen of the lowest type, in a market already fully supplied with labor, shall be checked, it cannot fail to go on from bad to worse, in breaking down the standard which has been maintained with so much care and at so much cost. The competition of paupers is far more telling and more killing than the competition of pauper-made goods. Degraded labor in the slums of foreign cities may be prejudicial to intelligent, ambitious, self-respecting labor here; but it does not threaten half so much evil as does degraded labor in the garrets of our native cities.

Finally, the present situation is most

menacing to our peace and political safety. In all the social and industrial disorders of this country since 1877, the foreign elements have proved themselves the ready tools of demagogues in defying the law, in destroying property, and in working violence. A learned clergyman who mingled with the socialistic mob which, two years ago, threatened the State House and the governor of Massachusetts, told me that during the entire disturbance he heard no word spoken in any language which he knew, — either in English, in German, or in French. There may be those who can contemplate the addition to our population of vast numbers of persons having no inherited instincts of self-government and respect for law; knowing no restraint upon their own passions but the club of the policeman or the bayonet of the soldier; forming communities, by the tens of thousands, in which only foreign tongues are spoken, and into which can steal no influence from our free institutions and from popular discussion. But I confess to being far less optimistic. I have conversed with one of the highest officers of the United States army and with one of the highest officers of the civil government regarding the state of affairs which existed during the summer of 1894; and the revelations they made of facts not generally known, going to show how the ship of state grazed along its whole side upon the rocks, were enough to appall the most sanguine American, the most hearty believer in free government. Have we the right to expose the republic to any increase of the dangers from this source which now so manifestly threaten our peace and safety?

For it is never to be forgotten that self-defense is the first law of nature and of nations. If that man who careth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, the nation which permits its institutions to be endangered by any

cause which can fairly be removed is guilty not less in Christian than in natural law. Charity begins at home; and while the people of the United States have gladly offered an asylum to millions upon millions of the distressed and unfortunate of other lands and climes, they have no right to carry their hospitality one step beyond the line where American institutions, the American rate of wages, the American standard of living, are brought into serious peril. All the good the United States could do by offering indiscriminate hospitality to a few millions more of European peasants, whose places at home will, within another generation, be filled by others as miserable as themselves, would not compensate for any permanent injury done to our republic. Our highest duty to charity and to humanity is to make this great experiment, here, of free laws and educated labor, the most triumphant success that can possibly be attained. In this way we shall do far more for Europe than by allowing its city slums and its vast stagnant reservoirs of degraded peasantry to be drained off upon our soil. Within the decade between 1880 and 1890 five and a quarter millions of foreigners entered our ports! No nation in human history ever undertook to deal with such masses of alien population. That man must be a sentimentalist and an optimist beyond all bounds of reason who believes that we can take such a load upon the national stomach without a failure of assimilation, and without great danger to the health and life of the nation. For one, I believe it is time that we should take a rest, and give our social, political, and industrial system some chance to recuperate. The problems which so sternly confront us to-day are serious enough without being complicated and aggravated by the addition of some millions of Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, south Italians, and Russian Jews.

Francis A. Walker.

DR. HOLMES — SIC SEDEBAT.

It is an old complaint, which Mr. Morse¹ revives, that biographies of men of letters are apt to be dull, both because the lives led are without moving incident, and because the man of letters anticipates his biographer by putting the best of himself into his books. Disappointing such biographies often are, but usually in proportion to the dullness of the biographer. Of course, if the reader cares only for action, he will find John Paul Jones's life more readable than the life of the author of *Tom Jones*, and a great variety of incident does not seem yet to have made any life of Defoe absorbingly interesting. The truth is, the more completely an author depends for his vitality upon his own power of expression, the more engaging will his biography be, if he is fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a biographer who recognizes that readers wish to know more about a man who has already made himself fairly well known to them. We look to biographies for the means of driving our intimacy to greater lengths; and if a person whom we have never met, but who has endeared himself to us by his writings, has had other forms of expression now at last disclosed to us, — letters, private judgments, companionships, decisions in choice of a career, interpretative acts in social life, — we welcome them as enlarging, enriching, illuminating, it may be, the conception we had already formed of his personality.

For what, after all, is the highest service which biography can render, whether the subject be a man of action or a man of thought, but the disclosure of personality, and that in its highest, most elusive aspect of self-consciousness? It is true, both biographer and reader have

to contribute toward this final clearing up, and it is often only by much sorting out and piecing together that we clumsily reconstruct our figure, and write beneath it *Sic sedebat*; but nothing short of some such attempt at person-building is worth the pains of the writer of biography, and we suspect that though few great successes have been won in literary biography, there is no field of human life which offers quite so many advantages to the biographer who would add another to the gallery of human statues. For, as we have intimated, the man of letters has learned the art of expression, and he is likely to have given more varied careless accounts of himself than the man of action, who has to be translated from deeds into words. In the dozen volumes of prose and verse which constitute Dr. Holmes's writings, it is easy to become acquainted with the author, so that though he scarcely stirred from his little corner of creation, there was no writer of his day who was on the whole better known to his countrymen; at least they thought they knew him, and Mr. Morse remarks, in speaking of the manner in which the news of his death was received: "It was singular to note how strong a *personal* feeling there was in all the utterances of regret. I sent to a 'press-cutting agency' for the newspaper notices, and thus gathered and glanced over, more or less carefully, probably not less than three or four thousand 'clippings,' which must have represented not only a very large percentage of the cities and towns, but a goodly proportion of the villages, of the United States, with a great number from England, and some from France and Germany. I doubt whether in all this number fifty could have been found which did not call the Doctor either 'genial' or 'kindly.' A verdict from so numerous

¹ *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

a jury was conclusive. It was strange, too, how the world had become so profoundly penetrated by the impression. It could not be explained by saying that the Doctor had attacked the inhumanity of the religious creeds, for others had done this; or by saying that he gave constant utterance to amiable sentiments in his writings, for this also had been done by others, even to the point of mawkishness. But in some way or another his writings were so impregnated by an atmosphere of humaneness that it rose from them like a moral fragrance, and the gracious exhalation permeated the consciousness of every reader."

Now, this fact of a uniform and widespread conception of certain fundamental characteristics of Dr. Holmes's nature makes the best possible basis upon which to erect a more detailed and precise familiarity with the personal history of one so well worth knowing, and we can heartily thank Mr. Morse for the frankness and fullness of his revelation. His own comments are candid, and for the most part judicious. They reflect with an honest freedom the judgments which intelligent readers will form upon the whole course of the life, and his criticisms upon the successive writings are manly and sane, even though they may sometimes strike one as a little lacking in the finest sympathy. But over and above his own contribution as critic and interpreter we must value the great service Mr. Morse has rendered in his judicious selections from and groupings of Dr. Holmes's correspondence, and the clear manner in which he has put at the disposal of the reader the means for forming his own conception of the fine spirit which lay behind the prose and verse of the complete works, and of the development of that spirit in the course of a long life of singular tranquillity in outward conditions, of great activity in the realm of thought.

"His life," as Mr. Morse succinctly reviews it at the outset of his memoir,

"was so uneventful that the utter absence of anything in it to remark upon became in itself remarkable. He passed two years of his youth in Europe studying medicine; in his old age he went there again for three months; otherwise he lived all his years, almost literally all his days, in or near Boston, within tethering distance, so to speak, of that State House which he declared to be 'the hub of the solar system,' — and by the phrase made true his accompanying words: 'You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar.' All his intimate friends lived within a few miles of him, save when some one of them went abroad, as Motley and Lowell did. He was not, like so many English and a few American men of letters, connected in any way with political affairs; he never held any office; nothing ever happened to him. Fortunately, the picturesqueness of poverty was never his, nor the prominence of wealth. Days and years glided by with little to distinguish them from each other, in that kind of procession which those who like it call tranquil, and those who dislike it call monotonous."

All the more interesting is it, therefore, to note the development of a life which was so little dependent upon external conditions; or rather, to speak more accurately, which took up into itself, with large power of assimilation, the nutrition of the very soil in which it was reared. Dr. Holmes began, it may be, too late in life to set down in order the circumstances and influences of his early life; he had already, in many less formal passages, given hints of his experience; yet the autobiographical notes which constitute a chapter in the *Life and Letters* have some revealing value, especially as the Doctor classified his impressions under convenient headings, and so managed to concentrate what otherwise might have been mere random recollections and observations. It is interesting

to see how fundamental was the habit of mind which made Dr. Holmes not only a very keen observer, but a rational systematizer of his observations. The wit which formed such a large ingredient in his composition was not only a penetrating, it was a dividing instrument; and there have been few instances, surely, in modern literature where a man's study of himself has been so fruitful and so trustworthy as that of Dr. Holmes. Had he undertaken his autobiography earlier, we think he would have expanded some of the passages reflecting his childish imaginations and fears into important psychological studies. As it is, one can catch glimpses of the man in the lively scenes of his childhood, and of the keen eyes and ears that were assailed in tender years by those external contrasts of humanity and formal theological science which were to play so large a part of Dr. Holmes's later philosophy. There is a striking sentence in the midst of these recollections, which not only contains a truth not generally recognized, but is of value as illustrating an important phase of Dr. Holmes's own experience, namely, the steady development which took place under the unrelenting exercise of a healthy mind upon problems of human life in a spirit of genuine curiosity.

"I had long passed middle age," he writes, "before I could analyze the effect of these conflicting agencies, and I can truly say that I believe I can understand them better now than when I was at the comparatively immature age of threescore years and ten. There are many truths that come out by immersion in the atmosphere of experience; which reminds me of an old experiment in the laboratory: an irregular lump of alum being placed in water dissolves gradually in such a way as to expose the crystal in form underlying the shapeless outline. It seems to me that hardly a year passes over my head in which some point or angle, some plane, does not start out

and reveal itself as a new truth in the lesson of my life. This experience is more common than most people would suppose. The great multitude is swept along in the main current of inherited beliefs, but not rarely under the influence of new teachings, of developing instincts; above all, of that mighty impulse which carries the generation to which we belong far away from the landmark of its predecessors."

There are other bits scattered through these autobiographic notes which let one into the secrets of the author's mental habits, as in what he says respecting his use of his father's library, and the frequent recurrence to those great questions of human nature which never ceased to present themselves to Holmes indicates surely his dominant intellectual and moral interest; but perhaps the freshest and most suggestive section is that in which he reviews the poetical influences of his youth, and refers them substantially to two major forces: Pope in literature, and the beauty of the familiar landscape which was always before his eye as he looked toward the west from his chamber in the Cambridge home. It might be fancied from mere external resemblance that Prior rather than Pope would be the poetic godfather of Holmes. But inspiration comes not from the peer; it comes from one who is regarded as superior; and though the likeness between Holmes and Pope is not formal, it is easy to see how readily the American would admire the great Englishman, and how sane would be the influence of a poet who, with all the assurance of a high imagination, was rigorous in his obedience to poetic law.

These notes stop abruptly with college life. Had Holmes continued them so as to cover his early European experience, we think there is little doubt that he would have given definite sanction to the conclusion which Mr. Morse draws from his reading of the letters written by Dr. Holmes at that time, and

from his study of the working of the young student's mind. The two years' absence from home completed the emancipation which had been begun in the formative years of youth and college life. Intense application to medical study and frugal living had preserved for Holmes the integrity of his nature, and had concentrated his thought; but the complete change from the limitations of a New England village and the family of a minister of the old school to the metropolitan scene of Paris and an occasional scamper through Europe did not so much implant new ideas as they gave opportunity for the rapid growth of convictions already formed. Holmes came back from Europe not only with a better training in medical science than he could have secured at home, but with what was to be of greater consequence to him, a maturity of judgment and a freedom of mind largely due to the healthy working out of his instinctive principles under favorable conditions. In brief, he had not to wrest himself from a control set up by tradition and home training; he would most certainly have done this had he been forced so to do; the germs of a more generous belief had been given a chance to expand, and a development rather than a revolution took place in his mental life. In more than one passage in his writings Holmes bears testimony to the persistence of early habits of religious life, and to the half-humorous charity which he observed toward the remnant of his older self. In a letter to Mrs. Stowe, written in 1871, he says: —

"I occupied a great part of my Sunday (yesterday) in reading your story, which I had just received with the author's compliments. Let me thank you first for the book, and secondly for the great pleasure I have had from it. Would you believe that to this day I do not read novels on Sunday, at least until 'after sundown'? And this not as a matter of duty or religion, — for I hold

the sabbatical view of the first day of the week as a pious fraud of the most transparent description, — but as a tribute to the holy superstitions of more innocent years, before I began to ask my dear, good father those *enfant terrible* questions which were so much harder to answer than anything he found in St. Cyprian and Tarretin and the other old books I knew the smell of so well, and can see now, standing in their old places."

The whole group of letters to Mrs. Stowe has a value, apart from its intrinsic interest, as showing how eagerly Dr. Holmes seized the opportunity afforded by letters to a sympathetic woman representing in the main the religious order from which he had revolted, of defining with greater clearness than he could in polemic discussion the common ground which he held with unhardened Christianity of whatever name. Like most sensitive correspondents, he unconsciously assimilated his color to the leaf upon which he was resting.

With his entrance upon work at home, and especially with his marriage and his definite connection with the Harvard Medical School, the disclosure of Dr. Holmes's growth of personality passes its most interesting point. That is to say, the attentive reader becomes tolerably sure that he has witnessed the most important formative influences upon a life which, as his biographer notifies us, was singularly tranquil to the close. But to the generous observer there is another pleasure to be found in the survey of a life so varied in its expression as this. Growth invites the closest scrutiny, but expansion, the attitude of such a life toward society and contemporaneous activity, offers an interest scarcely less absorbing, and the two volumes, which inclose so much of Dr. Holmes's personal career as material would permit, are full of delightful intimations of a serenity of temper coupled with the liveliest curiosity concerning life that make up, surely, one of the most enjoy-

able personalities ever disclosed to public view. It is partly in consequence of the early secure possession of the citadel of his being, partly a natural inference from a nature which could thus expand instead of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence, that Dr. Holmes through the whole of his long and active life impresses one as a most cheerful and interested spectator. The term must not be pressed too far. At least it should not be forced into meaning that Dr. Holmes had but a speculative concern for the life going on about him. His fidelity to his great profession refutes such a charge. But it is true that by temperament and by choice he limited the sphere of his activity to his profession and to literature. It may even be doubted if he was what might be called socially aggressive. He was quite content to accept the best that fell to him, and to use it generously and freely. It should be remembered that he came upon the stage when the community in which he lived was a bubbling pot of ethical, political, and religious elements, and literature was never far from the lid. Even Longfellow, most tranquil and cosmopolitan of authors, must needs publish a thin volume of poems on slavery. It was held to be either cowardice or selfishness which would keep one out of the fray at such a time. When the time came, Holmes himself was a very pertinacious combatant, and in his own way espoused a "cause" which had no committees and no organization, but an effective organ nevertheless. Meanwhile, his position was sufficiently conspicuous to make his indifference, if such it was, highly objectionable. He was bidden take sides, and Lowell wrote him a letter designed to prick his conscience. It is a great pity we have not that letter, for it would undoubtedly do as much in the way of defining Lowell's earnestness as the reply which Holmes made does in defining the latter's position. The elaborateness of the reply, and the air of de-

fense which it contains, make it evident that Holmes felt the pressure upon him. The whole letter is well worth reading. We must content ourselves with extracts from it, premising that Lowell's letter was called out by the poem *Urania*, now entitled *A Rhymed Lesson*, which Holmes had read before the Mercantile Library Association:—

"I am not aware that I have arrayed myself against any of the 'Causes' to which you refer, and I hardly know where to look for the 'many shrewd rubs' you say I have given them. First, *War*. That old poem you refer to had a single passage in which I used expressions which I think I should be unwilling to use now. But its main object was to show that war is one of the most powerful stimulants in bringing out the power of the human intellect. Some years afterwards I wrote a Canadian war-song, which my better feelings prompted me not to print. I own that I find in myself a growing hatred and disgust to this mode of settling national quarrels, and that in many points I sympathized with Mr. Sumner in his Fourth of July oration. But I cannot shut my eyes to the beauty of heroism and self-devotion which the battlefield has witnessed. I think our fathers were right in taking up arms to defend their liberties, and I have even now a mitigated and *quasi* kind of satisfaction in hearing of the courage and constancy of our countrymen in so poor a quarrel as we are engaged in. I believe there is nothing in this last poem which would go farther than defending our revolutionary struggle, and certainly I have a right to claim some credit for not lugging in Major Ringgold and General Taylor. If, as you seem to think, silence in regard to any great question is affording an incidental aid to its antagonists, then I administered a rebuke to the war party in not alluding to our recent 'glorious victories.'

"Secondly, *Slavery*. I plead guilty

of a thoughtless verse delivered at the same time with my Φ B poem, — meant in the most perfect good nature for a harmless though a dull jest, and taken, to my great surprise, as a harsh and brutal expression of contempt. ‘The abolition men and maids,’ etc. Very certainly I should not write such a verse now, partly because this party has grown more powerful, perhaps, but partly also because I now know it would give offence to many good persons, whose motives and many of whose principles I hold in profound respect. I believe my positive offences under this head stop at this period — 1836 — with this one hardly-judged stanza.

“Fifthly and lastly, *Reform* in general, and *reformers*. It is a mistake of yours to suppose me a thoroughgoing conservatist; and I think you cannot have found that in my writings which does not belong to my opinions and character. I am an out-and-out Republican in politics, a firm believer in the omnipotence of truth, in the constant onward struggle of the race, in the growing influence and blessed agency of the great moral principles now at work in the midst of all the errors and excesses with which they are attended. In a little club of ten physicians, I rather think I occupy the extreme left of the liberal side of the house. The idea of my belonging to the party that resists all change is an entire misconception. I may be lazy, or indifferent, or timid, but I am by no means one of those (such as a few of my friends) who are wedded for better for worse to the *status quo*, with an iron ring that Reason cannot get away unless it takes the finger with it.

“I listen to your suggestions with great respect. I mean to reflect upon them, and I hope to gain something from them. But I must say, with regard to art and the management of my own

powers, I think I shall in the main follow my own judgment and taste rather than mould myself upon those of others.

“I shall follow the bent of my natural thoughts, which grow more grave and tender, or will do so as years creep over me. I shall not be afraid of gayety more than of old, but I shall have more courage to be serious. Above all, I shall always be pleased rather to show what is beautiful in the life around me than to be pitching into giant vices, against which the acrid pulpit and the corrosive newspaper will always anticipate the gentle poet. Each of us has his theory of life, of art, of his own existence and relations. It is too much to ask of you to enter fully into mine, but be very well assured that it exists, — that it has its axioms, its intuitions, its connected beliefs, as well as your own. Let me try to improve and please my fellow-men after my own fashion at present; when I come to your way of thinking (this may happen), I hope I shall be found worthy of a less qualified approbation than you have felt constrained to give me at this time.”

This incident made a great impression upon Dr. Holmes himself, apparently, for more than once in later life he referred to the letter as if it were in the nature of a studied apologia. Its value is in its clear exposition of the point of view which he took, and more especially as confirming an unspoken judgment which it is ours, at any rate, to affirm. For be it said emphatically that Dr. Holmes was an artist, and had the artist’s temperament which almost inevitably separates a man from the exercise of the didactic function. The art which he practiced was a very fine art, so fine that it is often mistaken for unstudied ebullition of nature. In its simplest term, its most evanescent form, it is the art of conversation; in its highest it found expression in *The Autocrat*; but nearly all of Dr. Holmes’s writings, whether in prose or verse, are essays at this expres-

sion of personality, this speaking out loud in finished phrase. Sometimes the measure was rhythmic and poetic, sometimes it was epigrammatic, but always it was with a certain high degree of consciousness the exploiting of self. In a humorous letter to James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Holmes set forth his utter aversion to societies and meetings of all sorts. "I hate," he says, "the calling of meetings to order. I hate the nomination of officers, always fearing lest I should be appointed Secretary. I hate being placed on committees. They are always having meetings at which half are absent and the rest late. I hate being officially and necessarily in the presence of men most of whom, either from excessive zeal in the good cause or from constitutional obtuseness, are incapable of being *bored*, which state is to me the most exhausting of all conditions, absorbing more of my life than any kind of active exertion I am capable of performing."

Other men can fervently echo these sentiments, but the whole tenor of Dr. Holmes's life and art shows him not at all out of touch with men and women about him; on the contrary, he was most social in his nature; but he was gifted with a high power of spontaneous expression, and was impatient of all that mechanism which tended to cabin, crib, and confine personality. Law he required, social order, decorum, the defenses of a highly organized community; and we suspect that much of his content with the home life from which he rarely strayed was due to his consciousness that he was freer within these bounds than he could be by any wide straying.

The individualism which made it easy for Dr. Holmes to keep aloof from organized society is especially noticeable in the entirely isolated position which he held when engaged in the warfare against Calvinism. There were many persons and there were associations actively concerned in the same polemic business, but

so far as these two volumes show, Dr. Holmes had but the faintest outward alliance with any of them. Partly because his militancy had a strong literary purpose, but quite as much because he was a free lance by force of nature, he showed in this most determined expression of himself the same spirit which ruled in his ordinary life. It is curious to note that the moral earnestness which he displayed in this steadfast demand for the freedom of the soul interfered with the catholicity of his taste; or, perhaps more accurately, the limitations of his nature were seen most distinctly in the light of this ruling passion; for the liberality which he claimed as a birthright did not extend, in his literary appreciation, to Dante and Bunyan. The exclusion of these two names from his calendar of literary saints is a striking illustration of the extent to which his zeal for the faith delivered to him had carried him.

The letters which fill the last two thirds of the second volume, and are sprinkled so liberally through the *Life* proper, are witnesses to that rare combination which makes the character and career of Dr. Holmes so significant in the history of American letters and life. He had independence and freedom of mind, but he had also a measureless content with the conditions under which his life was led. He had a splendid curiosity about himself, his fellows, and his God, but he was untouched by that corroding restlessness which drives natures of less equipoise into the wilderness of lost paths. It used to be the fashion, in the acrimonious days of the Professor, to speak of Holmes as a sort of American Voltaire; but it is to be suspected that those who flung the nickname at him never knew either Voltaire or Holmes. His best work is so seasoned with wit that though propositions which when first uttered seemed novel and startling may, largely through the force of his cleverness, become truisms, the form they take is likely to become proverbial. And it

is not unreasonable to suppose that the man himself, even though he be ticketed "genial," as Lamb has to carry the label of "gentle," will remain a gracious fig-

ure in American letters long after his entire writings have been reduced to *The Autocrat*, *The Last Leaf*, and *The Chambered Nautilus*.

RECENT STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THOSE who follow the historical writing of our own day must be impressed with the fact that the tendency is not so much to deal with neglected topics as to rewrite the old subject from a new point of view, to interpret the past with reference to the conditions characteristic of the present. To the interest in politics which dominated the historical thought of the eighteenth and a considerable part of the nineteenth century is succeeding an interest in the study of economic life and of the development of social institutions. Not only is it becoming plain that such a reconstruction is essential to a right understanding of political history, but it is also seen that past politics and history are far from being identical. This sociological interpretation of history has especial significance for the United States, where we have too long spoken of political institutions as though they were the foundation of our prosperity and the determining factors in our career. We are now coming to recognize the vital forces in American society whose interaction and transformation have called political institutions into life and moulded them to suit changing conditions. Our history is that of the rise and expansion of a huge democracy in an area unoccupied by civilization, and thus affording free play to the factors of physiography, race, and custom.

From this point of view, the publica-

tion of a work like that of Mr. Bruce, corresponding secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, on the *Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century*,¹ is of particular significance. He tells us that his original intention was to treat of the economic condition of Virginia in the period from the Revolution to the civil war (a most important and suggestive theme); but after some investigation he came to the conclusion that a study of colonial times was essential to a right understanding of the later period. Even the colonial period, however, proved too extensive, and so he determined to restrict his work to the seventeenth century, and to economic life in its narrow sense. He points out that a complete view of the Virginia people would fall into seven main divisions: economic condition, social life, religious establishment and moral influences, education, military regulations, administration of justice, and political system. Mr. Bruce desires to limit himself to the first topic, and is so respectful of these artificial divisions that he professedly avoids the consideration of how far bricks were used in the construction of churches, on the ground that this would invade the subject of the religious establishment; and he refrains from a systematic account of taxation lest he infringe the domain of the political system. It may be questioned whether this is not a little suggestive of Procrustes, but Mr. Bruce

¹ *Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century*. An Inquiry into the Material Condition of the People, based upon Original

and Contemporaneous Records. By PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

does, nevertheless, write of the labor system in a way that would be equally applicable to a study of social life; he finds himself forced to scatter considerable information on taxation through his book; he tells of brick court-houses in defiance of the spheres of "the administration of justice" and "the political system," of brick forts regardless of the division on "the military," and he even, in a footnote, speaks of several brick churches.

It is probable that the reason which determined Mr. Bruce to limit the scope of his inquiry lies in the great amount of original material for the study of the economic life of Virginia. More than is the case in any other colony, perhaps, Virginia's first century is taken up with preponderantly economic interests, and the mass of printed sources examined by Mr. Bruce is in itself an excuse for limiting his field; but in addition to this material he has made use of extensive manuscript collections not previously worked by systematic historians. Among these are the records of the Virginia land office, the records of many counties, and various important family manuscripts and General Court documents in the possession of the Virginia Historical Society. His pages bear witness to the faithfulness with which he has gone through these sources, and to the fact also that he has not entirely succeeded in assimilating the material and in giving it organic structure. One can gather from the volumes provision for a survey of the development of the economic society of the Virginia tide-water, and can recognize the vast importance of the material for the economic interpretation of the political and social evolution of this leader of the Southern colonies. Mr. Bruce himself gives evidence of ability to correlate what he has gathered; but, valuable though his comments are, they do not fall into a systematic statement of the growth of Virginia as a unity. The plan of the book is partly responsible for

this difficulty. Mr. Bruce first presents an interesting outline of the reasons for the colonization of Virginia, and then gives a view of the physical characteristics of aboriginal Virginia and of the economic life of the Indians. The agricultural life of the colony is next taken up, in successive periods. This embraces an account of the early efforts for gold and the discovery of the south sea, and of the attempts of the company to make the colony profitable by production of raw material; then follows the history of the rise and progress of tobacco culture, and of its final triumph over the efforts to compel diversification of industry by legislation. The mode of acquisition of title to land, and the methods by which the intent of the laws was evaded, make interesting reading. In successive chapters the forced labor of the indented servants and of the slaves is considered. The domestic economy and degrees of wealth of the planters, as revealed in inventories, give us some insight into social conditions. It is surprising to find that the real and personal estate of Beverley, one of the richest of the planters, was equal in value to nearly \$250,000 in money reckoned at its present purchasing power, and that the estate of William Byrd was probably still more valuable. Mr. Bruce concludes that in this period the landed estates of the greater planters averaged at least five thousand acres each. The chapters on the foreign and domestic manufactures show how legislation and natural forces brought about a most intimate dependence of the planter upon the English manufacturer. The planter furnished a commodity that could be delivered directly to the English market, while the New Englander had to secure the means for interchange with England by indirect commerce. One of the side-lights which this survey gives us is the fact that a considerable part of the exchange between the planters and England was effected through stores owned by great planters who acted

as middlemen. Chapters on money and the town, with a brief résumé, complete the work.

It is interesting to compare the economic beginnings of the South with those of New England in the same period, as presented in the valuable work of Mr. Weeden.¹ Where the latter describes the formation of communities and the communal management of lands, Mr. Bruce writes of the rise of isolated plantations, the individual acquisition of lands (by the system of head rights and by extensive evasions of the law), and the development of an economic aristocracy. The history of the development of town economy is a very vital part of Mr. Weeden's theme; but Mr. Bruce has to write of it from the point of view of the antiquarian, describing futile attempts to legislate the Virginians into a mode of living hostile to the genius of the people. One of the important theses of Mr. Bruce is that the method of tobacco-raising, by successively clearing new lands as the old fields became exhausted, produced the great plantations and called out the demand for forced labor. The plantation economy was not the result of negro slavery; this was only an incident to it, although it is likely that slavery preserved this economy, and with the destruction of slavery it received its death-blow. Read side by side, the works of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Weeden will do more to make clear the later history of the United States than will many large histories. It would be of advantage, if space permitted, to glean from the author's volumes material to interpret the political history of Virginia in the seventeenth century, such as the struggle between the large and the small planters, resulting in Bacon's rebellion, and the conflict between the tide-water and the

back country, beginning to shape itself thus early, and becoming one of the vital features of Virginia history down to our own time. There is much material, too, for a study of the way in which the American environment effected transformations of the English colonists, and steadily worked toward the production of the American individuality, even in this colony so like the mother country. Mr. Bruce has initiated a most fruitful study, and in spite of the over-abundance of economic detail, and some tendency to write of the progress of commodities instead of the growth of the economic society, the work shows considerable power, abounds in interesting information, and compels us to await further studies in this field with impatience.

A new edition of Schouler's *History of the United States*² is an indication that the merits of the series are appreciated by the general public, whose needs it is well fitted to serve; but a more attractive paper and print might have been expected of the publishers, and the author's revisions are not as thorough as is desirable. Much of the rhetorical foliage still blooms in defiance of the critic, and many slips in the first edition remain to mar the work. Errors like the statement that Webster joined Clay and Calhoun in leading the national bank measure in 1816 are awkwardly corrected, while such mistakes as the assignment of Herschel V. Johnson, candidate for the vice-presidency in 1860, to the State of Alabama, and the reference to Russia's negotiations over the *northeast* coast in Monroe's presidency, are allowed to remain. Perhaps the only important additions are those in the second volume, dealing with a period in which the masterly work of Henry Adams on the ad-

¹ *The Economic and Social History of New England, 1620-1789. With an Appendix of Prices.* In two volumes. By WILLIAM B. WEEDEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

² *History of the United States under the Constitution.* By JAMES SCHOULER. A New and Revised Edition, with New Historical Maps added. In five volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1895.

ministrations of Jefferson and Madison has been so fruitful. Mr. Schouler acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Adams, but regrets that the latter writes in a disparaging strain. Whatever may be thought of this criticism, the history of Mr. Adams, abounding in acute political insight and in power of historical judgment, is a touchstone by which one can test the merit of these volumes of Mr. Schouler. They constitute a safe and useful pioneer survey of our national history up to the civil war, and are the best single work for the purposes of the general reader; but the treatment never rises into greatness. Mr. Schouler has made real contributions in lifting Jefferson and Monroe into better recognition, and in giving considerable attention to the economic and social life of the American people at various periods. But here, again, the essentially commonplace character of the work is apparent. These chatty interludes are based largely on the reports of foreign travelers, and they reflect the surface of American life rather than illuminate its depths. The economic and social forces demand also more vital correlation with political development than Mr. Schouler has been able to give them.

In the fourth volume of his *History of the People of the United States*,¹ Professor McMaster brings his narrative down to 1820, and deals with the War of 1812 and the economic reconstruction and social changes that followed it. The improvement shown in his later volumes is marked. There is a grasp and organization of materials not to be found in the earlier volumes, and a general gain in historical workmanship. Possibly this improvement is partly because he seems to be assimilating his history more to the conventional standards which he rejected in the beginning. As a story of the life of the people in this period it has

some defects. We miss, for instance, an account of the decline of the power of the Congregational church in New England; of the literary development of the time; of the Indian trade in the old Northwest; of the manners and customs of the older States; of the development of the new settlements of Georgia and the Gulf region; of the local conditions which led to the admission of the new frontier States, and the characteristics of their constitutions. There is a neglect, too, of such topics as the extension of the suffrage, the internal organization of Congress, the growth of the nominating convention in the States. These subjects are closely related to the life of the people, and are important phases of this period of American history. Possibly Professor McMaster is reserving them for later consideration. Occasional misleading statements occur, such as the assertion that the South approved the tariff of 1816, and that the warmest support of the measure came from that section. The author here confuses advocacy by a few prominent Southern statesmen with the support of the section, two quite different things, as the historian of the people ought to have perceived. But after all deductions are made, the work must be recognized as an important contribution to the reorganization of American history, serviceable to the general reader and to the scholar. The accounts of the development of transportation and the spread of population are not only substantial contributions, but are picturesque and full of interest. The treatment of the tariff and the financial aspects is also valuable and interesting. In the survey of the moral aspects of the decade, Mr. McMaster makes it easier to understand the agitation aroused by the Missouri question. In a way, this anti-slavery feeling was part of a wider movement.

The reception by the South of the news of Lincoln's election in 1860, and the surrender of New Orleans in the

¹ *A History of the People of the United States.* By JOHN BACH MCMASTER. Volume IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1895.

spring of 1862, mark the limits of the time covered by Mr. Rhodes in the third volume of his *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*.¹ The volume contains also an account of American traits in the decade preceding the war; "to fill out the picture," he tells us, "is the object of this chapter." The applause which Mr. Rhodes has received for the judicial tone of his history seems to be warranted. Lying so near to the present, with the wounds of civil war only just healed, the field is strewn with pitfalls for every author whose eyes are dimmed by prejudice. Any criticism of the literary form of Mr. Rhodes's work must take these facts into consideration. He is more or less obliged to give the process by which he reaches every conclusion, and to limit his statements. If, therefore, the reader of this volume often seems to be listening to an investigator who is explaining how he comes to certain historical views, rather than to an authoritative minister of Clio, let him be thankful. As an historian of the varying moods of political sentiment in this critical time, Mr. Rhodes does his best work. He has gathered the most extensive apparatus of materials yet used by writers on the period; they represent all sections, and he uses them with critical discrimination. Without harshness, he succeeds in giving the reader clear impressions of the men who were found wanting in the time of trial. Buchanan's weakness and Seward's surprising suggestions for avoiding the war find clear statement. Mr. Rhodes's inclination to free himself from Northern prejudice appears in the frank discussion of the darker side of Grant's career before the war, and in the admiration expressed for the character of Lee, into whose private life he does not go at length. He is not attracted by the constitutional question of the right of secession; it is rather the subject of the influences that were

effective in shaping the event that interests him.

The most serious limitation of the work, considered as a history of the United States, is the almost exclusive attention which is paid to the slavery struggle. It may be granted that this was the dominant interest in the years from 1850 to 1860. But as time goes on, and we look back upon this era from a different perspective, it will be seen that there were other forces at work, — forces less recognized at the time, but quite as effective in shaping the destiny of the United States as were the slavery discussions. This was a decade of American expansion in settlement and in material growth, a period of transformation of the social organism by immigration and industrial change, of the reorganization of sectional relations by railroad-building, by the revolution of commercial connections, and by interstate migration. These and similar topics demand as serious study as does the slavery struggle. The forces of nationalism and material growth which marked the time were powerful factors in giving form to the slavery struggle itself. Mr. Rhodes turns away from this economic survey, with the observation that "the story of our material advancement is apt to be more tedious than a twice-told tale." If the historian simply loads his readers with figures to show the immensity of the growth of American industry and population, this may be true; but it is equally true that only the historian who has the insight and the power rightly to analyze and interpret the economic and social evolution of American society in this era will correctly write its history. It will be found, also, that so far from filling out a picture, he will have drawn the lines that determine the picture itself. Mr. Rhodes's chapter on American life is on the model of similar chapters in Mr. Schouler's work. It is very interesting, Volume III. 1860-1862. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

¹ *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*. By JAMES FORD RHODES.

but it is inadequate. In turning from Mr. Rhodes to the next writer, however, the final word should be one of appreciation; for it would be difficult to point to a more conscientious and successful effort to penetrate beneath the surface of congressional legislation and bring to light the inner political forces that produced the result. To portray the mental attitude of representative men in all parties, in England as well as in America, toward the vast issues that were shaping themselves in these years is to perform a service only second to the service of leading the reader with calm and dispassionate judgment through the field of conflict that furnishes the material for the volume.

Mr. Eben Greenough Scott's *Reconstruction during the Civil War*¹ is, as his preface informs us, an introduction to a proposed treatise on the political history of the whole reconstruction period. The work is likely to attract much attention and discussion. It is written in the spirit of the political critic. He proposes the question, "Have we preserved the ancient character handed down to us along with the Constitution, or have we wandered from the faith of our fathers?" The Constitution, he thinks, "preserves the character of a landmark by which the fidelity or infidelity of the people to their ancient character can be judged. When the storm has cleared away, it reveals indubitably how far they have been swept from their moorings." Mr. Scott believes that the time has now come for the people, "the security of whose liberties is coincident with the preservation of their constitutional character, to ascertain if they have suffered the character to become impaired." He expounds the Union as a group of States, "consisting of a purely artificial central power, endued with the attributes of sovereignty by the sovereign States, who delegated certain powers for the purpose of creating a

qualified and limited sovereign." Starting with this conception of state sovereignty, and with the conception of a people moored to the wharf of a rigid Constitution, it is natural that he should find opportunity to convict the President and Congress of inconsistency and of transgression of the Constitution as thus understood. The emphasis placed by the writer upon the state sovereignty aspects of our early history is evidence of a healthy reaction against the nationalistic interpretation of the beginnings of the history of the United States which has affected many writers of American history; but it cannot be said that Mr. Scott works out his preliminary thesis satisfactorily. His method is the old one of political speculation rather than the offering of historical evidence, and he does not give due weight to the strength of the view that the framers of the Constitution avoided the issue of state or national sovereignty. But, granting the correctness of his contention regarding the intention of the people who ratified the Constitution, it is difficult to see how Mr. Scott can hope to derive from this the obligation that the men of the reconstruction period should place the same construction upon the constitutional relation of States and nation that the men of 1789 did. To write a history to prove that the people of the Union should, under the circumstances of 1865, square their action to the "four corners of the Constitution" as it had been construed in 1789 is not only to attempt the impossible, but it is to forsake the function of the historian. When a people does, in fact, permanently moor its ship of state, it ceases to become a progressive society. Certainly this cannot be charged against the United States, whose name is synonymous with development and change. It is the duty of the historian to trace the growth of national sentiment, and the process whereby the Constitution was

¹ *Reconstruction during the Civil War in the United States of America.* By EBEN GREEN-

OUGH SCOTT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

adapted to this growth. Construction and usage effected this adaptation, and at last, in the supreme trial of the civil war, the results were forced upon men's knowledge by the policy of coercion, the reconstruction measures, and the amendments to the Constitution. To the historian who rightly apprehends and fairly traces these tremendous forces of national evolution, the efforts of the statesmen who sought, in the years of war, to harmonize respect for the Constitution with a determination to hold fast to the fruits of the battlefield will be occasions for expressions of respect for the deep-seated love for law in such a people, rather than for exclusive criticism of their inconsistencies and factional contests. The stubborn facts of the situation were there to be dealt with. By the side of these facts, the question of whether the States had indeed been out of the Union or not became a metaphysical rather than a practical question. To hold to the theory of state sovereignty, to plead the rigid interpretation of the Constitution, and to demand the recognition of the revolted States, with their old rights and pretensions unimpaired, is to shut one's eyes to the facts of war and to bask in a dreamland of speculative politics. But Mr. Scott is convinced that the question ought to have been settled by the assumed opinions of the men of 1789. Believing that "the sources of all political events are to be found in constitutional principles," he has devoted his historical introduction to a philosophical inquiry into such topics as the origins of state sovereignty, the rise and philosophy of American political parties, the Ordinance of 1787, and the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. This introduction is neither systematic nor compact, and frequently seems to be a vehicle by which the author may bring forward ideas not particularly related to the subject in hand. Some of the slips made in the survey may be noted by way of illustration of a certain looseness of state-

ment. On page 185 we find that everything that Hamilton did was opposed to the landed interest, and arrayed this class against him, while on page 141 it is said that this interest actively supported Hamilton's financial measures. Pennsylvania, one of the most democratic of States, is contrasted with "democratic" New England, and its asserted lack of popular notions in government is explained by the effects of the alleged overshadowing influence of the proprietor of the colony. But it is unnecessary to pursue farther this line of criticism, for Mr. Scott's theory that constitutional principles are the sources of political events makes such historical criticism impertinent. From this point of view, it is easy to ignore the social and economic interpretation of the growing nationalism and the habit of loose construction of the Constitution, even in the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. Instead of taking note of these facts, the author beckons us back to the events and principles which actuated the people in the period of their political origin. "Then it is," he insists, "that a people discloses its true nature most simply." It would not be easy for Mr. Scott to substantiate this view.

The latter half of the book, on the reconstruction measures during the war, gives in a spirited and interesting way the arguments against President Lincoln's policy. With this policy the author is quite as little in accord as he is with the conquered-province theory of Thaddeus Stevens, "the Mephistopheles of the Republican party." Lincoln, Mr. Scott seems to believe, was personally desirous of aggrandizing his own power. When the difficulties of the President's position, in the later years of his life, with radicals like Wade and Stevens on the one side, and the partisans of the South on the other, are recalled, it is hard to understand the tone of disparagement of Lincoln that pervades the book. The reader will not find in these pages any

considerable attempt to show the currents of public sentiment which underlay the utterances of the Congressmen.

By comparing the method of Mr. Scott

with the method of Mr. Rhodes, the student will perceive the difference between the critic of a policy and the historian of an epoch.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENJOYMENT OF ART.

THE question, Why do we enjoy pictures? which must at times occur to every one who has to do with art (if, indeed, in moments of discouragement, it does not formulate itself more dryly as, *Do we enjoy pictures?*), is intimately bound up with another inquiry, namely, What pictures do we enjoy?

That æsthetics is still the vaguest and most fantastic branch of psychology is perhaps owing to the fact that people have attempted to answer these two questions separately: on the one hand, psychologists endeavor to deduce all art enjoyment from the experiences of the child or the savage; and on the other, connoisseurs devote their attention to the study of history and documents relating to art, and to the reconstruction of ancient masters. Thus, while Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *Psychology*, illustrates his views of the "æsthetic sentiments" by nothing more illuminating than "the battle-scenes of Vernet and the pieces of Gérôme," and Morelli elaborately reconstructs the various phases of a Bachiacca or an Ambrogio da Predis, those whose only desire is to enjoy the best art in the most appreciative way receive no answer to their question, How and what shall I enjoy in order to get the utmost pleasure from pictures? It might therefore have been predicted that such a class of amateurs — and they form by far the greater number of those into whose lives art enters — would, if they took any interest in more abstract

problems, remain unsatisfied by the application of mere metaphysics or mere learning to a matter which, for them, is either a question of enjoyment or nothing, and that no treatment of the subject could be adequately carried out except by a writer who was competent to answer both the how and the why of art enjoyment.

Such competence, we believe, is possessed by Mr. Bernhard Berenson, whose small volume on *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*¹ forms the subject of the present paper. In his *Venetian Painters*, a preceding volume of a series which is planned to include the whole of Italian painting during the Renaissance, Mr. Berenson proved himself well acquainted with the historical aspects of his subject; while in his *Lorenzo Lotto*, already noticed in these pages, he brought to bear upon the problem of reconstructing the artistic personality of a neglected though fascinating painter an unusual degree of skill in the use of all the delicate instruments of scientific connoisseurship. Moreover, in the lists of works by the great masters that he submits to our attention, he has shown that, so far as research, taste, and discrimination can go, he is fully competent to answer one, at any rate, of the questions, namely, *what* to enjoy in the world's heritage of art.

Thus, when he turns, as he has done in this volume about the Florentines, to the question of why and how we enjoy

¹ *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*. With an Index to their Works. By BERNHARD

BERENSON. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896.

the masterpieces which he and other people well trained in the appreciation of art have selected for us as being really great, we are entitled to expect something more precise and helpful than the theories elaborated by people who have never taken a discriminating pleasure in æsthetic objects. How, then, does Mr. Berenson treat this interesting question?

Setting aside those elements in painting which it has in common with literature, — that is to say, all the elements of association with sentiment, the suggestions of pleasant scenes, attractive types, and the emotional states induced by these, — setting aside all, in fine, that we call “poetic” in a picture, as not being the *specific* elements of enjoyment capable of being afforded by painting, and by nothing else, the author proceeds to analyze the elements which are peculiar to the art of painting; judging that these, and these alone, must be the sources of our specifically artistic pleasure. The result, he finds, is, at first hearing, a decided shock; yet when we examine it, it is so simple, so severely logical, so true to our most intimate sensations, that we feel as if we had always known it.

The art of painting is differentiated from nature and from all the other arts, not by color, which it shares with nature itself, with pottery, rugs, etc., but by the fact that on a surface of two dimensions it represents objects that have three; and painting, furthermore, along with sculpture, is peculiar in that it represents movement by means of objects actually motionless. In *form* and *movement*, then, Mr. Berenson finds the essence of the representative arts. But how do we realize represented form and movement? It sounds at first almost as comic to say that we enjoy pictures by the sense of touch as it would to assert that our enjoyment of music comes to us through our sense of smell; nevertheless, if we follow our author’s brief yet convincing account of how it is that represented form and movement become

to us a source of æsthetic pleasure, we shall be forced to admit that, although crude finger-tips are not in question, the sense of touch — that is to say, of resistance to pressure and of varying muscular adjustments — does lie at the bottom of the matter.

Although it has recently become a moot point whether or not touch really is, what the old psychologies called it, the “parent sense,” from which all the other senses have been derived by process of evolution, yet no one has denied that touch plays a leading part in forming our notions of reality. Even if we do not at first see things flat, as we used to be taught, it is only when to the merely visual impressions of the world we have added an infinity of muscular experiences that our perception of things about us becomes definite. It is largely, if not wholly, by means of touch that we learn to appreciate distance, solidity, and motion. If we speak of the third dimension, we mean a space corresponding to certain muscular sensations; if of solidity, we mean a resistance to certain muscular pressures; if of movement, we mean a correspondence to muscular experiences of our own organisms. Thus, in order vividly to realize the solidity of objects, and their position or movement in space, our sense of touch must be called into play, either actually or through remembrance and imagination. Painting, whose peculiar task it is to represent objects of three dimensions upon a surface that has only two, must therefore call the sense of touch to its aid, if it is to succeed in making a vivid impression; while both painting and sculpture, which have to represent movement by means of objects actually stationary, can do it successfully only by appealing to the muscular sense, — to touch in another form.

This merely abstract chain of reasoning would lead us to an *a priori* conclusion, namely, that those paintings which succeed in rousing the imagination of

touch (actual handling is of course out of the question) are the only ones which solve the problems peculiar to their art, — the representation of form and movement, — and are, consequently, the pictures which we must regard as great art.

But what are the facts? Testing the theory by applying it in a concrete case, Mr. Berenson finds it to be not only a formula upon which he can hang all the great masterpieces of Florentine art, without exception, but one which explains as well the hierarchy of the artists of that school, accounting for the supremacy of the great masters, Giotto, Masaccio, Leonardo, Botticelli, and Michelangelo, over their illustrious and often, at first blush, more attractive fellow-craftsmen, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo, Ghirlandaio, Andrea, and the rest. Florentine art, as he points out, does not attempt to win us by charm of color, beauty of types, or exalting effects of space composition. From Giotto to Michelangelo it is almost exclusively devoted to the human figure, in repose or movement, and Mr. Berenson would have us believe that the profound hold Florentine art has upon us is due to the fact that it persistently devoted almost its whole energy to the rendering of form and movement, — the specific task of the art of painting.

If we admit with our author that "successful grappling with problems of form and movement is at the bottom of the higher arts," we shall probably follow him a step farther, when, in connection with Michelangelo, he discusses the world-old question of the nude in art, and explains, on the basis of the same formula, the fact that the figure arts find, and inevitably must find, in the nude their most absorbing interest. Granting that the success of painting in its specific task depends upon making us realize three dimensions by means of two, and movements by means of objects actually motionless; and granting further that the only way in which it can make us realize space, solidity, and movement is by ap-

pealing powerfully to our ideated sense of touch, — by compelling us, in other words, to get upon our own persons the sensation of all the pressures and strains and of all the muscular tension that the objects themselves would give us in real experience, — granting all this, as we can scarcely fail to do if we have followed the argument so far, the mere statement of the question What lends itself most readily to such vivid realization? suggests the inevitable answer. What can be so easy to realize in ideated muscular sensations as the human body? But Mr. Berenson goes still farther into the matter. He accounts for the possibility of our realizing represented movement in a vivid way by the mimetic element in our natures, which makes it almost certain that we shall tend to imitate nearly every motion that we see, whether in real life or in representation. Now, what so easy to imitate in its movements as the human body?

We have stated the problem of the nude in art in a way that appears, perhaps, foolishly simple, but we have been obliged to summarize Mr. Berenson's interesting discussion of this point in order to leave space for a still more important matter. So far we have considered only the author's view of what are the specific elements in the art of painting, — that is to say, form and movement, — and his explanation of how we realize these specific elements. But the question of why, when we have once realized them, we *enjoy* the representation of form and movement still awaits us.

Mr. Berenson's doctrine on this point, if not so startlingly original as the formula already discussed, is at all events a thoroughly original application of a general theory of pleasure held by many. The view that pleasure springs from the energetic and healthy functioning of the organism is familiar to us, but no one before Mr. Berenson has succeeded in systematically applying this theory to the pleasure derived from art. When read

in the light of the lucid statement in the book before us, every serious thinker, it seems, has been groping his way towards a similar conclusion, but it has remained for our author to put it in precise and definite terms.

It is the aim of all the arts, Mr. Berenson says, to be "life-enhancing;" that is to say, to stimulate that healthy functioning of the organism which is the source of most of our normal pleasures. Each one of the arts has, as we all know, its own method of attaining this effect, but painting, being specifically concerned with form and movement, if it is capable of enhancing life in a unique way, must do it by these two means. And in what way can the representation of form and movement directly enhance life? The answer, according to Mr. Berenson, is bound up with the fact that such representation "stimulates to an unwonted activity psychical processes which are in themselves the source of most of our pleasures, and which here, free from disturbing physical sensations, never tend to pass over into pain."

But is this so? Do represented form and movement rouse greater psychical activity than form and movement in actual life? Art, it is true, isolates the object represented from anything that in real life might tend to diminish our enjoyment of it; allowing us, for example, to enjoy the artistic elements in a race or a wrestling-match, which, if we took part in either, would tire us, or, even if we merely watched them, would pass too quickly to allow us to note all the energetic and graceful movements. But if this were all, instantaneous photography would give us everything, except color, that painting can offer. In what way, then, does the representation of form and movement in art differ from that registered by the photographic camera?

To answer this question we need not go far afield. According to Mr. Berenson, the task of painting is not fulfilled

when it has rendered just so much of form and movement as shall serve to make us recognize that the object is shaped in such and such a way, or poised in such and such a position, but only when it has presented us with form and movement in such wise that we shall realize them more readily than we do in actuality. Now, in real life, most of us who are not painters or sculptors ourselves realize but vaguely the forms and movements of the objects our eyes rest upon. To us, a person is rather a cause of transitive emotion, a social factor, than a form; and thus it is with everything we see. We are content with the mere recognition of properties in so far as they practically concern us. The visual world has come to be, to most people, only a set of symbols, signifying emotion, action, cause and effect, or what-not. But painting, whose peculiar task, we remember, is to be concerned with the visible qualities of form and movement, recalls to our consciousness the ancient means by which the race and every individual learned to realize the outer universe; reminds us that things are not merely symbols of dynamic forces, but objects to be dwelt on in and for themselves. If painting represented things, as photography does, only as they are in nature, our habit of taking them as symbols would receive no corrective. Painting must, therefore, select or invent those surfaces and those articulations which shall startle our ideated sense of touch and muscular tension into unwonted activity. It must, in Mr. Berenson's words, "extract the tactile and muscular values of retinal impressions, and present to us the significant in the visible world, so that we realize the representation more quickly and more completely than we should realize the things themselves."

We have already pointed out that the pleasure consequent upon this heightened realization may be connected with the familiar evolutionary theory that

pleasure inevitably accompanies an increase of healthy functioning. Mr. Berenson expresses this view in unequivocal terms in a passage which we quote as a summary of the sources of our enjoyment of the specifically artistic elements in painting: "I am in the habit of realizing a given object with an intensity that we shall value as 2. If I suddenly realize this familiar object with an intensity of 4, I receive the immediate pleasure which accompanies a doubling of my mental activity. But the pleasure rarely stops there. Those who are capable of receiving direct pleasure from a work of art are generally led on to the further pleasures of self-consciousness. The fact that the psychological process of recognition goes forward with the unusual intensity of 4 to 2 overwhelms them with the sense of having twice the capacity they had credited themselves with: their whole personality is enhanced, and, being aware that this enhancement is connected with the object in question, they for some time after not only take an increased interest in it, but continue to realize it with the new intensity. Precisely this is what form does in painting: it lends a higher coefficient of reality to the object represented, with the consequent enjoyment of accelerated psychological processes, and the exhilarating sense of increased capacity in the observer."

Thus, the final test of the work of art is that it should be "life-enhancing," should "confirm our hold on life," should "reinforce our personality;" that it should give us a hyperæsthesia not bought with drugs, and not paid for with checks drawn on our vitality," and

should make us feel "as if the elixir of life, not our own sluggish blood, were coursing through our veins." Few of us, unaided, would be able to analyze the ultimate why and wherefore of the life-stimulating effect of great art, even when we feel it.¹ Many, indeed, influenced by æsthetic theories based on no practical acquaintance with art, or, more misleading still, by theories that mix up the art with the artist, and pronounce the picture or the poem insane and diseased because the painter or poet was physically degenerate, will be inclined to dispute these conclusions. Such recalcitrants we must refer to Mr. Berenson's concrete application of the theory to the whole body of Florentine art, and we must ask them if they can find another which so perfectly explains the greatness of the Florentine school, or yields so satisfactory a classification of the masters within that school. Nor can we doubt that the theory, although treated here only in connection with Florentine painting, will apply equally to every school in which the living figure is the preoccupied interest. Indeed, Mr. Berenson's references to Greek art, to Rembrandt, to Velasquez, to Degas, to the Japanese, hint to a thoroughgoing application of the theory on the author's own part.

If this theory is logical and consistent, as we have endeavored to show it to be, and if it explains the facts as no other existing hypothesis, we are justified in yielding ourselves enthusiastically to the brave doctrine that art is one of the great tonic forces of civilization, that it can never be immoral except when it is unhealthy, and that it can never be unhealthy except when it is bad.

¹ Nor does the author for a moment suggest that such analysis is in any way essential to the enjoyment of art, except, of course, in

so far as clear definition helps us precisely to define our own sensations, and so to strengthen them.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Life, Letters, and Works of Louis Agassiz, by Jules Marcou. With Illustrations. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) Mr. Marcou has passed in review the career of Agassiz, and has brought to his task the advantage of nationality and scientific training. He has also stood toward the great naturalist and his associates in the attitude of a critic, though his criticism is less formal and systematic than what might be called temperamental and personal. One needs to be somewhat on one's guard in reading, if he is to form sound judgments as to the relationships which existed between Agassiz and his associates, or to reckon with accuracy the part which each played. Nevertheless, with this caution, the reader will find himself threading some intricate and interesting paths in recent scientific history. An air of minute knowledge and positive judgment pervades the work. — George Morland, Painter, London, 1763–1804, by Ralph Richardson. (Eliot Stock, London.) In the three years after Morland's death no less than four lives of him appeared, all practically unattainable to-day; the best, on the whole, being that of George Dawe, R. A., which Mr. Richardson has wisely elected to follow, for the most part, in compiling this biography, — a book for which there certainly is a place, considering that the works of the artist it commemorates, those matchless studies of late eighteenth-century English rural life in its most prosperous and smiling estate, are found quite as admirable at the century's end as they were at its beginning. The writer makes a brave plea for leniency in judging the errors of his hero, but an over-strict education or the convivial habits of his time can hardly be held entirely responsible for his shortcomings. Under any circumstances, it is doubtful if this reckless, wasteful "good fellow," with his taste for "sport" in its lowest forms, would have led a very reputable life. The marvel of his career is the amount of work he accomplished in his few, ill-governed years. A great deal of carefully collated information regarding Morland's pictures and the engravings therefrom is contained in an appendix. A few reproductions from these engravings

are given in the volume, together with a portrait of the artist, after Rowlandson. — William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the Moderate Man of the Sixteenth Century; the Story of his Life as told from his own Letters, from those of his Friends and Enemies, and from Official Documents. By Ruth Putnam. (Putnams.) We suppose that this work was begun with the intention that it should form a 'volume of the Heroes of the Nations Series, and that it grew in the author's hands till it was thought better not to try to confine it to the rather strait limits of the original design, — a decision for which its readers have reason to be grateful. Of course, the writer, to her manifest advantage, and naturally to her disadvantage as well, must follow in the footsteps of Motley, and she at once acknowledges that "through the labyrinth of partisan opinion . . . I have patiently followed his inspiring lead, with growing admiration for the untiring industry of his laborious researches, and for the accuracy and skill of his adaptations from the enormous mass of matter that he examined," — no idle tribute, coming from so fair-minded, painstaking, and intelligent a student. In her aim to tell her story, so far as may be, in the very words of her hero and his contemporaries, she has selected liberally and judiciously from the great mass of William's correspondence, giving many letters never before published in English. She has been particularly successful in illustrating the domestic annals of the Nassau family, and her conclusions regarding different aspects of the character and conduct of its head are so carefully considered that they will be received with respect, if not always with entire assent. Her style, if quite without distinction, is unaffected, clear, and straightforward, but it is sometimes unduly and even ungracefully colloquial, and it is to be wished that occasional allusions to supposed American historical parallels had been omitted. Though in certain chapters she shows that she has not mastered the rare art of smoothly flowing and effective condensation, her narrative is steadily interesting, and is always the result of genuine study and research. The work is abundantly and well illustrated.

— *Memories and Studies of War and Peace*, by Archibald Forbes. With Portrait of the Author. (Imported by Scribners.) The veteran war-correspondent's reminiscences make delightful reading, and there is not a dull page in his book. Besides the narratives of his professional experiences in the Franco-Prussian, Servian, Russo-Turkish, and Zulu wars, and other papers of a more general character relating to military affairs, Mr. Forbes gives us some genuine romances in miniature, which, since we are bound to believe them true stories, go to show that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. — *The Rule of the Turk*, a Revised and Enlarged Edition of *The Armenian Crisis*, by Frederick Davis Greene, M. A. (Putnams.) — *Echoes of Battle*, by Bushrod Washington James. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.) — *Life and Speeches of Thomas Corwin, Orator, Lawyer, and Statesman*, edited by Josiah Morrow. (W. H. Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.) — *Lucius Q. C. Lamar, his Life, Times, and Speeches*, by Edward Mayes, LL. D. (Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn.)

Literature. The seventh volume of the complete edition of *Pepys's Diary* (Bell, London; Macmillan, New York) begins in July, 1667, that time of humiliation in which the diarist records that "everybody do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbor princes fear him;" and ends in April, 1668, with public affairs in no better state, for "we are all poor, and in pieces — God help us!" Still, Mr. Pepys, in spite of much hard (and very efficient) office work and serious worries connected therewith, manages to be "mighty merry" as frequently as usual, — how cheerfully he and his friends take their pleasure; indeed, even that ever-to-be-deplored malady of the eyes which has come upon him gives him an excuse for a careless keeping of his vows in the matter of play-going. But it is with a pang of sympathy, as well as with selfish regrets, that the book-lover comes upon ejaculations such as this: "My eyes very bad, and I know not how in the world to abstain from reading." The volume contains five illustrations, including a portrait of Lord Brouncker, after Lely, and views without and within of St. Olave's, Hart Street, where on so many Lord's Days Mr. Mills preached sermons, dull or lazy. — The

closing volumes of the Messrs. Roberts's edition of Balzac, in Miss Wormeley's always admirable translation, follow each other in quick succession. A late issue contains two of the minor tales, both belonging to *Scenes from Provincial Life: The Gallery of Antiquities*, and *An Old Maid*. — Four more numbers of the neat little Tennyson have reached us: *Maud*, *In Memoriam*, *The Brook* and *Other Poems*, the first number of *Idylls of the King*. (Macmillan.) — *Amiel's Journal*, translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward, forms two volumes of Macmillan's (paper) *Miniature Series*. — *Notes of a Professional Exile*, by E. S. Nadal. (Century Co.) The exile is an expatriated American, who talks about American women and some other, less important topics. It is a pretty little volume, bound in embossed leather. — *Old-World Japan, Legends of the Land of the Gods*, retold by Frank Rinder. With Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. (Macmillan.) The legends are mostly rambling and incoherent; and presented as they are, without explanatory notes or any attempt to show the relations they bear to the myths of other peoples, they contain little that will interest Occidental readers. The illustrations are rather effective as pieces of decorative work, but are too distinctly English to illustrate properly a Japanese book.

Religion, Theology, and Ethics. Responsive Readings, selected from the Bible and arranged under subjects for Common Worship, by Henry Van Dyke. (Ginn.) Dr. Van Dyke compiled this book for use in the chapel of Harvard, and we hope it may come into general collegiate use, both because it is admirably arranged, and because, by its inclusion of other passages besides the psalter, it will enrich the service and add to the value of what always is in danger of being a formal operation. — *Readings from the Bible. Selected for Schools and to be read in Unison.* Under Supervision of the Chicago Woman's Educational Union. (Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.) A small volume, with short selections judiciously chosen from narrative, poem, prophecy, epistle. There is no obvious order, but the matter is taken topically, so that under such a head as *Glorious in Holiness* there are excerpts from Revelation, Matthew, Chronicles, Isaiah, and Exodus. Something is lost by this arbitrary group-

ing, and we wish the compilers had borne more in mind the continuity of passages; the arrangement emphasizes too much the textual scheme of the Bible. It was needless, also, to preserve the old italicization of the King James version. But the book is a step in the right direction, and Mr. Moulton's suggestions as to literary form have been of excellent service. We do not see why this little volume should not solve some of the perplexities growing out of the exclusion of Bible-reading in schools. — *Dogmatic Theology*, by William G. T. Shedd, D. D. Volume III. Supplement. (Scribners.) — *St. Paul's Conception of Christianity*, by Alexander Balmain Bruce, D. D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow. (Scribners.) — *Fallen Angels: A Disquisition upon Human Existence. An Attempt to elucidate Some of its Mysteries, especially those of Evil and of Suffering. By One of Them.* (Gay & Bird, London.) — *The Power of an Endless Life*, by Thomas C. Hall. (McClurg.) — William B. Hayden, for Forty-Two Years a Minister of the New-Jerusalem Church. *Selected Essays and Discourses, with Memorials of his Life and Services.* (Mass. New-Church Union, Boston.) — *The Church and Secular Life*, by Frederick William Hamilton. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston and Chicago.) — *The Law of Service, a Study in Christian Altruism*, by James P. Kelley. (Putnam's.) — *The Leisure of God, and Other Studies in the Spiritual Evolution*, by John Coleman Adams. (Universalist Publishing House.) — *A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed*, by Henry Y. Satterlee, D. D., Rector of Calvary Church, New York. (Scribners.) — *Light on Current Topics. Bennett Lectures for 1895.* (Mass. New-Church Union.) — *The Religious Training of Children*, by Abby Morton Diaz. Reprinted from the *Metaphysical Review* by Special Request. (The Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York.) — *Metaphors, Similes, and other Characteristic Sayings of Henry Ward Beecher.* Compiled from Discourses reported by T. J. Ellinwood, with Introduction by Homer B. Sprague, Ph. D. (Andrew J. Graham & Co., New York.) — *Progress in Spiritual Knowledge*, by the Rev. Chauncey Giles. A Memorial Volume. (American New-Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.) —

Heredity and Christian Problems, by Amory H. Bradford. (Macmillan.)

Fiction and the Drama. A Monk of Fife, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) Mr. Lang's readers do not learn for the first time from this chronicle that he is one of the most earnest and sincere of the latter-day devotees of Jeanne la Pucelle. With an admirable assumption of the manner and feeling of the time, he tells by the pen of Norman Leslie, a Benedictine monk of Dunfermline, who in his youth had been one of the French king's Scottish Archers, of the adventures that befell the narrator on first coming into France, and especially of his intercourse with the Maid, from the glorious beginning to the tragic ending of her career. Though her name and fame pervade the story, by a wise art she is not too often brought upon the stage; but her character is clearly conceived, and, even in its aloofness, is drawn with firmness as well as grace. For the rest, there is a genuine black-browed villain, a charming, golden-haired Scots lass, many men-at-arms, much fighting, and thrilling hairbreadth escapes, all set forth with an abundance of clerical skill. — *The X Jewel*, by the Hon. Frederick Moncreiff. (Harpers.) There is no present lack of either Scottish or historical fiction, and this romance combines both qualities, being a tale of the days when James VI. was yet a lad. The author has a good working knowledge of the turbulent politics of the time, and can reasonably well adopt its manner of speech; but if he himself thoroughly understands the convolutions of his plot, he will hardly find many readers acute enough to share the knowledge with him. For ourselves, we very early in the narrative gave up trying to really comprehend the motives for the actions of Andrew Eviot and his friends or enemies, though, as we recognized in him a hero predestined to success, we take his final triumph for granted; for even this, as well as the last disposition of the X Jewel, remains a little obscure. — *In the Smoke of War*, by Walter Raymond. (Macmillan.) A contrast to the author's idyllic tales of peaceful country life is this story of civil strife; but the villagers, who hardly know whether they are for king or Parliament, though they suffer sorely in person or in goods when war comes to their doors, are drawn with the same true and sympathetic

touch as are their descendants of to-day. Among these uncomprehending victims are the miller, John Durston, and his pretty daughter Cicely, whose history is told with perfect simplicity, and yet always with vividness and force. The fight at Langport closes the tale; for, the mill burned and her father slain, the heroine goes not unwillingly with her better born Puritan husband to seek a new home oversea. We are glad to say that Mr. Raymond does not use the Somersetshire speech to any needless or unintelligible extent. — *Hippolyte and Golden-Beak, Two Stories*, by George Bassett. (Harpers.) Outside of the novels of Norris, we very rarely find the experienced, observing, cynical, but not unkindly man of the world so excellently presented as in the supposed narrator of these tales. Both stories — the first, the evolution and career of a hardly typical Parisian valet; the second, the strange history of the pretty, underbred, fluent, and amusing young San Francisco *divorcée*, Mrs. Potwin, and her Japanese and English suitors — are exceedingly well told; so well, indeed, that the improbabilities, to speak mildly, of the latter tale trouble the reader not at all. From internal evidence it would be difficult to say whether the author were a cosmopolitan Englishman, whose knowledge of America was mainly Western or Californian, or a much-traveled and somewhat Anglicized American, as a plausible case could be made for or against either assumption. — *A Madeira Party*, by S. Weir Mitchell. *The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiae*, by George Wharton Edwards. Both are attractive pocket volumes, so to speak, tastefully bound in embossed leather, and published by the Century Company. In the first, Dr. Mitchell's party of old-time gentlemen celebrate the glories of their "noble old wine" in the quiet and dignified conversation which befits so respectable a subject. Under the same cover, the reader is offered *A Little More Burgundy*, with its story of the French Revolution. *Long and Short Codiae* are, of course, inhabited by down-east fisherfolk, who have joys and sorrows much like other people's, in spite of the fact that they say "I call'te" and "what say," and use dories to get about in instead of bicycles. — The Messrs. Scribners have issued two new volumes by Q: *Wandering Heath*, a collection

of stories, studies, and sketches; and *Ia*, which appears in the pretty Ivory Series. There is no need to speak of the charm and veracity of Mr. Quiller-Couch's tales of Cornwall, and if a few waifs and strays have been gathered into *Wandering Heath*, whose republication was hardly essential, we are grateful for so heroic a sea-sketch as *The Roll-Call of the Reef*, and for the pleasant humor of those studies of village politics, *Letters from Troy*. The Bishop of Eucalyptus is a creditable essay in the manner of Bret Harte, but we prefer the writer on his native coast. The history of *Ia*, the handsome, strong-natured, untutored serving-maid, — her courting, in very summary fashion, it must be said, of the gentle, refined, weak young Second Adventist preacher, and the consequent results in the character and life of each, — is told with force and feeling, and also with a reticence which is good artistically as well as morally. Some of the fisherfolk who are of the Elect are lightly but very happily sketched. — *A Cumberland Vendetta, and Other Stories*, by John Fox, Jr. (Harpers.) Tales of the Kentucky mountains, whose inhabitants do not differ greatly from our familiar acquaintances the mountaineers of the neighboring States, unless it is in a more pronounced element of lawless brutality, and in certain differences in their uncouth English, — of which the author spares us nothing, — notably the use of superfluous aspirates. Perhaps the best sketch in the book is *A Mountain Europa*, the usual tale of a wondrously beautiful mountain maid who is loved by a wanderer from civilization, — the love in this case ending in marriage. But the writer does not venture to carry the hazardous experiment farther than the wedding-day, when the bride, in shielding her husband, is killed by her drunken father. It is pleasant to turn from the actors in these dramas to the mountain region which forms their majestic setting, and which is vividly depicted by a writer fully sensitive to its every aspect, whether of severity, grandeur, or beauty. — *A Son of the Plains*, by Arthur Paterson. (Macmillan.) A story of the Santa Fé trail in the early seventies, when the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway was not, and travelers journeying across the plains carried their lives in their hands. In such case is the hero of this exciting tale, and he

amply proves his right to that position, as he escapes from perils, each deadlier than the last, which follow one another with breathless rapidity, — perils from Indians, and from white men quite as lawless and savage. As the book appeals rather to the young reader, it is in place to say that it is neither vulgar nor unwholesome in tone. The story is told with spirit, and not infrequently with genuine graphic power. — *Irralie's Bushranger*, by E. W. Hornung. Ivory Series. (Scribners.) Great ingenuity has been shown in the construction of this entertaining story of Australian adventure, and there is generally no lack of life in the characters. A case of mistaken identity is far from a new theme, but there is freshness in the treatment, and the surprises are cleverly managed. — *An Unlesioned Girl, a Story of School Life*, by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. (Putnams.) Two years of school life have an ameliorating effect on the pert, unfilial girl, wise in her own conceit, to whom we are introduced in the opening chapters of this book, though we can hardly say that we find her very attractive even at the close of this stage of her experience, and for her cleverness we must take the author's word. A distinct impression is given, however, by the young women connected therewith, that slang was the art chiefly cultivated in Miss Healey's superior academy. — *Miss Jerry*, by Alexander Black. With Thirty-Seven Illustrations from Life Photographs by the Author. (Scribners.) Mr. Black has made a selection from the two hundred and fifty photographs of his "picture play," and has adapted his text to book publication. The experiment was an interesting one, but yet it is easy to see that these are *tableaux vivants*, not actual scenes. Like the photographs displayed at the entrances of our theatres, they show the inadequacy of photography to the task of reproducing situations. Any illustrator of moderate ability can make a more truly lifelike picture. — *Magda*, by Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by C. E. A. Winslow. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston.) If modern realistic dramas and stories have no other value, they have at least a sociological interest, and the reader of *Magda* falls to speculating on the curiously German provincialism of the plot. Everything is provincial which differs from our conti-

nent, and even Sudermann fails to make the iron despotism of society suffice to explain *Magda's* submission to her father, up to the last point, without the aid which the special German variety of social tyranny affords him. How entirely, moreover, the play supposes acting must appear to any one who reads the dead level of this dialogue after seeing Duse in *Magda's* part. — *Cable's Madame Delphine* has been republished in the Ivory Series (Scribners), with an interesting introduction by the author, which tells how the story came to be written. — *Mrs. Deland's Philip and his Wife and Bret Harte's Clarence* have appeared in the *Riverside Paper Series*. (Houghton.) — *Mrs. F. A. Steel's Miss Stuart's Legacy* and *Crawford's A Roman Singer* have been added to Macmillan's *Novelists' Library*. — *The Things that Matter*, by Francis Gribble. *Hudson Library*. (Putnams.) — *Doctor Cavallo*, by Eugene F. Baldwin and Maurice Eisenberg. (Press of J. W. Franks & Sons, Peoria, Ill.) — *On Shifting Sands, a Sketch from Real Life*, by Harriet Osgood Nowlin. (Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago.) — *The Hidden Faith, an Occult Story of the Period*, by Alwyn M. Thurber. (F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago.) — *Hardy's The Woodlanders*; *A Gray Eye or So*, by F. F. Moore; *A Hidden Chain*, by Dora Russell; *The Sea-Wolves*, by Max Pemberton; and *Stanhope of Chester*, by Percy Andrae, have been issued in *Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library*. — *A Mormon Wife*, by Grace Wilbur Trout. (E. A. Weeks & Co., Chicago.)

Music. *The Evolution of Church Music*, by the Rev. Frank Landon Humphreys, Mus. Doc. With Preface by the Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter. (Scribners.) Lectures delivered by the author before the students of various church colleges and seminaries are here recast and extended, but have not in the process lost the qualities which must have made them notably interesting and effective in their original form. Writing with abundant technical knowledge, and inspired by a high ideal and an earnest and well-defined purpose, he has also so well succeeded in popularizing his theme that it is to be wished his volume might be scattered broadcast among the music committees of our churches. The good sense of the book is as conspicuous as its good taste and breadth of view, and it should be as

useful for reproof as for instruction. In such a work it is justifiable to quote freely, and the quotations here are generally very much to the point, but we wish their origin had been oftener indicated; and we must regret, in so handsomely printed a book, that the types should have perversely transformed the name of a writer of the Rev. Dr. Jessopp's repute into "Jessup."

Nature and Travel. The Mediterranean Trip, a Short Guide to the Principal Points on the Shores of the Western Mediterranean and the Levant, by Noah Brooks. With Twenty-Four Illustrations and Four Maps. (Scribners.) A convenient little volume for vacation tourists. The Preliminary Suggestions give good advice to all sea-going travelers, though intended especially for those Mediterranean-bound. The illustrations are from photographs, and the guide-book red is toned down to a pleasing and unobtrusive shade. — Part XIII. of Mr. Nehrling's North American Birds (George Brumder, Milwaukee) has been issued, containing biographies of the Rose-Breasted Grosbeak, the Blue Grosbeak, the Indigo Bunting, the Painted Bunting, the Bobolink, and others.

Books of Reference. The Annual Literary Index, 1895 (The Publishers' Weekly, New York), affords ready reference not only to articles in periodicals, American and English, but to essays, chapters in books, and other indexible publications. A convenient index of authors follows, a section of bibliographies, a necrology, and an index to dates

of principal events for 1895. Rather a queer combination, but a useful one. The editors are W. T. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker, both experienced workmen. — List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs, edited by Augusta H. Leypoldt and George Iles. (The Library Bureau, Boston.) This is a classified list, and there are added Hints for a Girls' Club, an outline constitution, suggestions for literary clubs, and the like. The list contains well-chosen books, though one is a little curious sometimes to know how reading for girls and women is differentiated from that for boys and men.

Humor. A House-Boat on the Styx, being some Account of the Divers Doings of the Associated Shades, by John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated. (Harpers.) Through the more or less kind offices of Mr. Boswell, one of the Associated Shades, Mr. Bangs is enabled to present to his readers the reports of several entertaining and unprofitable conversations between members of their exclusive club, who in the upper world were the great men of all times and countries, from Noah to Barnum, from Homer to Tennyson, from Jonah to Munchausen.

Games. Whist Laws and Whist Decisions, with upwards of One Hundred Cases illustrating the Laws. Also Remarks on the American Laws of Whist, and Cases by which the Reader's Knowledge of the English Laws may be tested by himself. By Major-General A. W. Drayson. (Harpers.) — The Evolution of Whist, by William Pole. (Longmans.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Hour with Pasteur. IN 1891, Pasteur passed an afternoon — unforgettable to at least one person present — at the house of a colleague, one of those co-workers who were also his friends, and attached to him with the most touching and reverent devotion. The occasion was the rehearsal, previous to a fête to be given by Dr. G——, of a drawing-room play (the play a French trifle, the actors amateurs), to witness which the master had been bidden, since his health forbade his being out at night, and his tastes inclined little to worldly pageantry.

The scene made a picture of the sort that becomes a permanent possession of memory: in the background, the sober elegance of the host's consulting-room, its Beauvais tapestry, its fine head of Pasteur in bronze; in the foreground, the family group that will be ever associated, in the thought of the Parisians, with the great chemist, — the old man seated in the centre, simple and benign, his daughter on the one hand, his son and son-in-law on the other, and a grandchild at his knee.

Very slight was the performance; very

powerless to give the finer shades were the uninitiated, if arduous efforts of the four amateurs. But the great savant brought to the moment the freshness of impression that belongs to children and to genius, and that can transmute the actual and imperfect into the starting-point of pleasure which draws all its nutriment from the imagination. Oh, the zest, the readiness, of that ingenuous laughter! Other and smaller people might be carping critics; Pasteur's spontaneous abandonment to his enjoyment, to the none too original witticisms of the comedy, its none too original savor and situations, was complete, Homeric. He was already an ill man at the time, and his bent frame and the suggestion of physical infirmity in his movements gave him an aspect older than his years. But the inextinguishable youth of those whom the gods love was in his eyes, — he had laughed till the tears came, — as in his hand-shake, when, the performance over, he thanked each amateur in turn.

Whereupon the little group departed as it had come: the grandchild clinging to the old man's hand; the son (a secretary of embassy) calling him, with the absence of self-consciousness of a French son, "papa." Pasteur went down the stairs leaning on the arm of his host, — a great man, too, in his way, Dr. G——, but filial in his respect and tender regard at this moment. Here, in short, was an epitome of the very best in French life, — that life in its worthiest expression, in its veneration for the things of the mind, for the things that go for the advancement of the race rather than for the well-being of the individual. And all this spoke in Dr. G——'s light shrug a moment later, also, when he said: "Pasteur could have been a very rich man had he chosen to be. He never has been. He never chose. Why should he?"

Why, indeed? Before the unity of such a life, the consistency of its pursuit of the highest ends, the calm contentment of its laborious days, weaker vessels, tossed by the changes and chances of fate, may well be filled with a noble, melancholy envy, and question the value of the vain possessions and desires chased by the world. In the midst of his peaceful, cheerful activity, in the seclusion of laboratories and libraries, the last thing that Pasteur had time to think of was the amassing of wealth. Also, the

last thing he needed, to strengthen the consideration of those amongst whom he lived, was the material mark and proof of success.

The "priesthood of science" — that term of which we hear less now than we did awhile ago — has meant to one person, since that spring afternoon in Paris, something forever associated with the personality of the serene and kindly old man, who, amid his ardent work in the invisible world of the "infinitely little," where "life has its beginning," had kept a green heart, and who never left his retreat to address his countrymen or the young but he found generous accents that upheld the cause of the ideal with unchilled fervor. Continuity, an integral oneness in the plan of the personal existence, are become antique virtues. The abnegation they ask, and the singleness, and the patience in enduring one's self, grow rare with us, who are greedy of many emotions and fritter ourselves away in fleeting interests. Hence it is an hour to remember when our path crosses one which teaches the higher lesson and holds the secret of a nobler repose. He surely is a priest who, while he labors for the physical welfare of his fellow-man, likewise fulfills this moral function, shaming with a simple dignity the blurred and broken plan of our average futile day.

A Child's Tragedy. — It was a tragedy of the spirit, concerning which she never made confession to those whose heedlessness brought it to pass; yet it has always seemed to her as if the subsequent years have been more or less, in one way or another, under the influence of that sharp experience whereby she made direct personal acquaintance with the dread blight *insincerity*. She was far too young to know by what term to characterize professions that are belied by actions; but looking back upon a scene so vividly and keenly remembered that it might have taken place yesterday, she understands, as no psychologist could ever set forth, that ideas may exist in full force independent of language.

It was but a trifle that taught her the bitter lesson of distrust, — the veriest trifle, it must have been, in the opinion of the grown-up world about her; but to many grown people the heart of a child is an unsuspected mystery, and therefore are they often ruthless unawares. Unquestionably, it had been the experience of this

child, now and then, to be teased with a jest obscuring the truth ; but she had easily learned, as most children do, to estimate such practices justly. To find herself deceived in unmistakable earnest gave a shock not alone to her heart, but to her intellectual powers as well, for it was then that the faculty of reflection came into conscious play.

She was a meditative child, shy and reticent, yet it happened to her, as not infrequently it does happen to children of her temperament, to fall ardently in love. The object of this infantile passion was a girl of twenty, who had hardly the faintest appreciation of the child's undemonstrative depth of devotion : it is clear, indeed, in the light of after-years, that this devotion was much of a bore to the gay young visitor, who came to talk with older people of affairs not to be discussed in the presence of little pitchers. It chanced, one day, that this particular Little Pitcher was standing with ears attent, — having no companions of her own age, — while the goddess of her idolatry was being attired for some social function that was to take place in the afternoon. All the ladies of the household were in attendance on the toilette, and it may be assumed that there was free traffic of opinions on topics not immediately connected with the articles of adornment, for suddenly the child was asked — with what furtive interchange of significant glances may be imagined — to go and find some flowers wherewith to deck Salome's hair. No second bidding was needed, this being a child who expressed herself by actions rather than by words, and away she sped, immeasurably happy to serve the beautiful creature enshrined in her shy affections.

Now there were no garden flowers about the home she dwelt in at that time, for the place was new, and the grounds were given over to a waste of weeds ; but this ready worshiper of beauty in whatever guise must have won — and loved — “the secret of a weed's plain heart,” so well she knew how to seek the obscure blooms hid in the rank midsummer tangle. Through diligent heed, each hand was presently full of such insignificant buds and blossoms as the parched season spares, when, by a fateful chance, she espied, amid a little wilderness of bents, the blue wonder of the great solitary banner-blossom put forth by the ground-

trailing pea, beautiful in her eyes beyond all the flowers of the field. Once or twice before, in her short span of life, she had found this infrequent bloom, — infrequent, that is, within the precincts that hedged her round ; and now, what with its rarity and its appealing glory of “heaven's own blue,” there arose in her untried heart a fierce struggle between her desire for the splendid flower and her love for the beautiful Salome. It may be that the struggle was the fiercer because Salome was absent, and the flower so vividly present.

Slowly back to the house she walked in an anguish of conflict ; for she recognized clearly that if she withheld the flower, she must, under the circumstances, forego the delight and glory of its exhibition ; she could possess the treasure only in a selfish secrecy. Nevertheless, she found no strength against the temptation to keep the banner-blossom for herself, until she had presented the poor little knot of weedy bloom ostentatiously displayed in her left hand, while her right hand held the flower she so prized well out of sight behind her back : but the moment Salome's eyes lighted upon the inadequate tribute offered at her shrine, the doom of the blue banner-blossom was surely sealed. The child loved the flower none the less, but she loved Salome more. Penitent, ashamed, and glad, all at once, she exhibited the rarity. Was she so much to blame in that she was fain to have it seem as if she had reserved it to enhance its value by surprise ? At least she was distinctly conscious that the surrender, though voluntary, was a sacrifice ; but the meed of admiration bestowed upon the flower soothed the irrepressible regret the sacrifice cost her, for her inexperience failed to penetrate the perfunctory nature of the praise she had elicited. Neither did she suspect that her return was inopportune ; but she must have interrupted a conversation far more interesting than the “wildings of nature,” for she was speedily bidden to “run and play.” She would have pleaded to remain, but having achieved one conquest over herself, she maintained the mastery, and departed in meek obedience, though in no mood to run and play ; she had passed through one of those crises of the soul, the effect of which is to subdue the animal spirits. Yet it was not depression she felt, but a sort of chastened joy, that she would

have called the approval of conscience had she been old enough for introspection and mistress of befitting language.

But this serenity of spirit was not to endure: in an ill-starred moment the child was moved to return to the scene of her victory over self. Salome was gone, and gone were all the others; but on the floor, where they had fallen unheeded at Salome's feet, lay the little carefully sought bunch of blossomed weeds, the dear blue banner-blossom in their midst, cruelly trampled and bruised! And the child's heart quaked with the instant perception that *she had made a needless sacrifice.*

Whether or not she wept memory bears no testimony; but the pang she suffered was of no transient duration. For it was not alone the needlessness of her sacrifice that smote her with a startling certainty: she saw, as if through sudden and blinding light, that her innocent trust had been imposed upon; that the true intent of sending her to seek for flowers had been to secure a riddance of the Little Pitcher. Her impeccable elders, she was shrewdly aware, enjoyed many privileges denied to childhood, and of these privileges the right to disguise the truth might be one; but the exercise of such a right had wounded her sense of personal dignity, a sentiment infancy may entertain distinctly long before its name is known. For of course it was not possible that a child of her tender age should define to herself an impression so intense and soul-searching that it has furnished her food for thought through all the after-years; it was her later development that translated it into words, while she pondered at recurrent intervals that ineradicable memory. But the conclusions she deduced without the intervention of language were none the less inevitable and immediate; whereof the result was that she ceased from that moment to love Salome the Beautiful. She remembers that, subsequently, she was punished time and again for repelling the overtures of the whilom enchantress, but she never gave up the secret of her disillusionment, — too deep a sorrow for a young child's puzzled intelligence to explain. Thus it came to pass, as one of the direful sequences of this small tragedy, that she was called to suffer much anguish of spirit under the imputation of lack of heart.

Through all the after-years, in garden, field, or woodland, the big blue banner-blossom of the ground-trailing pea has worn for her eyes a meek, appealing look of mingled comprehension and reproach.

Do you remember, O Flower,
Do you remember, too?"

Jonas and Matilda. — They were English, and their names were Jonas and Matilda; not their real names, of course, for though one often writes of real individuals, it is the custom to give them fictitious names. In this case I am obliged to use fictitious names, for though this couple lived next door to me for two seasons, I never found out their true names; so, in order to discuss their affairs in the privacy of my family, I christened them Jonas and Matilda. Their dwelling was not over twenty feet from my sitting-room window. It was quite old, but had never before, to my knowledge, been occupied; and when, one April morning, I saw a couple inspecting it with the evident intention of making it their residence if it proved satisfactory, I became much interested in the prospect of new neighbors.

I was somewhat of an invalid that spring, or thought I was, — which is much the same thing, as all physicians can testify, — and as I could neither read nor work long at a time, I welcomed the advent of the newcomers as a pleasant break in watching the clock for medicine hours.

Several visits were made before the couple decided to make the place their local habitation, and I had my couch drawn close to the window, where, behind the friendly screen of the muslin curtains, I could see without being seen. Sometimes, when the discussion over the location became specially lively, I did not scruple to use my opera-glass. I may as well confess that, owing to the perfectly open way in which Jonas and Matilda conducted their domestic affairs, by keeping up a daily espionage assisted by the aforementioned glass, I became almost as familiar with their household concerns as with my own, and I can assure you I found them vastly more interesting.

From the very first Matilda showed herself a female of decided opinions, which she aired both in season and out of season. As for Jonas, he proved himself like charity: he bore all things, hoped all things, endured all things, did not behave himself unseemly,

suffered long and was kind. After at least a dozen visits, in which Matilda pointed out every disadvantage of the situation, to which Jonas only ventured to utter a mild protest now and then, they decided to take the place for the season. Then began the moving and settling. All the furnishings were new, and instead of going to look and select for herself, Matilda stayed at home and had everything brought for her inspection. When Jonas brought what he considered a piece of fine floor covering or wall decoration, she turned and twisted it in every conceivable way; and if, after thoroughly examining it, she decided it would do, she laid it down, and Jonas picked it up and fitted it into the house. This did not end the matter, however, for as soon as Jonas came out and began to brush himself, Matilda would pop her head in the door; and if the thing was not arranged to her liking, she would drag it out, and patient Jonas had his work to do over again. A whole morning would often be spent in this way, Jonas putting in order and Matilda pulling to pieces some part of the furniture. When Jonas brought home anything that did not please Matilda, she would snatch it from him, run a short distance, and toss it into the air, so that it would fall over into my yard. Then he would find a choice dainty which he would offer her, and hasten away to get something else while she was for the moment apparently good natured.

In the five weeks which it took Jonas to get the house in order, only once was he seen to rebel against Matilda's tyranny. It was a very hot, close morning, and he had been gone for at least two hours, during which time Matilda had done nothing but prance back and forth in front of the house. Whether the material itself did not please her, or she was angry because Jonas had been gone so long, I do not know, but as soon as he came in sight, with a sharp exclamation she pounced on him and tried to pull his burden away from him. To her great astonishment he refused to let go his hold. She moved away a little, and looked at him as if she could not believe the evidence of her own senses. Then she again caught hold of one end and tugged with all her might, but Jonas held on firmly; and thus they tugged and pulled for nearly five minutes. At last Matilda succeeded in wresting it from Jonas, and run-

ning with it endeavored to drop it into my yard; but Jonas was too quick for her, and caught it just as it was falling. Again they contended for its possession, without either gaining any advantage, when suddenly Matilda let go her hold, and going off a little way sat down. Jonas, unexpectedly finding himself the victor, seemed at first undecided what to do; but after waiting a minute and finding Matilda did not renew the attack, he carried the material into the house and fitted it in place. When he came out he waited, as was his custom, for Matilda to inspect his work, but the little minx never so much as looked toward the house.

After a while Jonas went away. As soon as he was out of sight, Mistress Matilda ran to the house, and tore out not only what Jonas had just put in, but also several other things, and tossed them, one by one, into my yard. Then she too went away. Presently Jonas returned with more material for Matilda, but no Matilda was in sight. He called several times, and getting no response peeped into the house. I could not tell what his feelings were on beholding his dismantled home, for feelings cannot be seen even with an opera-glass; but after standing about for a while he laid his bundle down and hurried away, and I saw neither of them again for two days.

The second morning they returned together. Matilda seemed to be in a very peaceful frame of mind, for she allowed Jonas to repair the damage she had wrought and finish the furnishings without further interference. When it was all done she refused to go one step inside. Jonas coaxed and pleaded. He went in and out half a dozen times, and tried his best to persuade Matilda to enter; but no, she would not even cross the threshold. Finding all his entreaties of no avail, he went away, and returned with an elderly looking female, whom I took to be either an aunt or a mother-in-law. Then the two tried their united eloquence, the elderly female talking as rapidly and volubly as a book agent, to induce the obstinate Matilda to set up house-keeping; but their breath was thrown away, — she refused to be persuaded. About a week later I saw Matilda skip into the house and out again in the greatest hurry. She tried this several days in succession, and after a while concluded that she might endure living in the house.

Just at this time I went into the country for a month ; but on the evening of my return almost my first inquiry was for Jonas and Matilda. What was my surprise to learn that they had two babies ! I thought that with looking after them and taking care of the house the little mistress would have no time to indulge any of her disagreeable characteristics ; but I reckoned without knowing all about Matilda. I took a peep at my neighbors the next morning before I went down to breakfast, and what did I see, under the shade of a blossoming cherry-tree, but Matilda serenely taking the morning air as if she had not a care in the world, while the long-suffering Jonas sat in the door patiently feeding the babies !

Later reconnoitring revealed the fact that Jonas was still the commissary and general care-taker, and Matilda retained her old office of inspector-general ; but now, instead of furnishings for the house it was supplies for the larder. Everything that Jonas brought home Matilda examined carefully, and if she considered it unfit food for the babies promptly gobbled it up herself, without giving Jonas so much as a taste. As for feeding the little ones, I never saw her give them the tiniest crumb. Jonas not only brought the food and fed the babies, but saw that they were snugly tucked into their little bed and warmly covered. It was Jonas who gave them their first lessons in locomotion and taught them everything else they learned ; Matilda, meanwhile, looking on with the indifference of a disinterested spectator.

When cold weather came they all went away, as the place was not a desirable winter residence even for an English sparrow, — for of course you have guessed that Jonas and Matilda were English sparrows. Their home was in a knothole of the eaves of the house next door.

I have often wondered where Matilda learned her advanced ways of bird-living. I can think of only one possible explanation. The walls of the old Chapter House on Carolina Avenue were once covered with ivy, which furnished quarters for hundreds of English sparrows. A year ago last winter a series of lectures were given in the hall of the Chapter House on woman suffrage, and on the rights, privileges, and prerogatives of the New Woman. The following spring the ivy was torn from the walls,

and the sparrows had to seek new habitations. Was Matilda one of them, and had she listened to these lectures on the New Woman, and put the theories of the lecturers into practice ?

A Singular
Horseback
Journey.

— My personal recollections of my grandfather's brother, known to all of us as "Uncle Joe," are very limited, being confined to a dim memory of his carrying me on his back, and swaying from side to side as he walked, to make my ride more exciting and enjoyable. I can recall nothing of his features, but have a distinct impression of the indestructible texture of his felt hat and the broadness of his round shoulders. The honest hats of those days outlasted a lifetime ; indeed, were never worn out, but thrown aside or given away to people of low degree when too soiled for seemly wear.

I have been told that Uncle Joe was a stumpy little man with a dull face and bulging eyes, and as clumsy as a clod ; in all respects different from my grandfather, who had the beak and eye of an eagle and was as agile as a cat. His bald forehead bore a mark that Uncle Joe had set upon it with a chunk of lead thrown in one of those fits of passion which he never outgrew. This happened when they were boys at their home in Newport, at the time of the war of independence, when Uncle Joe did some service against the enemies of our country. The British held the town, and one night he found a squad of Hessian soldiers carrying off a stick of timber from his father's wharf for firewood. Stealing up behind them, he gave the heavy timber a lusty push, and down it went, carrying some of the men with it. They caught him and gave him a drubbing ; but it made as little impression upon him as it would have made upon a turtle, and when they resumed their pilfering he played them the same trick again.

If there were a society of Nephews of the Revolution, I might be eligible on the score of the service of my great-uncle. The family were Quakers and non-combatants, and Uncle Joe's father was called a Tory by the Whigs, and a Whig by the Tories, for taking no part with either. The English and French officers were in turn quartered upon him, as their respective armies held the town.

When Uncle Joe grew to man's estate and crusty old-bachelorhood he came to

live with my grandfather, who had settled in the youngest State of the young republic. He undertook to clear a piece of land on the new farm, all by himself and without help of a team, but hauling the logs together with a rope. Half a summer gave him enough of such labor, and he left the unfinished work for more skillful hands to complete.

After a few years of life in the new country he was seized with a yearning for his old home, its old fields and salt breezes, its quohogs and tautogs, its succotash and up-sunch, and all the toothsome viands which the born Rhode Islander knows exist nowhere in perfection save within the limits of his native State, narrow, yet broad enough to hold all the best things of the earth. Perhaps he longed to see the playmates of his boyhood, Young Tom Ninnegret and Gid Nocake, last of the Narragansetts, and his old nurse of the same race, who would not speak the language of the destroyers of her people, yet wept that her vow would not let her do so when the beloved white children begged her to.

So it was settled he should go, and that he should make the journey on horseback; for there was no wagon at his disposal, if there were a one-horse wagon in the neighborhood, and there was no direct public conveyance by land. One memorable morning Uncle Joe's tall steed was brought to the door equipped for the long journey, his great bundle of possessions was strapped behind the saddle, and all the farm hands of Rhode Island stock, Bart Jackson, Lige Perry, the Lockes and Jaquays, were summoned to hoist the unwonted horseman to his seat; then, with hearty farewells of his Quaker kindred and the good-bys of the attendant "world's people," he set forth. Doubtless he felt some regret at leaving his kinsfolk, and perhaps some remorse for having been heard to execrate them in a moment of wrath. "Damn Tommy and all his tribe!" was an improper expression from one bred a Quaker, but probably his paramount emotion was trepidation at the thought of the inevitable descent from his horse which must occur before many hours had passed.

At a slow and careful pace he rode through the oldest city of the State, and at noon came to the county-seat, where he was obliged to feed his horse and refresh him-

self. Having accomplished these objects and being ready to resume his journey, he could not mount without help, and he was too proud to ask it. So he led his horse out of the village, remarking to the landlord and bystanders that he wanted to stretch his legs a bit, and hoping that when well out of sight he might find some friendly stump or fence by which he could climb to his seat. But he found it not that day, nor the next, nor at all. Thus leading his horse, he walked all the weary way, two hundred and fifty miles or more, to Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and thus, horse and foot, marched into his native town and came to the house of his fathers.

I do not know whether he told the story of his equestrian journey or whether it became known by report of witnesses. I can never think of the intended long ride, that soon became almost as long a walk, without laughing, nor yet without pity for the absurdly pathetic figure of my great-uncle trudging along the stretches of uninhabited road, past the farmsteads and through the villages of three or four States, towing his ample means of transportation close at his heels. One can imagine what a make-believe air of traveling in the manner that exactly suited him he assumed when he met or was overtaken by other travelers, and how adroitly he parried or how testily he answered their questions, and how content he must have been with loneliness. I do not know in what season of the year this journey befell, but I trust it was a comfortable one, neither too hot nor too cold; that the roads, then never good, were at their best; that he saw pleasant sights, and heard the birds singing all the way, and had happy thoughts in the long hours of lonely meditation that were forced upon him; and that no naughty boys jeered at him when he could not pursue and chastise. How glad he must have been at last to smell the salt air, and see beyond the blue arm of Narragansett Bay the green shore of Aquidneck lying before him!

Many years ago he made the last lonely journey that is allotted to all and that ends in everlasting rest. Yet it seems but a little while since my venerable grandfather, after reading a Newport letter, said, "Ah well, my poor old brother Joe is gone."